

JUNE
1928

The SHRINE

MAGAZINE

25
CENTS



M

MARRIAGE, *Limited*

AN ALLURING NEW NOVEL

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

PHYLLIS DUGANNE . . . NORMA PATTERSON
CAPTAIN GRAHAM THOMPSON ETC.

Over 100,000 Families rest under this Sure Protection

OVER two hundred and seventy-five millions of ACACIA Insurance in force today. What does it mean?

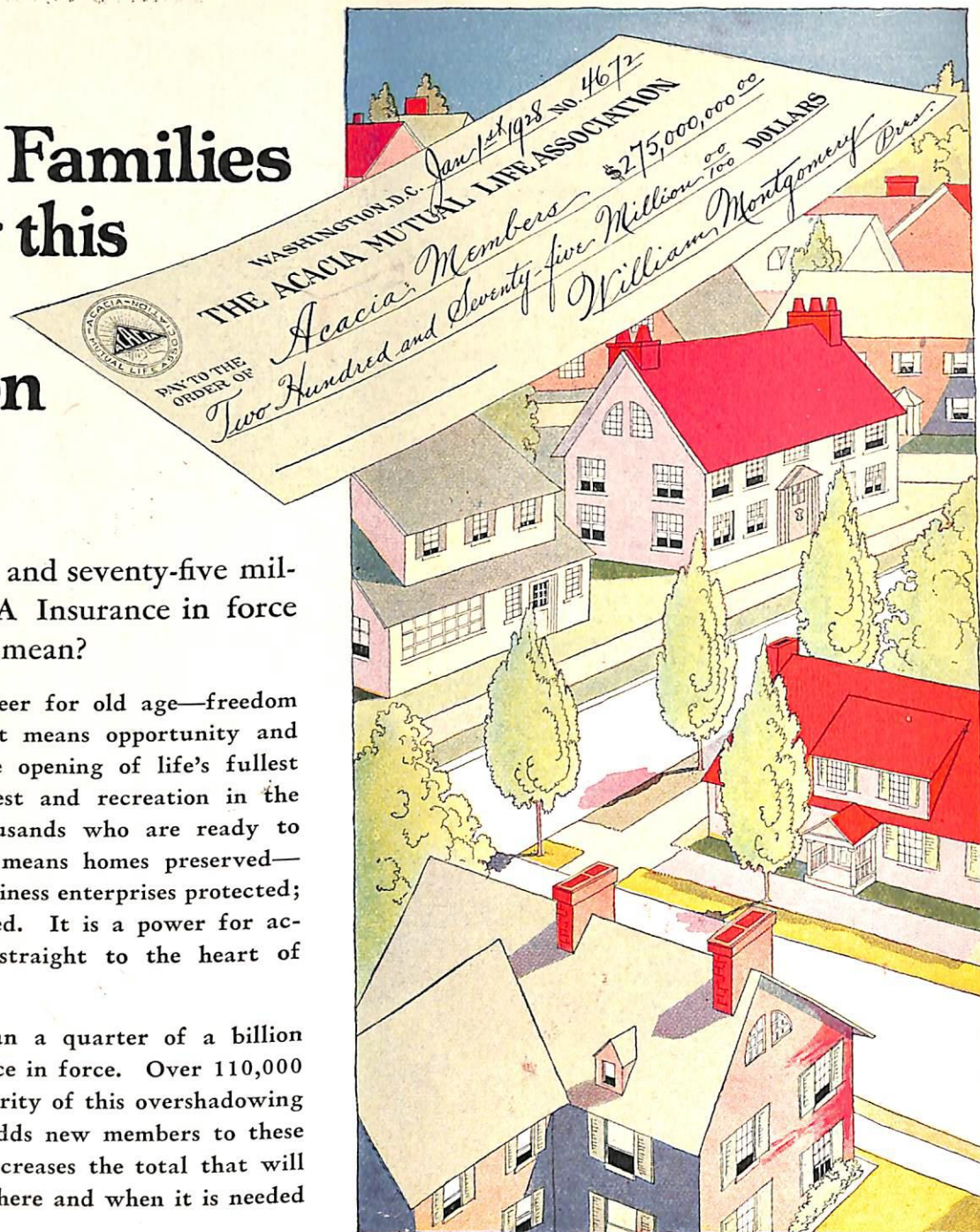
It means comfort and cheer for old age—freedom from want or worry. It means opportunity and education for youth—the opening of life's fullest possibilities. It means rest and recreation in the eventide of life for thousands who are ready to relinquish daily toil. It means homes preserved—families held together; business enterprises protected; worthy institutions assisted. It is a power for accomplishment that goes straight to the heart of human needs and desires.

There is today more than a quarter of a billion dollars of Acacia Insurance in force. Over 110,000 homes rest under the security of this overshadowing protection. Every day adds new members to these thousands. Every day increases the total that will be paid into the homes where and when it is needed most.

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William Montgomery, President
HOME OFFICE • WASHINGTON, D. C.
FOUNDED 1869



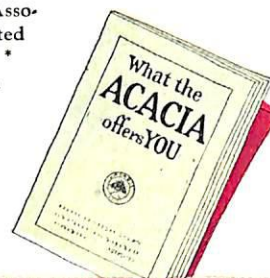
Extract
From Charter granted
By Act of Congress
March 3, 1869:

Membership in this Association shall be limited to Master Masons, * * the Association shall forever be conducted for the mutual benefit of its members and their beneficiaries and not for profit * *

Do not lapse your policy in any other old line company to take one in Acacia.

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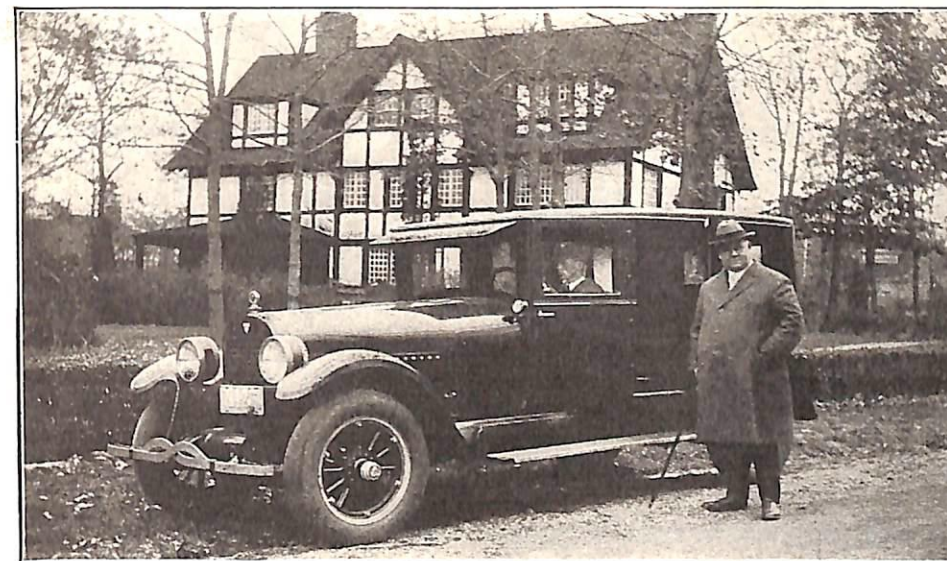
You lose in either case.



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Homer Building • Washington, D. C.
Please send me a copy of FREE booklet which explains the unusual opportunity ACACIA offers to selected risks. No obligation on my part, of course.

Name
Address
City State

JUNE, 1928



How, after 12 years' hard work as a railroad brakeman, I got into real estate, and now make more in a month than I used to make in a year.

By L. C. CLARKE
(Address furnished on request)

FOR TWELVE YEARS I was a brakeman on the Mohawk Division of the New York Central.
During that time my wages averaged exactly \$638.40 a year.

Then I got started in the real estate business, and during the past year I made one sale that gave me a commission of \$4,500, which is more than I made on the railroad in seven years of hard work.

And I don't feel that I have done anything wonderful—anything the other fellow can't do if he will, I simply got into the right kind of business—a business of big opportunities—a business where big money is made.

You—who are reading these words—can do what I have done if you have a mind to. You don't need education, experience, capital or influence. I didn't have any of these things.

I had to leave school when I was thirteen, so I had mighty little education. I had no real estate experience. I never earned more than just enough to keep me out of the poorhouse, so I had no capital. And, as for influence, where would a \$50-a-month brakeman get any?

And you don't have to go to a big town to succeed. I am located in a little New York State town of only 3,000 population.

Of course, I am pretty enthusiastic about the real estate business. I think it's the greatest business in the world. It has more advantages and bigger opportunities than any other business I know of. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is almost unlimited in its possibilities—about ten million properties are always on the market. It is easy to learn. You don't need capital to get started, as you do in almost any other business. The business can't grow smaller—it keeps getting bigger as population increases. And you can get started in the business right at home in your spare time. When I realize that I have an independent, enjoyable business of my own, a good home, two automobiles, and every convenience and comfort a sane man could want I sometimes find it hard to believe that

I'm the same fellow that put in twelve long years of hard work as a railroad brakeman.

And I'm not the only one who has taken advantage of this wonderful business opportunity and pulled himself out of the rut of routine work. Chas. F. Worthen, formerly a salesman, did, and he made \$8,500 in 17 weeks. H. G. Stewart made \$14,400 in less than six months. Anthony C. Maurell made \$4,100 in 3 months. M. J. Stokes, a Pennsylvania man, made \$900 in three months, just in his spare time. H. J. Dwillard, of Michigan, was fitted to hold the position of Sales Manager of the largest contractors' and builders' real estate department in his city.

Now, if you are kicking about what I used to kick about—long hours, hard work and poor pay—if you want to get into a business where you can have the biggest kind of an opportunity to make good—simply send your name and address to American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 52-6, 18 East 18 St., New York, and they will send you *without cost or obligation*, a copy of their free book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

In five minutes after you start reading this fascinating book you will agree with me that you have at last struck the best business opportunity that ever came your way—an opportunity to learn a splendid money-making business and get started—right at home—in your spare time—without capital or experience—in a safe, sound, independent business of your own.

So get busy, if you want to grab something big. If you are ambitious to make something of yourself—get ahead—make more money—this is one chance you can't afford to let slip out of your grasp. It costs you nothing to find out what there is in this for you. You take no risk. So, mail the coupon at once. Take my word for it, you will never regret the day you sent for this free book. And some day you may do just what I did—put through a deal that will put more money in your bank account than you ever saw in one pile before.

\$1,000 Reward

We do not claim that all who follow our instructions make such amazing profits so quickly and so easily. But we do say that the fact that so many have done so is proof that the average person can make more money in less time our way than in any other way we know of. And we back up this statement with an offer of one thousand dollars in gold, to anyone furnishing proof of any other course of any kind that is helping as many men and women make as much money in as short a time as our Real Estate Course.

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AMERICAN BUSINESS BUILDERS, Inc.

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Send me—without cost or obligation—your new, free, illustrated book, "How to Become a Real Estate Specialist."

Name Please print or write plainly

Address

City State

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\$4,500
in
One
Sale



The RED-HAIRED GIRL and JOE HATCH

The first of a series of stories on the adventures of Joe Hatch—the Trouble Kid by ZACK CARTWRIGHT

IT WAS the red-haired girl who had started all the trouble for Joe Hatch. If only he hadn't come to her rescue "an' all," and then tried to impress her with impossible tales of his daring and wickedness, aided materially by his destructive looking weapon "Old Bets"! But she hadn't been interested and "like as not

didn't know how when a person came from the South and said 'you-all' they was gentlemen and fit to be trusted." And what had it got him, Joe reflected bitterly as he fled in fear of "Canady's" Mounted Police, and wild thoughts of being run to earth on charges ranging from manslaughter to kidnaping! Read "The Red-Haired Girl and Joe Hatch" in the July issue.

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Drawn By Harold Von Schmidt
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Beginning a series of stories about a trouble-hunting boy
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JUNE, 1928

Gentlemen of
The Fraternity



Here is a personal story for lady
readers. Pass it up and read the
coupon at the bottom only.

A Shock Absorbing Story for the Ladies



NOW ladies, that we are
all together we want
to correct for you one of
the bad habits of a great
many Lodge Men, one of
whom at least you may know slightly.

One morning—you may remember if you've
known him that long—he appeared at break-
fast following the night he "went in the Lodge."
He began bragging about the "ride" he took on
a goat, mule, camel or some other animal of
Fraternal mystery. That may have been ten
years ago—but every time you brush that re-
galia of his you remember it, or he reminds you.

Here's where we want to break this habit of his
talking about himself and his goat rides—we
want to start him bragging about the nice
"rides" YOU should be enjoying.

The fact is, when you are out driving together
and he hits a rough spot in the road you get
more jars and jumps than a sweet-tempered
goat, mule or camel ever thought of—that's
the kind of a ride that he doesn't brag about.

He just hangs on to the wheel and you and the
children hang on to what you can.

This isn't your car's fault. You need Houdaille
Shock Absorbers. A car simply can't misbehave
if Houdailles are on and it can't behave without
them. Don't be fooled now. There are lots of
things that are sold to try and do what Hou-
dailles do but the ride will soon tell you the
difference. That's because they are Hydraulic
(dust off your old high school Physics Book).

A number of prominent manufacturers put
Houdailles on their cars before they leave the
factory—Lincoln, Pierce-Arrow, Jordan, Stearns-
Knight, Cunningham, McFarlan, the new Ford,
and many European cars.

If they are not on your car reach for a pen and
send in this coupon.

Let's break him of talking about the goat rides
at the lodge and start him bragging about the
nice rides you are hav-
ing. Get the coupon in
the mail today—there's
another lodge meeting
coming.



HOUDAILLE Hydraulic Double-Acting SHOCK ABSORBERS

A Message to the Ambitious Brothers

There are open in a number of American Cities (yours may
be one) distributorships for Houdaille, the World's Greatest
Shock Absorber. Men who attain these appointments must
be well set up physically, mentally, somewhat financially
and with the "selling urge"—but they will make money. If
you are looking for a new business connection or a set of
Houdailles for yourself, slip this coupon into the mail and
we'll start talking about it.

HOUE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Dept. 6
537 East Delavan Ave., Buffalo, New York.
Yes, tell me about that Money Making Houdaille Distributor-
ship. By the way—how and where can I get a set of Houdailles
for my _____
Name _____
Address _____



Coupon for the Ladies

No matter what "he" does if you will send in this coupon
personally, we will provide you with a beautiful book on
how to "Ride Smoothly Over the Roughest Roads to Any-
where" and an exquisite little leather License Case—
stamped with the Shrine Emblem (which he'll steal if you'll
let him).

HOUE ENGINEERING CORPORATION, Dept. 6
537 East Delavan Ave., Buffalo, New York.
Send the Book and the License Case. I read your message to
Ladies and I've earned it.
M _____
Address _____
We drive a _____



Official Publication of the Ancient Arabic Order Nobles of the Mystic Shrine for North America
Edgar Sisson, Editor Fred O. Wood, Executive Director Robert P. Davidson, Business Manager
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3. New address. Allow five weeks' time.
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THE NEW IMPERIAL POTENTATE GREETSS THE NOBILITY

MY DEAR NOBLES:

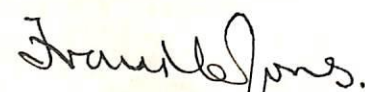
AT MIAMI—"Magic City of the Southland"—you bestowed upon me the highest honor within your power. You elected me as your Imperial Potentate. I am deeply appreciative, and in behalf of Arabia Temple and the other Texas Temples I thank you most sincerely. You have the right to expect of me a year's service for you and for this great Order that we all love. I pledge it to you unreservedly. May I not ask in return your hearty cooperation and support? My success in the administration of the affairs of the Imperial Council will depend upon you.

It is unnecessary for me to speak to you in detail of the work of our Hospitals, these "Mercy Houses" for the relief of crippled children. This work is in the hands of a Board of Trustees, who unselfishly, as your Representatives, handle large sums of money in the due administration of these properties, whose value is now many millions of dollars. Your Magazine is likewise being admirably handled by your Publication Committee, selected by you, and through its pages you know each month not only of the work of the Hospitals but of the progress of your Magazine. You have endorsed both projects by re-electing to these two Committees from time to time those men who have given you faithful service at sacrifice of time and money. They need further assistance and support from you, and helpful suggestions as to the improvement of the work in every respect. Your investment now is so large in money and man-power in both projects that you are intensely interested in the proper handling of them. You are thoroughly "sold" upon this *serious work* of the Shrine. You know that all profits of the Magazine go to the crippled children's work. But do not forget the *fun loving* part of the Shrine. Remember always how it was organized and what it has done during the years. Yes, do all the good you can but *play* as you have from the founding of this Order. Never forget the rich fellowships, the abiding friendships, the good will, the sunshine and the smiles to be derived from membership in the Shrine. That is one reason why our Order has grown and flourished.

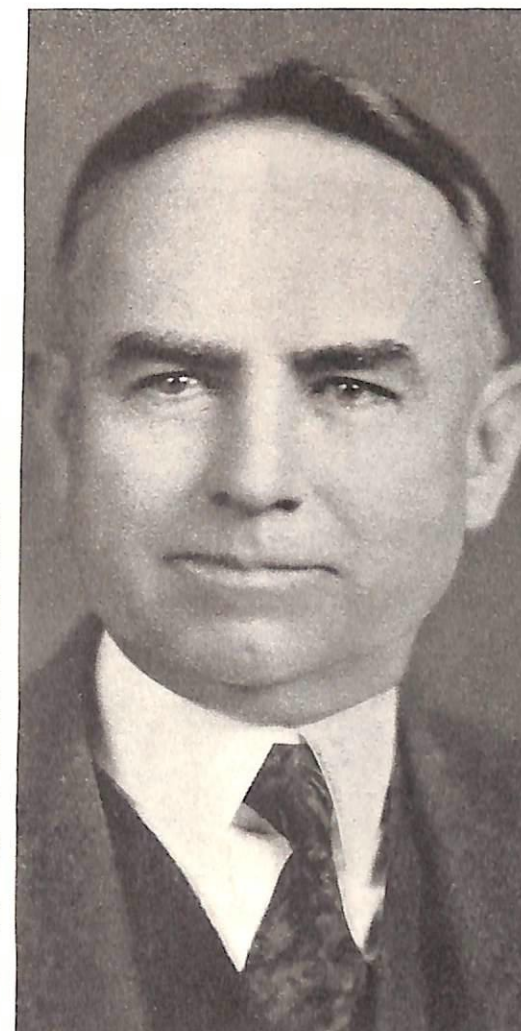
As your Imperial Potentate, I accept the responsibility. I will try to give you a business administration of your affairs, to see that your Laws and Edicts are obeyed, but I also want you to play. I mean clean, wholesome play while your work is being well performed. I wish that it were possible to look into the eyes of each of you 600,000 Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, clasp you by the hand and tell you face to face what is in my heart.

May Allah smile upon you and your loved ones this year as never before and may our Order, through your assistance, advance to still greater achievements.

Yours in the Faith,



IMPERIAL POTENTATE



FRANK CAMERON JONES

(Frank Cameron Jones was born in Kingsville, Missouri, the son of Frank and Nannie Hunt Jones. The family moved to Texas when he was six months old, living in Denison, Sherman, Dallas and Bonham. He received his early education in the public schools, after which he graduated from Richmond College, Richmond, Va., B.A., 1893; LL.B., University of Texas, in Austin, 1896. In 1902 he married Miss Bessie Baker and there are two children, Mrs. William E. Ritchie, Jr., a graduate of the University of Wisconsin in 1925, and Frank C., Jr., now a senior in the University of Texas. In 1893-94 Mr. Jones was engaged in the lumber business with his father in Bonham. Since 1896 Noble Jones has practised law in Houston. He is a member of the firm of Gill, Jones & Tyler. (He belongs to the Texas Bar Association (president in 1917); American Bar Association; Harris County Bar Association; Houston Club; Houston Country Club; University Club; Baptist Church; Boy Scouts National Council (for three years chairman for Texas, Oklahoma and New Mexico); Beta Theta Pi; Phi Delta Phi; on the Board of Regents, University of Texas, for three years; former vice-president of the Houston Rotary Club. (The new Imperial Potentate became a member of Holland Lodge No. 1, A. F. & A. M. of Houston, July

9th, 1903; Master, 1906-07.

(Washington Royal Arch Chapter, Houston, May 23rd, 1904; High Priest, 1907-08; Grand Orator in the Grand Chapter. (Hous-

ton Council Royal & Select Master in 1904; Thrice

Illustrious Master, 1908-09.

(Knighthood in Ruthven

Commandery No. 2, K. T., Houston, March 24th,

1906; Commander, 1910;

Grand Commander of the

Grand Commandery of

Texas, 1919. (He was re-

ceived into Texas Consis-

tory Scottish Rite in Gal-

veston, March, 1904; K.C.

C.H. in Washington, Oc-

tober, 1907; crowned 33°

by the Supreme Council in

Washington, Dec. 11th,

1909; served two years as

Marshal of the Camp in

the Supreme Council; Wise

Master, Houston Rose Croix, 1907; Venerable Mas-

ter, Lodge of Perfection, Houston, 1908; now Prior

of Houston Consistory, 1928. (Elected without op-

position Grand Junior Warden, Texas Grand Lodge,

Dec. 1913; Grand Master, 1917. (Member Royal

Order of Scotland; Red Cross of Constantine; Lodge

Ars Coronati (London, England); Past Patron,

Eastern Star. (He entered El Mina Temple, Galves-

ton, March, 1904; Potentate, 1909-10; Imperial

Council Repr. 1906-1928; he helped secure the

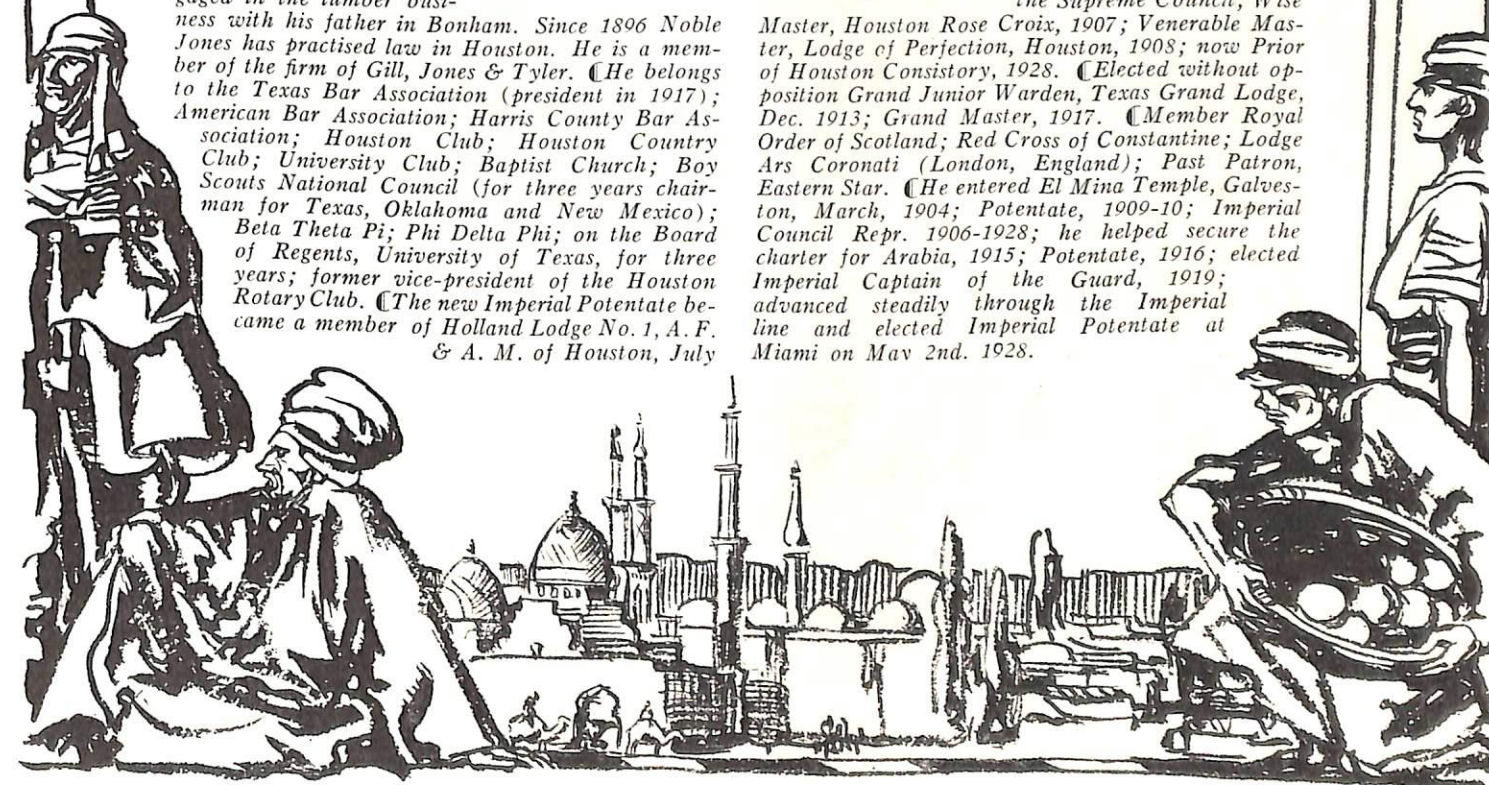
charter for Arabia, 1915; Potentate, 1916; elected

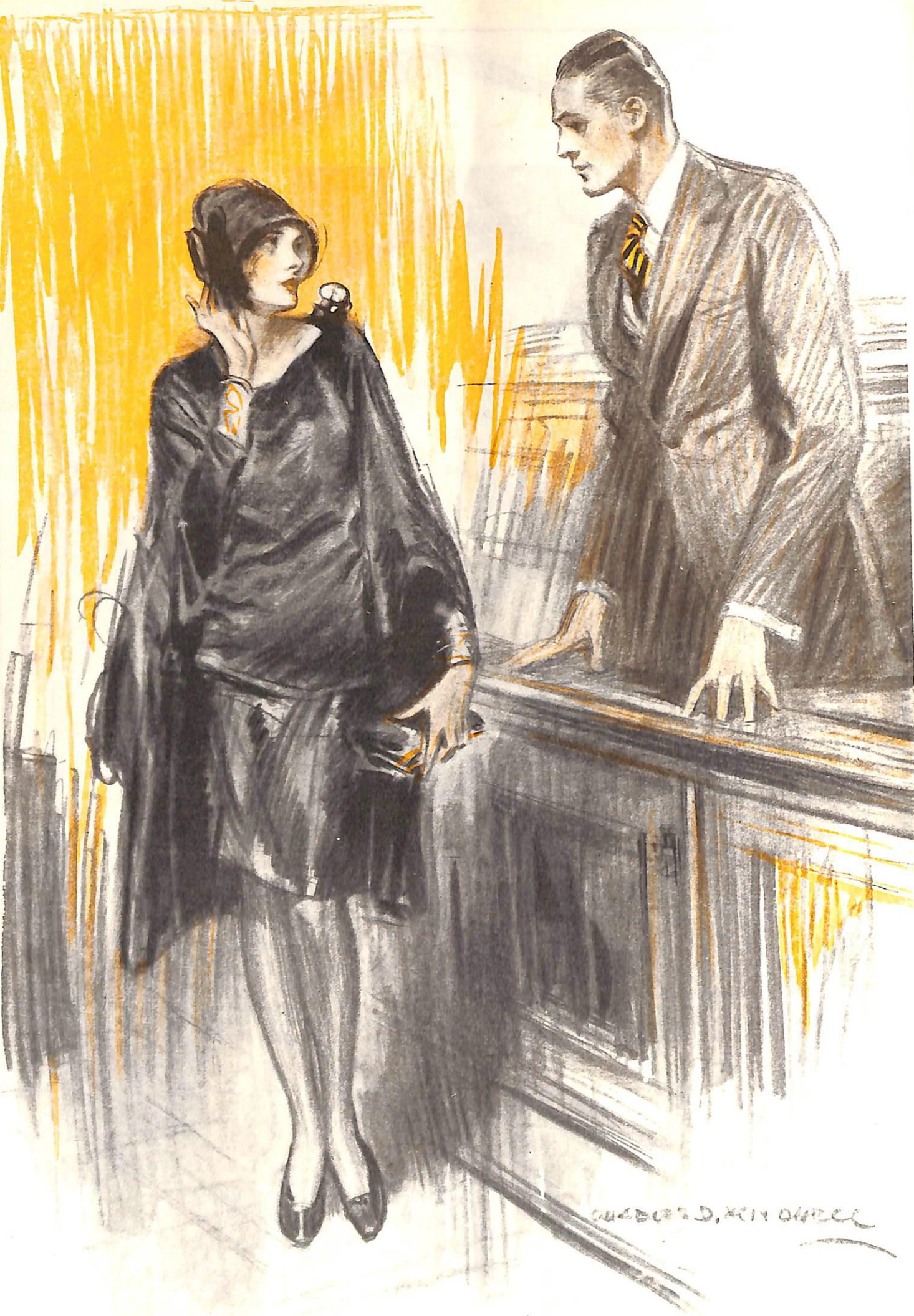
Imperial Captain of the Guard, 1919;

advanced steadily through the Imperial

line and elected Imperial Potentate at

Miami on May 2nd, 1928.





MARRIAGE, LIMITED

By Octavus Roy Cohen



*A Beautiful
Movie Star with
the World at her feet
runs into a
Baffling Situation
—and meets it
Daringly*

*Illustrations by
Charles D. Mitchell*

Larry's eyes bored straight into hers, and in an ecstatic flash he understood the impulse which had brought him into the outer office. "I have the appointment to see Mr. Aikman," Miss Karlson said, in the most exquisite voice he had ever heard.

THERE was no reason at all why Larry Wycoff should have left his desk at that particular moment. There were, in fact, many reasons why he should have continued to pore over dry-as-dust Supreme Court decisions which were more or less germane to the brief he was in the process of preparing.

Three seconds before Larry walked from his cubbyhole into the very elaborate reception room of the Aikman & Waterlow offices, he had grimly determined to remain at his post until such time as he had interpreted to his own ends certain legal rulings which appeared to be in direct opposition to the point which young Mr. Wycoff sought to establish. He had been working with fierce intensity, his lean jaw set in the manner which had betokened calamity to many tacklers on Southern gridirons not so many years before.

It was that jaw—plus a pair of flashing black eyes which bored straight through one—that had won for Larry Wycoff his very subordinate post with Aikman & Waterlow. Conrad Aikman looked into those eyes, sensed the brain which they reflected and immediately forgot a dozen likely applicants whom he had most seriously considered before knowing that there was any such person in the world as Lawrence Shelby Wycoff of Alabama.

Investigation of Larry satisfied Conrad Aikman that he was, as usual, correct in his snap judgment. He learned, first of all, that the young man had every reason to be proud of the blood which flowed in his veins. He discovered that his

scholastic record at the University of Alabama had been far better than average.

For more than a year now Larry Wycoff had worked under Conrad Aikman, and the man with the sparse gray hair and the deep-set eyes delighted in his discovery. He saw in the young man the rare combination of aggressiveness and intelligence.

Yet today, Larry surprised himself. He was absorbed in the knotty problem with which he was wrestling. He acted without knowing why. He merely rose from his chair, walked to the door—and opened it.

The huge reception room was very much as usual. The office boy looked up and grinned. The telephone girl smiled invitingly. Larry's eyes crinkled at the corners and he waved to them.

And just then the outer door opened and someone entered. Larry's eyes flashed to the visitor—and in an ecstatic flash he understood the impulse which had brought him into the outer office at this particular moment.

The girl entered the anteroom somewhat hesitantly. Larry felt himself tingling all over. The thing was unbelievable—yet it was true. He knew the girl—knew her by sight only—yet she sent the blood coursing hotly through his veins and caused his muscles to grow taut.

Tyra Karlson was not merely a pretty woman. She was beautiful—beautiful in a vivid, searing way. She was young—Larry had heard that she was eighteen. She was gloriously blonde, with hair the color of gold-tinted straw and cheeks the color of rose petals against a background of gossamer white. Her exquisitely dainty figure was set off to amazing advantage by a dress which, to the masculine eye, might have appeared simple: it had the elusive touch of line which is the delight of one modiste and the despair of another.

Her eyes were a rich blue—shading to violet. They were deep and expressive and warm with color.

For only a moment did Larry stand idle. In that instant his heart pounded and his cheeks turned red. He had seen the girl only once before . . . a memorable day on the Aragon lot before American producers had awakened to the fact that

there had come amongst them a woman destined to create screen history. He had caught a glimpse of her—one glorious, devastating glimpse—and questioned a nearby electrician who cultivated an attitude of hard-boiledism.

"Her?" answered the electrician: "She's the little Swede Felder brought back with him when he tied up with that crazy director Gustav Furnhjelm."

And since then the vivid, blonde face was always before Larry. He haunted the theaters where she flashed before the public in her first modest rôles.

Larry and the office boy flashed to life at the same moment, but Larry's powerful figure was first through the little swinging door.

His eyes bored straight into hers. They stood eye to eye for an instant and he saw just the faintest, tiniest shadow of a curve of amusement on her lips as she looked up at him. It was he who spoke.

"Miss Karlson?"

"Yes—I am Miss Karlson." He thought her voice the most exquisite he had ever heard: soft and gentle and speaking English which was—Oh! so precise. "I have the appointment to see Mr. Aikman."

"Yes. Right this way, Miss Karlson."

He flung open the door marked Mr. Aikman. Miss Harris, Aikman's secretary, a competent little woman, looked up brightly.

"Miss Karlson to see Mr. Aikman," Larry announced formally.

The little secretary arose. "Mr. Aikman is looking for you, Miss Karlson. Won't you step in?"

The girl nodded. Then she turned and bowed slightly to the bronzed young man who stood there trying to appear calm.

"I thank you so much," she said.

He nodded—foolishly enough. His eyes followed her idolatrously through the door of Aikman's office, and then—as she turned to thank Miss Harris in her scrupulous manner—he fancied that her eyes passed over the secretary's head and fastened on him . . . and he believed—and wanted to believe—that there was the faintest, tiniest little twinkle in them . . . a twinkle that was meant exclusively and personally for him.

Larry Wycoff returned to his desk, but not to work. He ostentatiously left the door open to command a view of the anteroom. Larry's information concerning Tyra was vague. He knew that Otto Felder, president of the huge Aragon Film

Corporation, had brought back with him from Europe two years before a Swedish picture which was released in America under the title of "White Blossoms." It was a sensational success and shortly thereafter the enterprising Mr. Felder placed under a five year contract the Swedish director of "White Blossoms," Gustav Furnhjelm.

Furnhjelm, it seemed, insisted stubbornly that he would not come to America without Miss Karlson—wherefore she was included in the contract.

Then Furnhjelm made his first American picture—"The Fringe of Romance." Ellen Maxwell and Homer Boyd, leading satellites of the Aragon firmament, starred in that picture, but it was not because of them that "The Fringe of Romance" set critics to raving and motion picture fans to storming the box office.

Rather it was because of a slim, exquisite little figure who



"Until I met that young man I didn't think I could go through with it. But now there's always a chance . . ." "Of what, Tyra?" Furnhjelm asked. Her cheeks were white, her body tense, "I cannot tell you of what, Gustav," she said.

Throughout his four years at the University and the three years of law study which followed, Larry Wycoff had been rather addicted to college theatricals. Graduating from his law course and passing the State bar examinations in brilliant fashion, Larry returned to his home in a sleepy little Alabama town and took stock of himself.

His father and mother were inclining toward old age. They existed on a comfortable income which for seven years had been stretched to the limit in the effort to give him the educational advantages to which every Wycoff was entitled. Now, however, he realized that he must shift for himself.

He talked long and earnestly with his parents. Somewhat shamefacedly he voiced his wish to assault the great movie citadel in Hollywood, and to his amazement they did not oppose him.

Possessing extremely limited capital and tremendous ambition, he landed in Los Angeles and immediately stormed the studios. He had education, brains, intelligence and undoubted charm. But to the right and left of him, in front and in back of him, he saw other young men who had education, brains, intelligence and charm. The quest for

work was ceaseless and fruitless. He registered at the Central Casting Bureau and three times received work for one day. It was on one of these trips—when, as he wrote his parents, he was playing a mob—that he first saw Tyra Karlson, then a newcomer to California.

"As a movie actor," he wrote his parents next morning—"I'm a complete and colossal bust. For every job there are five thousand applicants and 4,999 of them are probably better actors than I. This is to serve formal warning upon you that you must no longer boast to your friends that your darling son is a movie actor. From this minute on, I most explicitly ain't."

And three days later he wrote: "Your prodigal son, who used to be an infamous movie actor, is now engaged in extracting headaches from law books. He has been promised a very minor legal clerkship in the law offices of Aikman &

that he had not.

work was ceaseless and fruitless. He registered at the Central Casting Bureau and three times received work for one day. It was on one of these trips—when, as he wrote his parents, he was playing a mob—that he first saw Tyra Karlson, then a newcomer to California.

"As a movie actor," he wrote his parents next morning—"I'm a complete and colossal bust. For every job there are five thousand applicants and 4,999 of them are probably better actors than I. This is to serve formal warning upon you that you must no longer boast to your friends that your darling son is a movie actor. From this minute on, I most explicitly ain't."

And three days later he wrote: "Your prodigal son, who used to be an infamous movie actor, is now engaged in extracting headaches from law books. He has been promised a very minor legal clerkship in the law offices of Aikman &

Waterlow, very well-known lawyers here."

Larry heard the telephone girl speaking earnestly, then saw her beckon the office boy. A second later, that young gentleman was on his way toward Larry's office.

"Say, Mr. Larry—the boss wants you." Larry rose swiftly and it seemed that his heart stopped beating.

He stepped into Aikman's office. Miss Karlson was gazing straight at him. Aikman was introducing them and Larry felt her hand in his—the tiniest, softest hand—yet with a firm, real pressure.

"Larry," Mr. Aikman was saying, "I had an engagement to take Miss Karlson to lunch—and I'm all tied up. I wonder if you'd be willing to substitute for me?"

Larry turned radiant, startled eyes on Tyra Karlson.

"Take her to lunch . . . ?"

"If you don't mind."

He gazed in ecstatic bewilderment from his employer to the radiant creature who was regarding him with a queer, intense amusement. She inclined her head slightly.

"I should be ver' delighted, Mr. Wycoff," she said.

As they passed through the anteroom, the office boy whistled softly and Larry ground his teeth. Happy as he was, he felt slightly ridiculous, as though this situation flaunted his blind idolatry in the face of the world.

At the curb a little sedan was standing—a simple car of rather expensive make.

A chauffeur was at the wheel and at sight of Tyra and her escort he stepped to the curb and held open the tonneau door. Larry struggled to overcome his embarrassment, as he turned his flashing black eyes upon her.

"Miss Karlson," he announced, "this is the beginning of the greatest hour of my life."

She did not pretend to misunderstand. "You are the so flattering American."

"I am the so honest American. Perhaps you won't believe this—or perhaps it is so common a thing that you'll know it's true—but I think I have worshiped you since— Oh! for almost a year."

She smiled roguishly. "I am ver' compliment', Mr. Wycoff. I would like to profess that I have adore' you for so long, but I do not know you until just a little while ago."

"That's quite all right. You see, I don't expect you to return my affection. It is enough for you to know that I think you're the most marvelous creature on earth. I declare myself your humble slave and your permanent idolator."

"You make me ver' happy, Mr. Wycoff." There was laughter in her level glance. "I have always desire' to have a handsome man for a slave."

He flushed and spoke quickly to hide his embarrassment over her simple, direct compliment.

"You don't wish me to die for you right now, do you?"

"No-o. I do not think so. Not at all until after lunch, anyway."

"And for lunch—?"

"Wherever you desire, Mr. Wycoff."

He spoke to the chauffeur, giving the address of a tiny little restaurant out beyond Hollywood. There were few persons present when they arrived.

They ordered simply, then faced each other across the table. He felt that she was interested in him. There were moments—as when they left the car and entered the restaurant—when he felt that she was studying him intently. But that didn't matter. All that he cared about was that he was alone with this glorious creature, and that the passing of each moment found him more deeply involved in his idolatry of her.

"You say you have seen me a year ago, Mr. Wycoff?"

"Yes. On the Aragon lot." He chuckled. "We played together in 'The Fringe of Romance.'"

A quizzical little frown puckered her forehead.

He leaned forward earnestly. "Do you recall in that picture



when Teddy Warren was fighting away the mob of striking miners?"

"Yes."

"Well," he proclaimed triumphantly—"I was one of the fightin'est of those miners. For taking one good stiff wallop on the jaw I was rewarded to the extent of six dollars and decided immediately that I had better stick to my real profession."

She smiled so that just the faintest suggestion of a dimple appeared at the corner of her mouth.

"You are ver' funny," she observed with bewildering directness. "I like you."

"And I have already said that I adore you—so it seems that we're getting along very well. You are really the most charming girl. I'm serious . . . you're just like a little girl: not a great movie star."

She shrugged. "But I am not a great star. I am just a little actress who was very lucky that her director thought she should come to America."

"Your director—Furnhjelm—you like him very much?"

"Oh! he is magnificent! Gustav Furnhjelm is the perfect director. I love him."

It was absurd—the very height of absurdity—yet Larry experienced a twinge of jealousy.

"And he?"

Her eyes were fixed on his face. Had he been a more keen observer he might have noticed that she took a great delight in teasing him.

"Mr. Furnhjelm thinks I am a very nice little girl."

"No more?" His voice rose sharply—so sharply that he became conscious of it. He looked at her and laughed, but there was a note of seriousness in the laughter. "You see," he apologized humbly, "I really am a fool."

"You must not say such things—because I shall ask so many questions about you. Mr. Aikman, he liked you quite much. He says to me: 'Miss Karlson, there is a so brilliant young man.'"

"I'm glad if Aikman said that. I've worked pretty hard with him . . ."

"Larry, would you marry Tyra Karlson if you had the chance?" the old lawyer asked. Larry's cheeks paled. "I'd rather not joke about Miss Karlson!" "I'm not joking," Aikman answered in deadly earnest.



I don't really expect to . . . yet I'd like to think that this isn't going to be a permanent good-by."

She touched his hand with one fingertip. "I shall be ver' disappoint' if I do not see you again."

"You really mean that?"

She looked up at him out of the corner of her eyes—"Why should I say to you what I do not mean?"

He left her at the gates of the Aragon lot, and she insisted that her chauffeur drive him to his office.

All through the afternoon Larry Wycoff worked in a daze, his brain filled with the wonder of the girl with whom he had lunched.

That she would remember him for more than an hour or so he doubted. He sighed deeply as sheer logic forced him to a conclusion that he did not wish to reach. After all, he was Lawrence Shelby Wycoff of Habersham, Alabama. Just that and nothing more.

He waked the following morning fresh and bright-eyed. As his feet directed him toward the office building where his cubbyhole was hidden on the fourteenth floor, his thoughts were of the perfect yesterday.

The telephone girl beamed a greeting as he entered the reception room of the Aikman & Waterlow suite.

"Mr. Aikman would like to see you, Mr. Wycoff," she announced.

Larry tapped on the door and entered. Conrad Aikman looked up from the letter he was reading and gestured the young man to a chair. Finally he raised twinkling eyes to Larry's face and shot out an unexpected remark.

"Tyra Karlson likes you! She says you are a most charming young man."

Larry tried to speak, but was overcome by a terrific embarrassment.

Aikman regarded him closely. "Crazy about her, Son?"

"If it didn't sound silly, I'd say, Yes."

"Larry—" Aikman said abruptly—"ever think of getting married?"

"Married? Why—well, of course, I've thought of it."

"Any particular girl, I mean."

"No sir."

"Would you marry Tyra Karlson if you had the chance?"

Larry half rose from his chair. His cheeks paled, then his lips pressed into a straight line. "Guess you'll think I'm foolish, Mr. Aikman—but I'd rather not joke about Miss Karlson . . . like that."

The older man rose. He dropped his hand on the boy's shoulder. And his voice—gentle and serious—told Larry that he was speaking in deadly earnest.

"I'm not joking, my boy. I'm asking you seriously—would you consent to marry Tyra Karlson? Because, Larry—if you wish—I feel sure you may marry her."

For perhaps half a minute Larry did not speak. His mind could not comprehend that the older man had dropped his mantle of levity and was speaking with deadly earnestness.

The thing was too absurd, too incongruous, too utterly impossible. "I'm afraid I seem very stupid, Mr. Aikman—but I don't understand it at all."

"Certainly not. The question, then, is this: If you could marry Tyra Karlson immediately—would you do so?"

Larry had a firmer grip on himself now. His brain was struggling to pierce the haze.

"Why?" he asked.

"I'll explain that later. Before I go into a lot of very involved explanation, Larry—I have to know whether you would be interested."

"Interested? Good Lord, Yes!"

"Fine. Then let's sit down comfortably, because it isn't a short yarn."

"And he tells me that you are an athlete. He says you are a great football player."

Larry turned red. "Used to play—some. But that was long ago."

"You have the physique." She ran an appraising eye over the lean sinewy lines of his tall, perfectly proportioned figure. "Now, tell me—you are not going to be an actor any more, never?"

"Not even once," he grinned. "I'm a dud Thespian. Law reports and supreme court briefs . . . that will about let me out from now on. I'd like awfully well to ask you about yourself. You've got what I haven't: Background—and all that sort of thing."

"I am nothing—only lucky," she said softly.

"You're a wonder, Miss Karlson." All the banter had dropped from his voice, and she felt herself caught up by the dynamic force of his personality. "I'm no actor myself—perhaps I don't even know much about it. But I do know how you affect me—and everybody else. You've got an appeal, a personality, which has never before been shown on the screen. It's an intangible thing . . . no amount of study can give it to one. I've wondered and wondered whether it was technique—or the woman. Now I know that it's you—it's Tyra Karlson. You're going to be recognized for what you are—the greatest actress in all cinema history."

He saw that the color of her cheeks had heightened, and she, too, spoke with perfect seriousness. "I must thank you for that, Mr. Wycoff. I think you exaggerate very much, but I know that you think you are honest."

He pulled himself together. He hadn't meant to wax serious. Within five minutes he was bantering again and she was laughing in that quiet, full-throated way of hers. Before the end of their luncheon he was in reality her abject slave.

But on the drive to the Aragon studios where she said she must report before two-thirty, a silence fell between them and he realized then that they had reached a parting of the ways. Yet he dared express a hope—

"I would like to see you again some time, Miss Karlson."

"I take it for granted," Aikman went on in a steady, quiet voice, "that you know just about everything Aragon's publicity department has ever written about Tyra Karlson. So I'll merely summarize."

"She was born in Stockholm twenty years ago. Her parents were of excellent stock—far above the masses. They saw to it that she received the best of education—even sending her to school in England for two years. She had natural dramatic talent and an interest in the stage. Eventually she came under the notice of Gustav Furnhjelm . . . and he believes she is the greatest living screen actress. One thing is certain: that whereas Otto Felder went to Sweden to sign a great director—Furnhjelm's importance as an investment has faded into nothing beside the potentialities which Tyra has disclosed as an actress."

"Now for the situation. I suppose you are lawyer enough to know a little about the Immigration Laws of the United States. Each country is permitted to send a certain number of emigrants to this country each year. Almost all countries—Sweden among them—have their quotas filled for several years in advance. But our laws wisely make provision for the temporary entry into the United States of ministers of the gospel, professional actors and singers, and other persons of the sort, on filing of satisfactory proof that they are entering the country for the purpose of practicing their profession."

"Any actor entering the country under those conditions must have a bona fide contract with a responsible theatrical firm. The visa of this non-quota immigrant runs only the length of that contract, in periods of six months each. In other words the visa is for a maximum of six months, but is renewed almost automatically so long as the contract continues in force. The government is not compelled to renew the visa—but it is always done so long as the period of residence in the United States is for the legitimate purpose set forth in the original declaration."

"Each person entering the country under such conditions, Larry, is bound by very definite red tape. For one thing the

company which imports them is required to give bond to surrender the artist to the United States immigration authorities on demand. If, for instance, the company wanted its artist arrested and deported all it would have to do would be to notify the government that it had withdrawn from the bond. Canceling of the original contract of employment would automatically terminate the privilege of status of the non-quota immigrant. Tyra came here under contract with Aragon and she may remain in this country only so long as that contract is in force and Aragon continues to make her bond. In other words, she is at the present time definitely in the power of the Aragon company."

"Put yourself in Aragon's position. They bring this woman over here reluctantly. They merely do it to gratify the whim of a director whom they are sure they want. So they agree to pay her four hundred dollars a week for two years. They use her prominently in 'The Fringe of Romance' and discover that she is a wonder. I have been told that she plays a very important part—virtually the lead—in this new picture they're about to market. It seems a certainty that the minute this picture is shown Tyra Karlson will be recognized as the greatest screen actress of all time. And the vital point is this, Son—Gustav Furnhjelm did not direct the new picture. In other words Tyra is Tyra—not Furnhjelm."

"The minute that picture is released a new name is going to rock the picture industry. And so very recently Felder and his gang sent for her and sweetly offered to cancel her four-hundred-dollar-a-week contract and substitute for it a five-year agreement at a flat salary of twenty-five hundred a week!"

Larry Wycoff whistled softly. "I'll say they see the handwriting on the wall."

"Don't they? Why man—do you know that that woman is going to be worth ten thousand dollars a week? And New Art will pay it. It means a difference of three hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars per year between what Aragon offers and what New Art is willing to pay."

"Aragon's got her. They brought [Continued on page 75]

SHRINE SERVICE RECOMMENDS TO OUR READERS

BOOKS of the Month

EDITOR'S NOTE: No claim is made that this list includes all of the new books worth mentioning. We offer it as a list that may be of assistance to those seeking helpful and entertaining books. We will be very glad to buy any of these books for our readers. Address The Shrine Book Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Ashenden, or the British Agent. By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50. Linked episodes, each closing on a gripping climax, built around the supposed memoirs of an English secret service officer during the war. Thrilling narrative shifting from Petrograd to Paris, from London to Naples, full of plot, counterplot, mystery and intrigue.

Lawrence and the Arabian Adventure. By Robert Graves. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$3.00. A complete, authentic and unsentimental, but not untomantic, record of the amazing young man who helped weld the tribes of the Arabian desert into a unit against the Turks during the world war. Unlike previous records, this begins with Lawrence's boyhood and brings him up to today as Private Shaw of the Tank Corps.

The Sun Hawk. By Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co. \$2.00. A romance set in the cities of London, Paris and Quebec and in the forests of New France at the time of Louis XIV. The love story of the son of a Prince and the ward of a King, interwoven with the Governor, Count Frontenac's struggle against his enemies in the new province. Another novel in the same spirit and dealing with the time of Mazarin is "En Garde," by Samuel Morse, published by Payson & Clarke, \$2.50.

Skyward. By Commander Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.50. A typical American's adventures in the service of his country, of science and of aviation, told on the eve of the greatest adventure of all, his projected flight over the South Pole, for which he is now raising half a million dollars.

Up Eel River. By Margaret Prescott Montague. The Macmillan Co. \$2.50. Chapters in the life and adventures of Tony Beaver, the mythical lumberman of West Virginia, whose camp is up Eel River, which means nowhere. Tony can put down a road that will speed you to his camp, he can make today tomorrow, he can see into the next world, being bigger, stronger and wiser than a dozen other men. Mythology made in America and told in a tangy style.

The Gangs of New York. By Herbert Asbury. Alfred A. Knopf. \$4.00. The story of the gangs, gang wars and gang leaders of New York, almost from Revolutionary times to today. The old Bowery district, its notorious dives and criminal characters brought to life. Contains accounts of river piracy, the Civil War draft riots, the interlocking of gangdom with old style politics, the wars of the tongs in Chinatown.

PLAYS of the Month

EDITOR'S NOTE: This list of New York theater offerings is published to give Shrine readers a suggestion as to what is best. We will gladly arrange for seats to any theater, provided it is understood that we have no ways of getting preferential seats. Address Shrine Theater Service, The Shrine Magazine. Due to summer closings of theaters bills are uncertain.

The Guild Theater is active on the road and in New York. Their new production is a version of Ben Jonson's *Volpone* (Guild Theater). O'Neill's *Marco Millions* continues, while the O'Neill drama *Strange Interlude* still holds (John Golden Theater).

Bachelor Father. By E. C. Carpenter. (Belasco Theater). A Belasco production with June Walker and Aubrey Smith in the cast. Breezy comedy with spice of the unconventional.

New York, witnessing the revival of Shakespeare's *Henry V.* with Walter Hampden, *The Merry Wives of Windsor* with Otis Skinner as *Falstaff*, supported by Mrs. Fiske and Miss Crossman, John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*, sung by an English company, now faces special productions of Farquhar's *Beaux' Stratagem* (with the Players' Club "star" cast), Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer* and the ever popular *Diplomacy* (filled to repletion with well-known actors).

Return engagements are announced of Maxwell Anderson's *Saturday's Children* (Forrest Theater) and Holbrook Blinn in *The Play's the Thing* (Empire Theater). Ina Claire in Maugham's comedy *Our Betters* (Henry Miller Theater) continues.

Permanent attractions seem to be Ann Bridges' *Coquette* (Maxine Elliott Theater), Philip Barry's *Paris Bound* (Music Box) with Madge Kennedy, *The Trial of Mary Dugan* (National Theater) and *Interference* (Lyceum), with A. E. Matthews.

Among the musical attractions, Ziegfeld heads the list with three winners: Marilyn Miller in *Rosalie* (New Amsterdam), Dennis King in a musical version of the Dumas 3 *Musketeers* (Lyric), and Edna Ferber's *Show Boat* (Ziegfeld) set to music. *My Maryland* (Jolson).

All repertory theaters in New York were out for a spring campaign to increase membership. Miss LeGallienne's *Civic Repertory* (14th Street) had great response. The campaign continued with a varied bill of *Cradle Song*, *Hedda Gabler*, *Three Sisters* and *The Good Hope* (an international offering). The *Laboratory Theater*, with a school of drama attached, offered the newest French dramatist, Jean Jacques Bernard.

Other plays that continue: *The Royal Family* (Selwyn), *Cock Robin* (Booth), *The Furies* with Laurette Taylor (Shubert), *Golden Dawn* (Hammerstein), *The Shannons of Broadway* (Martin Peck), *The Queen's Husband* (Playhouse) with Roland Young, *Burlesque* (Plymouth).

The American College girl has undergone a complete revolution in the past two decades. She has broken with the tradition which consigned her to a half dozen so-called "occupations for women." A desk and dictaphone in a skyscraper lure her much more potently than the job of school teacher, social worker, librarian.



The Feminine Trail from the College Campus now leads to the Office, Bank and Department Store

HIGH above Fifth Avenue, in a secluded workroom of a well-known department store, two young women, neither more than thirty, were facing each other across a glass top desk. Between them was a tiny square of lace and chiffon, which the cunning fingers of a Bretagne maiden in the north of France had wrought into a diminutive magic carpet. The two young women were absorbed in the study of the intricate workmanship and simple art of the peasant kerchief, which the store's representative in Paris had sent on for the attention of the home office.

"I am certain, Ann, we can make a reproduction of this in our shop," the woman in the coat and hat, obviously a factory representative, finally announced.

"Go to it, Grace," the girl in the revolving chair, who just as obviously was a departmental buyer for the store, encouraged her. "There is a thousand dollar order on this—if you can captivate this design."

A third party, who was familiar with the antecedents of the two



The New College Woman In Business

Twenty years ago the college woman in business was a rarity. Today there is scarcely a calling in which she is not active. She is an aggressive, militant force, compelling the rewriting of industrial, business and professional programs on the basis of economic equality between the sexes.



By
Elias Tobenkin

young women, interrupted to ask: "How did you do it? How did you girls, raised on Greek and Esthetics, come by these jobs in the business world?"

Their answers filled a good-sized note-book.

The feminine trail from the college campus to the office, the bank, the department store, in the past two decades, has been trodden into a highway by successive generations of the sweet girl graduate. Twenty years ago the college woman in business was an isolated instance: hard and fast rules were suspended in her favor. Today she is an aggressive militant force, calling for, and not infrequently compelling, the rewriting of industrial, business and professional programs on the basis of complete economic equality between the sexes.

More and more women in the United States are seeking high learning today and less and less the girl with a college diploma is inclined to limit herself to the time honored "professions for women." Instead she looks to the big city and to business. She wants an independent status, a "career plus," as the phrase is.

The college woman today is computing production costs in manufacturing plants, countersigning blue-prints in architects' offices, mapping out new roadbeds, directing foreign export. After the best traditions of the male go-getter she is off for Paris on twenty-four hours' notice to glimpse a new fashion ahead of a competitor. She is the expert researcher of big corporations, conversant with the location and extent of the world's principal sources of soil, coal, precious ore and chemicals. She has become an important figure in the bond selling business. She is a patent expert and keeps the financial secrets of international corporations and of foreign governments, without attempting to appear unduly grave or important.

The college woman of a generation ago sought an industrial position from time to time chiefly as a matter of "social conscience." She was either going to write a book about her experience in industry or make it the subject of an uplift campaign. The college woman of today seeks industry not in order to change the ethical fabric of the country, but to improve her own economic status. She comes as a participant instead of an observer and as a producer instead of a critic.

Full blown feminine counterparts for Charles M. Schwab, for Henry Ford, for Thomas A. Edison are not discernible on the country's business horizon. But college women who have risen to well earned success in the world of affairs are numerous. Their names filter back to the dormitories and sorority houses of their Alma Maters and generations of undergraduates are writing them on their shields. A few of the late newcomers to the ranks of the spectacularly successful college woman in what were formerly largely men's occupations may be here named:

A young woman of dignified demeanor and quiet aggression is a frequent traveler over the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Meeting her for the second or third time on the train one is not unlikely to conclude that she is one of the few women members of Congress. Nothing, however, would be farther from fact. The woman is a civil engineer, a graduate of Cornell University and an expert in bridge designing. After several years of distinguished work in the drafting department of the B & O railroad she was recently promoted by the company to the position of Engineer of Service. She is charged with responsibility for the condition of trains, trackage, stations and a host of other duties over the company's 5000 miles of railway system, and is always on the move.

For the woman with a flair for the popular taste in furnishings, pottery, etc., the mercantile world is willing to pay handsomely.



Almost spectacular has been the rush of women into the field of chemistry.



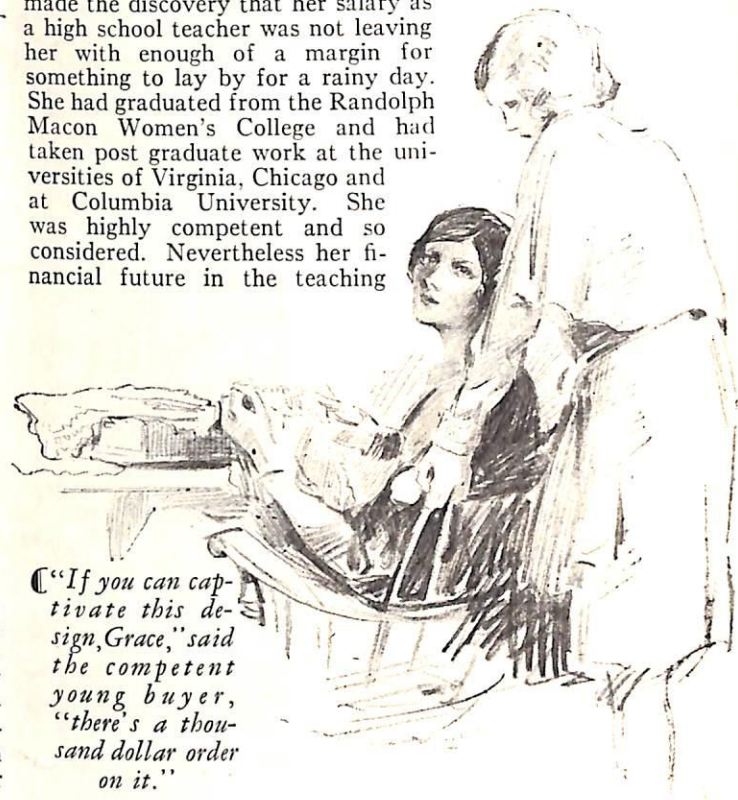
Olive W. Dennis is the name of the woman and she describes her work for the railroad with one word—"fascinating."

Should you happen to be on your way to Europe early in February you may find sitting next to you in the ship's dining-room a young lady, who at first glance would impress you as a recent graduate from an exclusive finishing school. Somewhat later your impression will change. You will notice a certain drive about the young woman that at first escaped you. Her eyes never seem at rest; they observe everything, everyone. Her mind seems to be busy making deductions, conclusions; storing away impressions.

The name of the young woman is Floride Noble Phillips. She is a buyer for Lord and Taylor, New York. Once a year, she makes an extended tour of the principal shopping centers of Europe: Paris, Rome, Vienna, Prague, Belfast. She is a graduate of Leland Stanford University and has taken post graduate work in retail selling at New York University. She started her business career as a saleslady in a suburban store on a salary of \$14 per week.

She is married to a "boy" from her home town in Texas. Her job and home, she said simply, make an ideally happy combination.

Some years ago Sara Spotswood Royal, of Petersburg, Va., made the discovery that her salary as a high school teacher was not leaving her with enough of a margin for something to lay by for a rainy day. She had graduated from the Randolph Macon Women's College and had taken post graduate work at the universities of Virginia, Chicago and at Columbia University. She was highly competent and so considered. Nevertheless her financial future in the teaching



"If you can captivate this design, Grace," said the competent young buyer, "there's a thousand dollar order on it."

profession remained a perpetual concern to her.

She was looking for ways and means to supplement her earnings and hit upon the idea of selling insurance as a convenient sideline to be carried on during her free evenings. No sooner, however, did she become active in the insurance field when she found herself in controversy with the educational authorities.

They objected to her carrying on outside activities even if these activities did not conflict with her school hours. Her plea that this was unjust did not avail. She could either submit or resign. She resigned her school position and, on a main street in Petersburg hung out a shingle with her name and the word "insurance" underneath it.

She sold \$250,000 of paid life insurance during the first year in business. Several insurance companies have since been vying for her services.

Stories of women in certain avenues of commerce and finance receiving fifteen, twenty-five and even forty thousand a year in salary and bonuses, even if true, are not a criterion. In peak positions sex ceases to be a matter of limitation. This is not, however, a universal characteristic. As a general rule salaries are differentiated on the ground of sex and the able woman frequently holds lively competition for men. What is true however of the business world, of the merchandising world in particular, is that it is no longer unusual for a

college girl, at the end of four or five years intensive experience, to earn a salary which an assistant professor in some of the largest universities in the country might look upon with envy.

For the woman with a flair for the popular taste in fashions, in dress, furnishings, the mercantile world is willing to pay as handsomely as the stage pays to its favorites. Salaries for assistant buyers in department stores begin around \$1,800 a year and go up to \$5,000. For buyers' salaries range from three thousand to twelve thousand a year. Banks, real estate and insurance companies, brokerage firms and bond houses pay their expert woman employees more generously than the teaching profession and similar callings in which college women predominate.

The most nearly definite statement with regard to these so-called fabulous salaries of women in the retail selling business was made by Delos Walker, superintendent of Training and Employment for the R. H. Macy Company, New York. Mr. Walker said:

"There are numerous women in the retail field making \$10,000 a year and over. Salaries of \$5,000 are common and no longer excite attention. The woman in a high position gets her salary."

So strong is the lure of the business world that even the professions of law and medicine, once the pinnacle of the emancipated woman's dream, are passed up more or less indifferently by the co-ed of today in favor of a desk and dictaphone on the thirtieth story of a metropolitan skyscraper. There are fewer women physicians and lawyers in proportion to the population in 1928 than there were at the beginning of the century. The withdrawal of women from the profession of music has been pronounced.

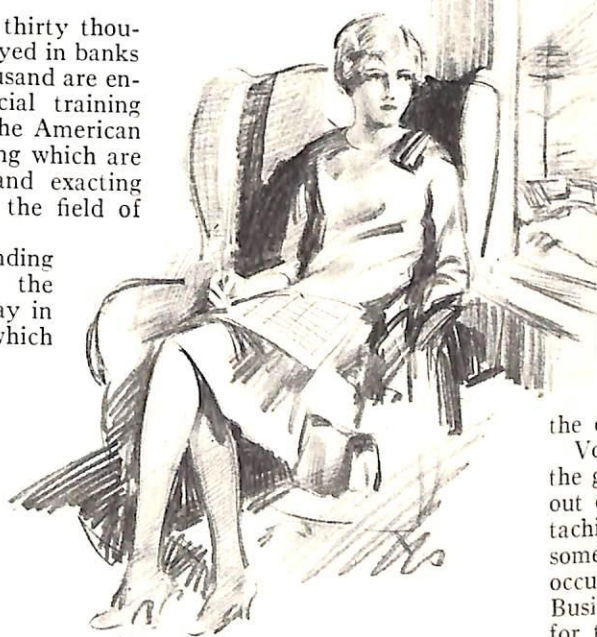
On the other hand, a total of nearly 10,000 women are enrolled as undergraduate and graduate students in the schools of commerce, business and finance connected with the various universities throughout the country, while another 3,000 women are taking extension courses in these departments. There has been a decided increase in the number of women who entered the occupations of engraving, printing and lithography. Even more spectacular is the rush of women into the field of applied science.

In 1921 a total of 134 doctorates in chemistry were bestowed by the universities of the country. Thirteen of these degrees went to women. The number of women chemists, assayers and metallurgists recorded for the entire nation in 1910 was 579. It was 1,714 in 1920. The ratio for women engineers similarly has tripled in the course of the ten years named. There were only eleven women holding engineering degrees in 1910. Forty-one were holding such degrees in 1920, divided as follows: eighteen civil engineers, twelve electrical and eleven mechanical. The number of women architects, according to the Census of 1920 was 137. But a total of nearly two thousand more women were active in architectural and engineering fields in the capacity, and sometimes merely under the convenient classification, of "draftsmen."

Of the army of thirty thousand women employed in banks more than five thousand are enrolled in the special training courses given by the American Institute of Banking which are as mathematical and exacting as any subject in the field of applied science.

Three outstanding factors influence the college girl of today in favor of callings, which

A civil engineer and expert in bridge designing, this modest young woman describes her work with the B & O R. R. as "fascinating."

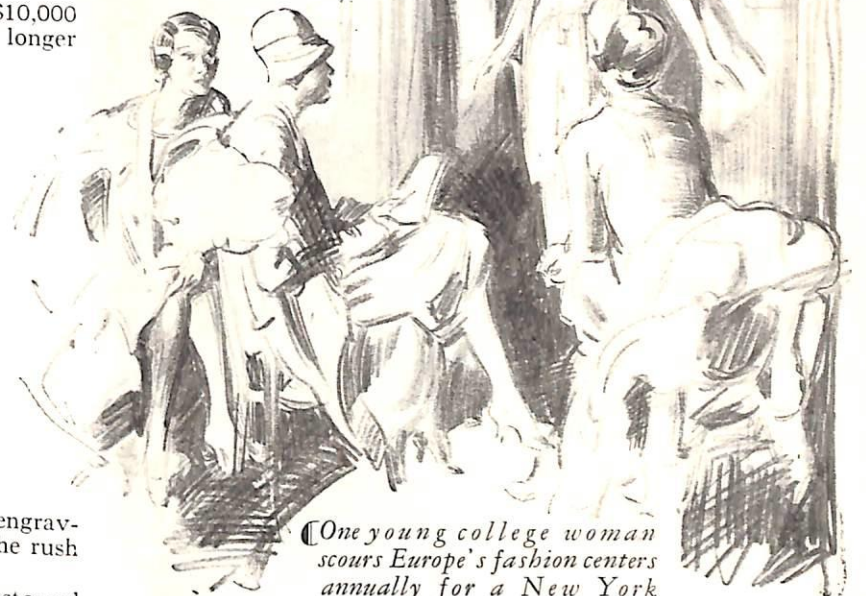


the college woman of twenty years ago would have frowned upon as being "too material." They are:

First: A practical outlook upon the world.

Second: The steady absorption of large numbers of college men by the industrial and business establishments of the country.

Third: The basic



One young college woman scours Europe's fashion centers annually for a New York department store.

change in the economic level of the youth of both sexes, who today attend our colleges and universities.

Of the 913 higher collegiate and professional schools in the country a total of 650 are open to women. College enrollment during the past thirty-seven years has grown six times as fast as the population of the United States. There were 121,942 students enrolled in our colleges and universities in 1890. In 1926 the number was 726,124, of which 268,423 were women. The graduating class from the universities of the country in 1927 numbered more than 50,000 women.

What sort of homes did these college girls come from? Average homes, for the most part. Very many of them were daughters of factory workers, of mechanics of tradesmen. A recent survey, covering twenty-four state universities in widely separated parts of the country disclosed that 50,000 students in these institutions were earning all or a part of their college expenses. Half of these self-supporting students were girls and women.

College girls today do housework after school and take care of children. They find part time jobs in offices and business houses. They work in cafeterias and act as ushers in theaters. Some of them borrow money to carry them through college. They have no estates to fall back on and no incomes to look forward to. Of necessity they must choose employment which holds a promise of adequate returns, instead of going into callings in which service to art or society is the dominant consideration.

Vocations and men, admittedly, are the principal interests of the great mass of college girls. There was a time when setting out on a business career the college girl was more or less detaching herself from "the men of her class" and there was then some justification for the view that by straying from accepted occupations she was increasing her chances for spinsterhood. Business today will not concede that it is any more responsible for the high rate of celibacy among [Continued on page 53]

The COTTON- WOOL CHILD

By
Phyllis Duganne

*Through Soft
She had to tear
that which she*

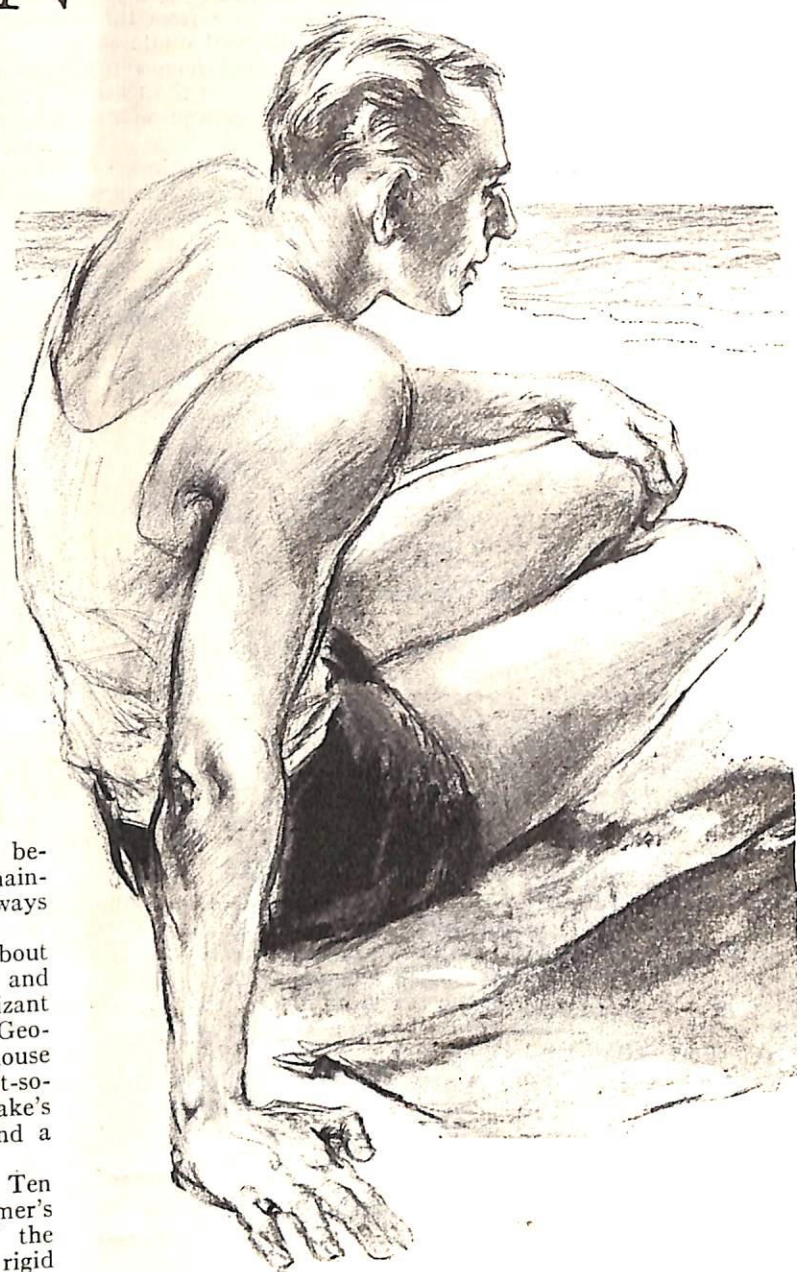
ALL Hendon discussed the affair, with a deep and enduring interest. Of course in the early summer, when it began, it was News, even romance. "Elsbeth Campion and that young Blake boy seem to be together a good bit, don't they?" Legitimate summer gossip . . . Elsbeth had always been good for ten or fifteen minutes of any front porch conversation, and Charley Blake was a stranger and fair game for speculation. July began the "My dear, sometimes I wonder . . ." sort of thing. A hot August was murmurous with sotto-voced "You know, I wouldn't be surprised if . . ." Buzz . . . buzz . . . buzz. And then September—and October—and November! It really became a situation worth conjecturing about, a mystery maintained to the bitter end. There wasn't a single, "Well, I always suspected it!" when the denouement came.

John Allen was the only person who knew anything about it, but one might quite as well have entered the church and confidentially solicited the opinion of the only other cognizant Being, as to march into John's studio and ask him. Geographically, he held a strategic position. The Campion house sprawled its many elled length just to the left of his not-so-very-converted barn; Mrs. Perry, who was Charley Blake's aunt and hostess for the summer, occupied the story and a half cottage to the right.

And John Allen had always been fond of Elsbeth. Ten years before, when he had come to Hendon for a summer's painting and fallen so irretrievably under the spell of the place, she had been a fragile child, her little body held rigid in the relentless grip of a plaster cast. Large-eyed, with a mouth that lay like a crimson moth upon the pallor of her face, and a great mane of fair hair, as though all the strength that had eluded her, the missing energy that left her cheeks so colorless, her arms and legs so pitifully thin, had gone into that yellow torrent. Possibly, their neighbors suspected, he felt a debt of gratitude toward Elsbeth; certainly the portrait which he had painted of her, then, had been the turning-point in his career as an artist. Promises had been fulfilled in that tender canvas.

And the promises of Elsbeth's bright mouth and shining hair were fulfilled, too; she was seventeen years old when the cast was removed, and for three years she had been moving, daintily, exquisitely—and miserably—through life, to meet Charley Blake.

She had never been popular in Hendon. When her contemporaries were children, she had seemed to them a strange thing, a creature enchanted. Like a pack of young animals, their advances had been wary, distrustful; they were like frolicsome puppies who sniffed at some mechanical dog and walked away in stiff-legged disappointment. Sentimental mothers packed them off to play cards or games with "that poor little Campion girl," and they returned, shouting relief at their escape. So, from her plaster chrysalis, she emerged,



a rather doubtful butterfly. The beauty which John Allen had so many times transferred to canvas was an odd beauty, irreconcilable with young Hendon. Elsbeth learned to dance, but perhaps her partners felt that their arms were encircling too perilously fragile a thing when they held her. "Do ask Elsbeth Campion to dance!" harassed mothers would whisper to their sons—and then they would ask her, with frigid politeness.

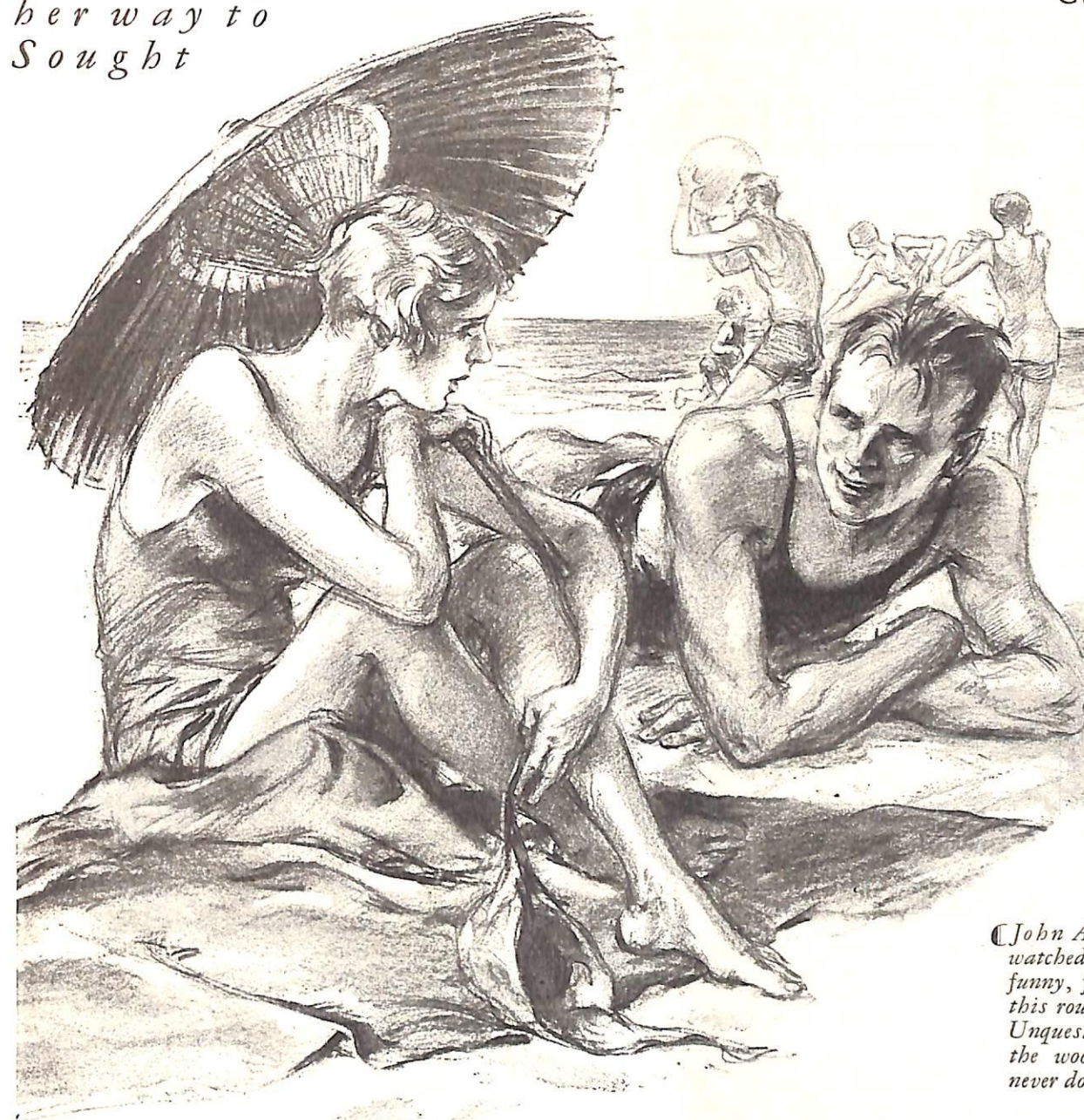
It wasn't much of an entry for her into that long-coveted world. Her crimson mouth drooped in disappointment, and there came the suspicion of a whine into her soft voice. If the older Campions had been wiser, they would have taken her away to another town, but they were merely adoring. Europe in the winter months, occasionally Florida or the West Indies—and then Hendon, again.

A soft June day—Elsbeth was in organdie, lonely and lovely, sitting on the grass of the Campion lawn playing with a white kitten, when Charley Blake arrived. He arrived on a motorcycle. The motorcycle was noisy and crude and covered with grease—and so was Charley.

"Is this Hendon?" he asked her.

Elsbeth had fluttered to her feet, her eyes on his face. She nodded, mutely.

*Wrappings
her way to
Sought*



*Illustrations by
Corinne Dillon*

John Allen sat back and watched the wooing. Elsbeth, funny, futile little girl, and this rough young savage . . . Unquestionably the girl was the wooer, but young Blake never doubted that he was the pursuer.

"Well, can you tell me where Mrs. Herbert Perry lives?" She nodded again. As she told John Allen, afterward, she would have given anything in the world not to tell him, just then. "Oh stay," the maiden said, "and rest thy weary head upon this breast" . . . it was as absurd as that. Too absurd, really, to be romantic.

Charley Blake was waiting for an answer. Fatigue—he had driven from Michigan—lined his browned face, and dirt marked the lines. His cap was long since lost, and his dark hair, thick with dust and grease, lay like plumage on his head. "Well, if you can, why don't you?" he asked, finally.

Elsbeth flushed. "Oh, please—I'm sorry!" She sighed. "It's the first house beyond that studio. The white one." "Thanks." He turned to go away and then, unimaginative though he was, some pleading in her eyes stopped him. She was a pretty girl. "I'm going to be a neighbor of yours, I guess," he said. "I'll see you some more. I'm Mrs. Perry's nephew."

She watched him mount the roaring mechanical object as, long ago, maidens must have watched young knights fling themselves astride their prancing steeds. And she stood, staring at nothing at all, until her mother came running from the house.

"Elsbeth, my darling! Out here in the hot sun with no hat! Come up on the verandah, dearest, and Mother'll make you some iced tea!"

"Don't want any iced tea!" There was a gruffness in her voice that made her mother jump.

How could Mrs. Campion know that it was merely that sincerest compliment, imitation—imitation of a gruff voice that had spoken scarcely a dozen words to her?

She went directly to John Allen; looking back on it, afterward, it seemed to him that her directness was part of a plot to destroy his peace of mind. At the time it seemed wholly natural, accidental. He had had his dinner and come out into the summer night for a stroll; she darted suddenly toward him, a white flash across the shadows of the Campion lawn.

"Hello!" he said, and as she reached his side he was instantly aware of her excitement.

"May I walk with you?" she asked.

"I'd be flattered, my dear!" Flattered, perhaps, but also a trifle dismayed; he was in the mood for a long tramp, and walking with this fragile child was much like trying to swim in a china basin. He adjusted his steps to hers.

"HAVE you ever been in love?" she demanded, abruptly. So that was it! He looked down at her amusedly. "Even I," he murmured, but the admission brought up no memory; his thoughts, as they walked silently, side by side, were entirely of her.

"I never have," she said. And added, explosively, "Before!" Her purple eyes were glowing, and John Allen, who had painted this young neighbor so many times, looked down into the face of a stranger.

Love! he thought to himself, tasting the word, contemplating it. It was what Elsbeth Campion needed, to be humanized.

warmed, given life. She was not without intelligence; it was animation, purpose that she needed. Cherished, protected—"a regular cotton-wool child," his mother had called her, once. He smiled now at recollection of the phrase; it had stuck in his mind, like so many of his mother's brief characterizations. "He—" said Elsbeth, and paused. "He—" She looked up at John Allen intently. "How do you let a man know you love him?" she asked.

His mouth jerked into a grin. Funny, futile little cotton-wool child, stirring at last in her wrappings, desirous of sharp edges and harsh surfaces! For twenty years she had lived as though a translucent wall had separated her from life—and now she was battering against that wall with eager, incompetent little hands!

"Haden't you better tell me all about it?" he suggested, and sat down on the stone wall, abandoning his idea of a walk.

It was none of his business, and John Allen seldom meddled in other people's affairs, seldom, even, was aware of other people at all, but his curiosity was touched. He went, the next afternoon, to look at the dusty knight and returned from the encounter unreasonably depressed by the desperate incongruity of life. Elsbeth Campion and this rough young savage! There was something inharmonious about it. With the rest of Hendon, he sat back and watched her wooing.

And unquestionably, Elsbeth was the wooer. Like a Dresden-china Nemesis, she dogged Charley Blake's footsteps. With the cunning of love, she pleased him, discovering his likes and dislikes. She was ruthless and unashamed, yet she was subtle; bewildered as he was, still young Blake never doubted that he was the pursuer. It was his own feet that carried him so often up the flagged path to her home; the threads which drew him there were invisible to his eyes.

He had just graduated from an engineering-school, and certainly there was no girl in Hendon so interested in engineering, so intelligent on the subject.

"Charley says he'd give anything to have this beach out in Michigan!" Elsbeth said dreamily to John Allen one day, as they sat, side by side in their bathing suits, watching the more energetic bathers shouting and splashing in the cold blue water. Her eyes were fixed, beyond him, on a stocky, bronzed figure in a red wool suit, poised on the springboard, and John Allen had a sense of awe before the bright serenity of her face.

"He likes the ocean, doesn't he?" he murmured, with a sense of awkwardness. Why should he be chosen as confidant for this love of Elsbeth's? Every thought which Charley Blake formulated was alien, almost hostile, to him!

"Oh, it's not that!" She turned, in grave surprise, and scooped up a handful of sand, let it trickle shimmeringly through her white fingers. "He says he'd rather swim in a pool, any day! But see, John, there's no mica in this sand! Practically none. It's frightfully hard to find sand without mica. And so important! You see, out in Michigan—"

John Allen was silent as the soft voice went on, explaining. Love—Romance—Good God!

YOUNG Blake emerged from the water, shaking himself: his thick hair was plastered darkly upon his head, his eyes were red-rimmed from diving. Young, clamorously healthy—he made John feel somehow attenuated, almost elderly. He flung himself on the sand beside them, stretching luxuriously in the warm sunlight, and eyed Elsbeth speculatively.

"Guess I'll hafta duck you in a minute, Beth," he told her, lazily. "Li'l coward, you! Say, wipe my face off, will you? My hands are all sandy."

She bent forward tenderly, and John Allen's clear blue eyes looked past them, at the sea. Sometimes, he reflected, the humor of life was a touch bitter.

"Well—le's go, baby!" Elsbeth protested as the boy dragged her roughly to her feet, and the painter watched them silently, watched the boy's big hands finding a grasp on the slender, struggling body, watched the muscles of his tanned arms swell as he lifted her up and bore her down the beach. He dropped her, with a terrific splash, and pushed her head under again, laughing at her, as she struggled toward the air.

Love! The conflict, the ceaseless contention of it! Those two youngsters became for him figures in an allegory. They had, he reflected, almost as little in common as was possible for two people; merely they were both human beings. At least young Blake probably made that claim! They were coming up the beach again, and the boy had flung a careless,

heavy arm about Elsbeth's frail shoulders. Abruptly, without knowing why, John Allen felt ill; he scrambled to his feet and walked off hurriedly, not heeding their shouts.

He didn't want Elsbeth Campion's confidences, he told himself savagely. The whole affair irritated him beyond measure. And his sense of the incongruity of the situation grew and expanded until it took in the whole incongruity of life. What was it all about? he asked himself, bitterly. Suddenly there seemed no purpose, no direction in human affairs. The impotence of his anger against a scheme of things which threw two such alien creatures as Elsbeth and Charley Blake together overflowed into his own ordered existence, undermining the buttresses he had set up there, like a great flood. Why? he found himself demanding of the sky and the sea and the meadows. Why? He had not protested so since his adolescence. Why, for that matter, was he alive, painting little pictures, reading little books? To what purpose?

THE day that she told him that Charley Blake had asked her to marry him, he went back to his studio and set about painting out canvases like a madman. What was the use in pretending that there was any order in life, any basic sense? Hendon buzzed with question and comment; Elsbeth Campion blossomed in love—and John Allen moved, consumed by a raging, unanswerable question.

It was as though what had gone from him had flown to her. Life, that so suddenly seemed to John a hopeless maze, lay before Elsbeth in all the black and white obviousness of an automobile tour in a bluebook. Turn right at church; take first left . . . Charley Blake returned to Michigan, to commence his career, and in Hendon, Elsbeth made plans and executed them with unwavering precision.

"John, I've bought a house!" she told him, one day in late August.

"A house!" he echoed and stared at her. While he wondered what use there was even in continuing existence in this ephemeral, crazy world, she bought a house!

Her face was radiant. "You know the old Snow place? Of course it's in awful condition—no improvements at all. Mother and Father are furious with me!" Her red mouth curved in confident amusement at the absurdity of parental fury. "I was twenty-one last week, and now I have my own money." She laughed. "I'd like to see anyone stop me do anything!" she cried.

If a thunderbolt had struck her down in her arrogance, John Allen would scarcely have been surprised. "But—you'll be living in the west—after you're married, won't you?" he stammered.

"Oh, but we'll come here summers! I couldn't give up Hendon!"

A sense of despair filled him. "Have you told Charley?" She shook her head. "Oh, it's a surprise for him! He'll be back the fifteenth of September and I'll tell him then."

John Allen's ears buzzed with the clamor of his thoughts. He felt like an old Victorian gentleman, a Relic, who from his easy chair should explain to this high-handed child what marriage and human relationships were. But he looked at her, flushed with her new confidence in herself and in life, and was silent. What was the use? What was the use of anything?

It was lovely, people said, to watch Elsbeth Campion blossom beneath the warmth of love. Lovely! To John, it was appalling. The cotton-wool child had become, through love, a ruthless, tireless bundle of released energy, sweeping forward like a juggernaut. Nothing could stop her! Nothing . . . ?

On September fifteenth, Charley Blake returned to Hendon, according to Elsbeth's schedule. He returned, very serious, a little frightened, but quite resolute—and he broke the engagement.

Buzz . . . buzz . . . buzz . . . The insistence of that gossip shook the last foundations of John Allen's stability. People who had condemned the engagement as unsuitable were hottest, now, in their censure of Charley Blake. He became, overnight, a cad and a villain. Sympathy flowed toward Elsbeth in a great sticky fluid, and the last balance-wheel in John's precarious world flew off into space, leaving it a gyrating mad thing.

When she told him, he looked at her wordlessly, and knew that there was neither sense nor pattern. Here he was, undoubtedly caring more for her than anyone else in Hendon, yet it seemed to him that Charley Blake had done a difficult and necessary thing in the most decent way imaginable. The

boy had done his best to be honorable, as he and Hendon and the world knew honor; he had given Elsbeth every opportunity of saving her pride and her privacy. And Elsbeth . . .

She stood in the center of John Allen's studio and defied the universe.

"I won't let him go!" she cried. "He says it's a mistake—and I tell you I love him! I won't break the engagement! I won't!"

He looked at her helplessly.

"He says he hasn't any money! I have money! He says we'd have to spend two, three, five years out in wildernesses and prairies! He's crazy! He can go in business with my father! He—"

"Elsbeth!" Still John Allen didn't see why it was his rôle to explain to her, but here it was. "You say that you love him! My dear, are you thinking of him?"

The only precious thing in life is knowledge of what you want to do. He wants to be an engineer. What will he have if you rob him of that?"

She tried to think about it. "But what about me?" she cried. He didn't

Her hair glowed in the soft light as John came in. She seemed so little, so frail. She was ten years younger than he but ten years was not very much . . .



answer, and she paced up and down his studio floor. "I don't understand!" she said, and he closed his eyes in hurt at her face.

"Of course you don't," he murmured.

She wheeled about, fiercely. "What is it all for?" She flung out her arms. "I told him that I didn't care! I'll go with him to his old wildernesses, if he must have them! I—"

"Elsbeth, what could you do? Look at yourself! My child, look at your hands!"

She looked at them, little white fluttering things that blossomed at the ends of her frail wrists. Then she clenched them.

"You think they're no good!" she accused him. "You think they're no use! You think—"

He was half frightened by her fury. "Elsbeth—"

"You think—all of you—" She glared at those white fists. Suddenly she moved fiercely toward a cupboard built beside a row of shelves; her arm drew back and then smote like a sledgehammer; the thin wood cracked and split and clawed at the solid white flesh as it gave way before the impact.

John Allen did not stir. He sat and watched her withdraw her hand, watched the red blood spreading over it. She was quieter; she looked at her hand thoughtfully.

"I know what I want, now!" she said. "And all my life I've been trained so that I'd be completely unprepared for it when it came! Perhaps I wasn't strong once. I'm strong, now!"

It was dramatic and it was glorious, but it had so pitifully little to do with Charley Blake. Perhaps Elsbeth Campion was no longer the weak little cotton-wool child that once she had been—but did that mean that she could cook three meals a day and be a happy wife to a struggling engineer in some South Dakota camp? She was looking at him

with narrowed eyes, as though she were trying to read his thoughts.

"You all think I'm helpless!" she said. "You—oh, I'll show you—all of you!"

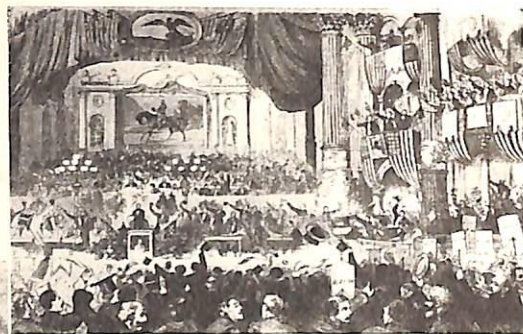
She flung herself out from the studio, and John Allen sat, silent, in the gathering twilight. It might, he told himself, be none of his business, yet it was as though, in this affair of Elsbeth and Charley Blake, God had put on a little tableau for his benefit, to point out to him the utter unreasonableness of life. God? He had never thought much

about God before, and now it seemed to him that one had to have faith to live at all. Faith in some purpose, faith that all existence was not as pointless and irrational as it seemed. If life was like this, he didn't want it! It was undignified, humiliating!

He thought of his own life. More than thirty years of it gone—and to what end? He was free, without ties of affection or duty, and once he had been proud of that, pleased by it. Freedom? It became a synonym for loneliness, for negation. Even Elsbeth Campion, with her pitiful fury against it, was better off than he. At least she was alive! The south of France. [Continued on page 66]

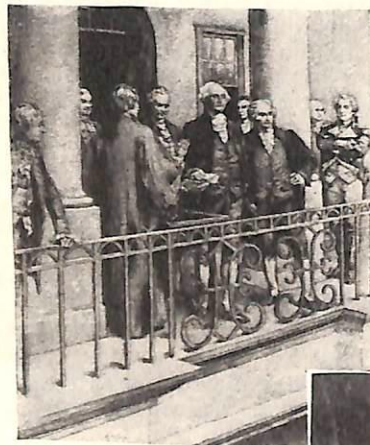


((Below) The Inauguration of a President of the Southern people. Scene at the Confederate Capitol, Montgomery, Alabama, February 14, 1861.



((Above) The huge picture of Grant in the background was uncovered at the Republican Convention, Chicago, May 20, 1868. Wild scenes hailed the victorious warrior of the moment.

((Above) The Convention nominating Lincoln, Chicago, May 16, 1860. He came to his task with lowering clouds of internecine conflict over him.



((Above) George Washington took oath of office April 30, 1789, at Federal Hall, New York. Chancellor Livingston administered it. A Masonic Lodge owns the Bible.



Photographs from Brown Bros.



((Above) The levees of Martha Washington became the American Court. Though the wife of George Washington was a home body, she was a diplomat also.



((Above) President Calvin Coolidge before the microphone, after taking the oath of office. The Nation "listens in," and "gets next" to its choice as never before.



((Above-right) There is romance in opening the Bible at the moment of oath taking. What passage will the President kiss? Woodrow Wilson faces Chief Justice White, while Mr. Taft looks on.

((Right) Inauguration means the significant background of the Capitol Building from steps to dome, and a mass of eager people of the Nation who drape themselves anywhere to get a view.



HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

Convention Days and Ways

The Tenth article in a series which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, skylines, industries, travel, sport and entertainment

Arranged and Commented upon by
MONTROSE J. MOSES

THE proud voter, with a ballot in his hands, feels himself all-powerful. The dignity of franchise gives him a sprightly step to the polls, and as he enters the voting Emporium—a neighboring laundry, a barber shop, a tailoring establishment or a schoolhouse—to register his choice, there is a confidence that he knows what he's about. He is a citizen of the Republic, however much he may avoid being either a Democrat or a Republican. Some of the glow of stump oratory has worn away; he's not under the influence of the morning's editorial written by a partisan editor. He's an Individual, and he believes himself Independent. There may be a whole line of his forebears who have never voted as he is about to; there may be those of his family living lustily at the same table who would blush at a split ticket and refuse to buy a dictionary with the word "mugwump" in it. But once in the booth, with a lead pencil that is pointless, he is himself. And no one need know what primaries he has elected to attend, or what special issues he has vetoed, or under what emblem he has sent the country to safety and salvation!

It's a curious game, this playing of politics, this grinding of the political machine, this rule of the boss and the district leader, this crying from the housetops of party fervor, this pushing forward of Favorite Sons by the different States, this acrimonious flaying of the Opposition. When you follow it, you wonder where the Voter comes in at all. For, though he does a deal of shouting, though he spends hours sweeping present policies aside and substituting those which would really save the situation, though he knows confidently what he would undoubtedly do under the same circumstances were he President of the United States, it is the Electoral College that eventually decides the matter. Yet his is the wee sma' voice in the Vote that does choose the Electors who must do what they are told to do.

A mysterious hand somehow moves the Political Machine, no matter how earnestly we may work for the direct will of the People to be expressed. If there's one thing that's not born, it's a President; he's painfully made, he's caught in a net-work of wirepulling, his voice is rasped by endless nights of promises and pledges. No movie star is more managed and mismanaged, no scenic production is more costly to stage than that in which he is presented to the Convention and then to the People before Election Day. It's a competitive market; it's a costly way of cutting Presidential timber, where the bills are paid by one of the most tell-tale, sensitive financial systems imaginable: the campaign funds. Here the human ledger itemizes the love of party, the hope of favor, the bid for legislation, and Party searchlights play here in the hope of finding some political TNT.

Yet, when the people vote, it's for the love of country. There may rankle within their patriotic breasts the poignancy of a cartoon. Nast and McCutcheon drew unforgettable political symbols. Was it not the former who gave us the Republican elephant, the Democratic donkey and the Tammany tiger? Did not McCutcheon and Davenport keep strumming the note of the Big Stick and



((Left and Above) No cartoonist has ever permeated the political life of his day so completely as Thomas Nast. No editorial writer has ever epitomized a period so permanently. Nast standardized the Democratic donkey and the Republican elephant. His cartoons are historical documents.



Reprints courtesy A. B. Payne, Macmillan Co.



((Above) Finley Peter Dunn, alias Mr. Dooley, the Will Rogers of the Roosevelt era.

((Left) Since the days of Roosevelt the Chicago Tribune and John McCutcheon have added to the cartoon gaiety of readers.

the Trusts? There may remain in the mind of the Voter stray bits of wisdom from the humorous pens of Artemus Ward and Mr. Dooley and Bill Nye and Will Rogers. But on Election Day, he finds himself alone with a piece of paper, or before a voting machine. And the labor of convincing him is over.

The only President who never had an Opposition was Washington in his first term. The infant Government cried for him. Everyone was willing that George should do it. He established precedence, he began to centralize the Union, he bespoke a foreign policy, he indicated internal needs, he sought to stabilize the currency. And for every move he made, a hornet was born. By the time he came up for renomination, there were party lines, and there has never been a day without them since. No man can rest comfortably in the White House. There's Opposition in Congress, there's Opposition in the Lobby, there's Opposition on the sidelines. Politicians are either navigating in deep waters, looking for the other party's rocks, or else are on the bandwagon. If their party is in, then the Ship of State is safe. If their party is out, no SOS is too urgent for them. There is only one escape: VOTE FOR US.

In the ruffled shirt days, the gentle art of voting was in the hands of the few. A Caucus elected the President. One voted for two men and the highest was IT. The second one was Vice-President. The Congress superintended the counting of votes and it was all a family affair, in which there were strange occurrences and close counts. But the evolution of our voting system points to the honest intention of seeing how close eventually the system could be brought to the will of the people. The adoption of the Convention as a means of representation, which began in 1836 (even earlier it showed signs of coming), is an American contribution to political forms. With many changes for the sake of expediency and practical administration, it is today much as it was when

HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

it first began to evolve, though now it is more a huge business, just as the job of the President is larger than it was when Jackson was in the White House. It was some time before the country settled down into two dominant streams of political belief, though the small rills of Federalist and anti-Federalist suggested, now that we look in perspective, the necessary division of opinion which would follow sectional interest.

People flock in groups; they match opinions, and fly across the political sky in parties. Our history is full of such winging coteries that disappear in time, but nonetheless represent, while they last, rancor and hope and intent to win: the Whigs, the Green-backers, the anti-Monopolists, the Bull-Moosers are a few symbols of real struggle. They represent the fashions of political faith. They symbolize idols and policies believed in. Issues represent the years of nomination, and election day puts the man in history. The four years that follow stamp him. He may come upon his tenure of office inheritor of weighty problems: Lincoln. He may work for issues purely domestic and enter a maelstrom of international surprises: Wilson. He may aim to be a statesman and forget to be a politician also, and find his constituency falling away from him: John Quincy Adams. He may go into office on the whirlwind of popular heroism: Jackson and Roosevelt. He may be a dark horse: Polk was our first. His election may be disputed as was that of Hayes against Tilden. He may even find himself elected by the vote of some of the Opposition that believed in him and bolted from their own party: Cleveland in the "mugwump" campaign. But however he comes, whether through a popular response, or through personal recommendation of his predecessor in office (Roosevelt, for instance, suggesting Taft; Jefferson openly declaring for Madison), the Presidency is no sinecure. It's a man's job and takes a man's measure.

All nominees for office regard themselves as among the elect. They are the stars in the political firmament. But only a few of them are elected! The tragedy of the defeated candidate is none the less real because he was unsuccessful. Lost causes are ripe with agony. Men like Webster and Blaine and Bryan could hardly forget that they had run for the Presidency: their names are writ in politics. But Webster and Clay had something else to fall back on as their huge contributions in the formation of Government.

Nevertheless, at convention time, and also as election time approaches, we talk lightly of the political game. We are all experts on Government; we know exactly what should be done to improve conditions; we understand where extravagance has been committed and the quickest way of securing economy. We can fill reams of paper showing how the country is going and we use glibly the words "plurality" and "majority" without comprehending their exact meaning. We are swayed hither and thither the way we want to go; party newspapers whip us into shape and become factors in the outcome of elections: the Solid South, the Doubtful State may turn the tide of prophecy. We may be strict advocates of Civil Service Reform or we may still have the lingering belief that to the victor belongs the spoils. But, though an incoming administration may keep faith with its party with cabinet portfolios and other appointments, there has never been, since the days of Jackson, such flaunting wholesale clearing of office, as that which the hero of New Orleans instituted to such an extent as to disrupt all departmental Washington. Publicity is quicker these days to flash political news through the land. One of the interesting items at the Polk inaugural was the appearance of the Telegraph near the speaker's stand: its own significant inaugural as the quick disseminator of Public Opinion.

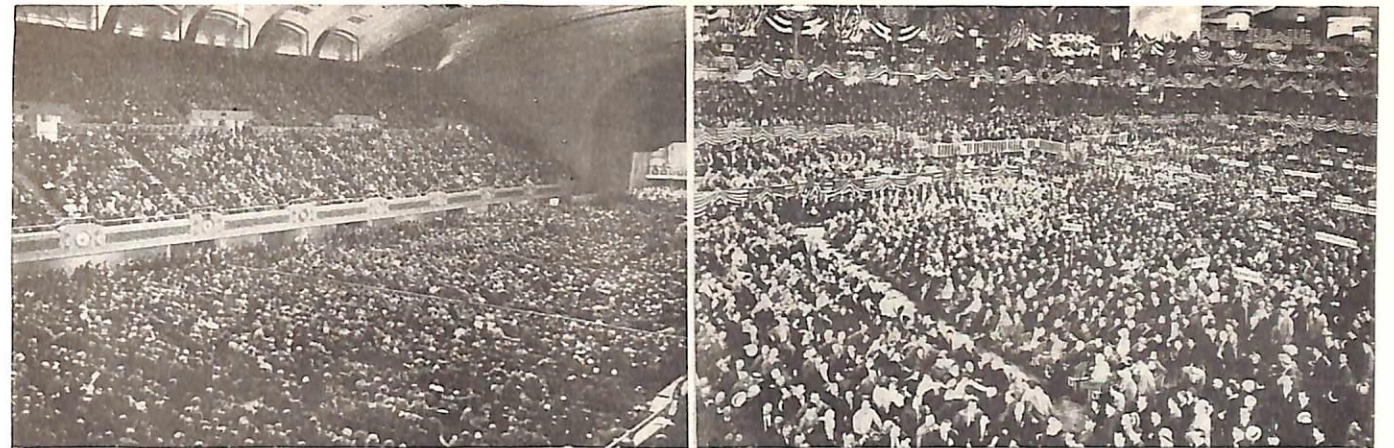
Queer indeed this political game that tires so soon of its heroes; that recognizes no royal purple and asks for service under fire! The vote is always with us. If it's not national, it's state or county or municipal; and always the two political streams clear-cut and at variance. There are other parties on the national ballot: parties

with real issues such as the minor parties have always had: the Abolitionists, the Prohibitionists, the Populists. But the dominant groups draw the attention and it is their Conventions from early times and their platforms and their planks and their delegates that center upon the political stage.

The picture is vivid: we see the strained faces of numberless Senators hungering for the job. Soon there are empty seats in the Senate chamber and curious senatorial hats in the ring. The States march forth their favorite sons, and delegates pledge allegiance before they board the train for the Convention Town. No circus can boast of a more dissonant, a more conglomerate crowd than that which fills the main thoroughfares leading to Convention Hall. Sombreros and chaparejos, chin beards and goatees, the business man and the road agent, the daughter of Woman Suffrage, short and tall, lean and fat—delegates from every district of the country intent on Victory. The auditorium is a mass of sectional groupings—felt hats, straw hats, shirts and shirt waists, canes, flags, fans, horns, ribbons and snakelike lines of wild delegates marching here and there, rooting with the heat of partisan spirit rising raucous from their throats. It was always thus, with a change in outward fashion, no doubt, and in days gone by perhaps not quite so regulated by Prohibition as now! The hollow thud of the gavel sounds upon deaf ears. No buffaloes or ranch cattle are more imminent of stampede than these representatives of the people gathered to elect a Presidential Candidate. Order is besought amidst pandemonium; spreadeagle introductory remarks pave the way for the Keynote Speaker. He is the architect who gives you a blueprint idea of the platform design. He shows you how unsafe any other platform is. He tells you the platform will be built before your very eyes. Whether the planks are Republican or Democratic, sometimes it's hard to tell them apart and you find similar planks in both platforms: indicating that at basis the parties are American, and Presidential timber is really a matter of American forestry.

Order in spots, disorder in general; committees that have sat through the night into the dawn of another day to present reports to delegates, to settle disputes! And then the candidates proposed with shouts and great showing of sectional delegates, and a great deal of honesty and hokum about their eminence and fitness! The Presidential Chair isn't large enough for the excellencies that are offered up in good faith. There are all sorts of rules: the majority, the two-third vote, the unit system. There is wrangling about acknowledged delegates. And then the roll call begins. The shifting back and forth, the obstinate deadlock, the sudden collapse, the avalanche in one direction, or such a rigid stand that a compromise, a pinch vote hither, a dark horse is the only solution! A curious picture this for so serious a thing as the selection of a President. But it's not the final selection. It's merely a party choice, and the land is full of such Conventions. Everyone seems to have to be voted for.

The voting man hasn't changed much. Nor has he changed since early days when, marching in parades with transparencies and colored lights, he sang of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too." I recall the first Cleveland victory in the South when the flower of Southern chivalry dressed in mother hubbards and sang, "He'll meet it like a Statesman, For he's a Democrat." The form of political delirium is almost traditional now, and to change a whit of it would be in the nature of a revolution. The defeated candidate is sometimes chivalric, sometimes glum. Douglas stood near Lincoln when the latter was about to read his inaugural address. The latter didn't know where to put his hat. Douglas offered to take it. "Even if I can't be President," he was heard to say, "I can hold the President's hat." Cleveland, the unemotional, stood beside McKinley while the latter took oath of office. Sentiment suffused the face of the retiring President. "How I envied McKinley," he declared, "because his mother saw him take the oath of office." The whole political story is riddled with the human show of desire and design, of victory and defeat.



((Above)) Scenes during the 1924 conventions, Republican (left) and Democratic (right). Radio fans, some before loud speakers in outdoor open places and others snug at home, bearing the noise, were all but there.



((Above)) W. J. Bryan, of the "cross of gold" speech fame, won Democratic nominations but never the much coveted Presidency.

((Above)) Blaine began running for President in 1876, continued in 1880, and finished in 1884, a disappointed racer.



((Above)) Election night once meant surging crowds skygazing toward election returns. The radio makes many stay at home and hear who's elected.



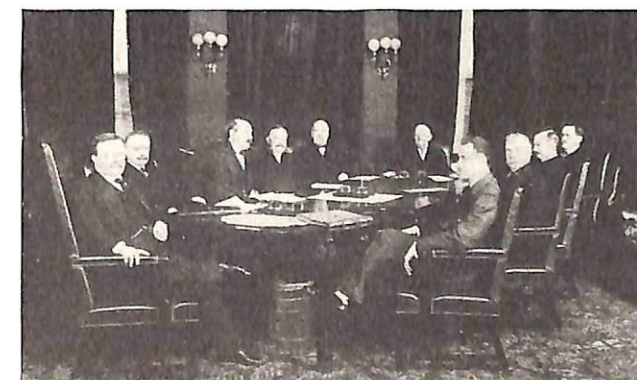
((Above)) A Presidential Cabinet always means party power. John Hay and Elihu Root were President McKinley's star members of the "official family." The choice of a cabinet is vital.



((Above)) Roosevelt and Leonard Wood were Rough Rider warriors in the Spanish-American war. Wood, too, was ambitious for the Presidency.



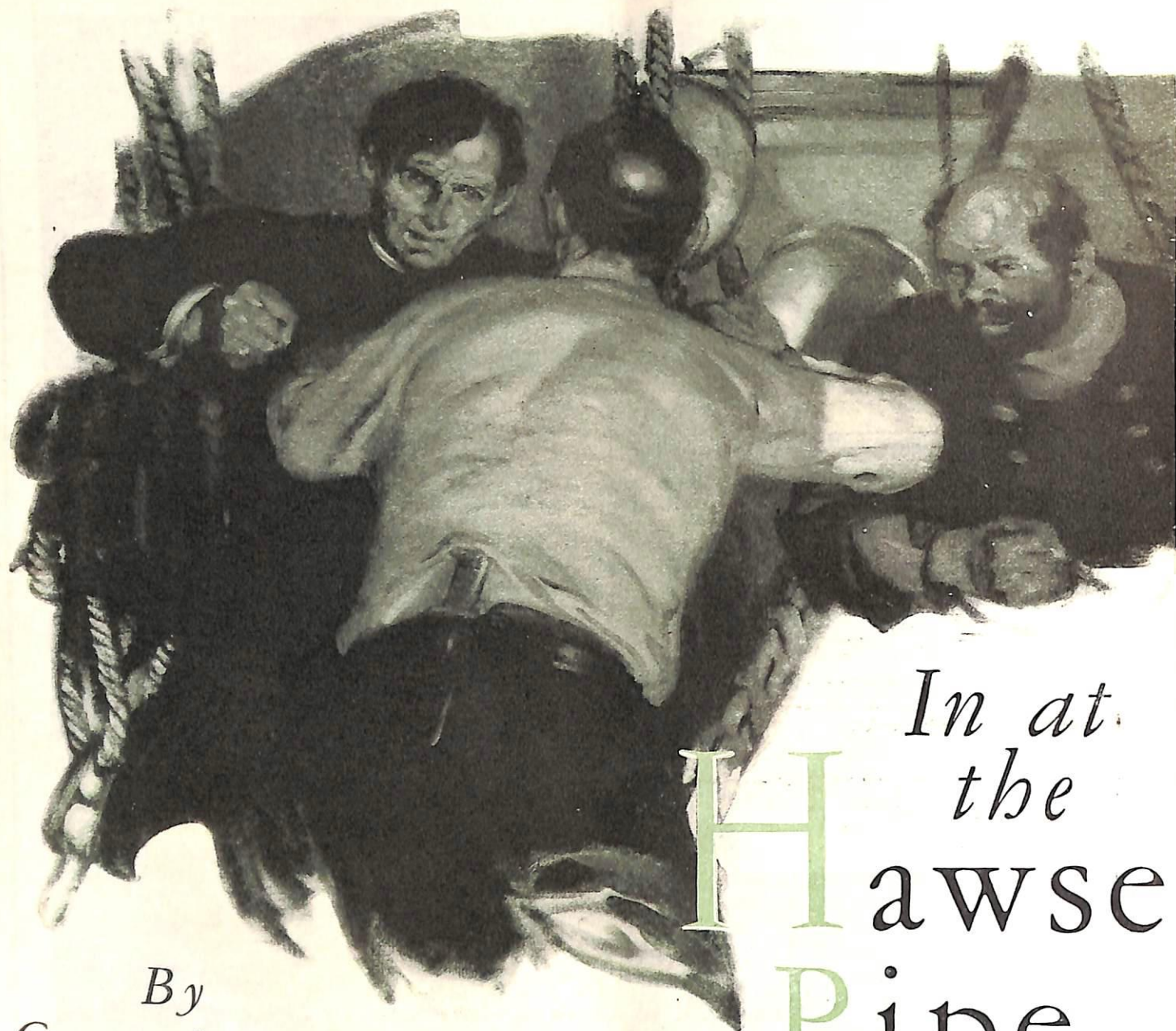
((Above and left)) Mr. and Mrs. Coolidge casting their votes. Mr. Roosevelt also exercising his power of citizenship. Every vote counts, even a President's.



((Above)) Public interest in the Roosevelt Cabinet centered largely in Roosevelt. His was the dominant personality of the day.



((Above)) Can you name the President's Cabinet? In the Cleveland family, can you find Secretary Olney? Or Herbert? Or Hoke Smith?



In at the Hawse Pipe

By
Captain Graham
Thompson

A Salty Brew containing—

CA Shangaied Sky Pilot C O'Sullivan who did it CA Clipper

MR. DENNIS O'SULLIVAN, who ran a seaman's boarding house down near the Embarcadero in 'Frisco, sat in his doorway glancing sleepily over the morning paper. It was a typical Californian morning in July; sunny, bright, but slightly warmer than usual, one of those mornings that was not in anyway conducive to the energy and activity of Mr. O'Sullivan, and as he turned the paper to a fresh sheet his heavy, square jaw dropped like a door on a hinge as he gave vent to a long, noisy yawn. Except for the shipping news they contained, newspapers meant little in the life of the boarding house master but on this particular occasion something caught his eye among the general news that caused him to bring back his heavy shoulders against the back of the chair with a jerk, while his hardened features assumed a distinct expression of interesting surprise.

"Sufferin' Moses," he exclaimed, after reading the article for the second time. "here's a bit o' luck, if y' like."

Whipping the stump of a cigar from between his teeth and heaving it into the middle of the road he called in a loud,

coarse voice for his runner, James Henry Harrigan, better known in sailor town as Hard-Boiled Harrigan, who, next to his boss, was reckoned the toughest man along the waterfront.

"I'm in luck, Hard-Boiled," O'Sullivan said, grinning devilishly as he spoke.

"That so, boss," replied Harrigan, "what's happened?"

He swung himself round in the chair until he was facing the other. "I figure y've known me long enough to know that I ain't a man as forgets things easily. An' y' know that if any scallywag o' a sailorman ever gets the better o' me—which ain't many—I ain't satisfied till I gets even."

The runner nodded.

"Well, now," went on O'Sullivan, "t' kind o' freshen yer memory, mebbe y'll recall me tellin' y' a while back about the only swine as ever gave me a proper lickin' aboard a ship, an' how I never had the chance t' get even wi' him? Burgess, his name was, if y' mind, second mate o' the *Silas M. Myers* at the time, an' I told y' how I heard afterward that he took a funny turn in his head an' went t' be one o' these missionary fellers."



(It should have been a long hard fight, but in less than two minutes the parson had terminated it with a savage uppercut and right cross counter to Kelly's jaw.

Ship with an evil reputation and CA Plot that literally Boils Over

"I remember fine, boss, and I often thought what a joke it would be if he ever came around the waterfront tryin' t' convert some o' us."

"Well, he's here. Right here in 'Frisco, an' I'm out t' collect me debts afore he leaves this village, I am. Listen t' this," he added, arranging the paper and commencing to read. "Among the passengers sailing to the Orient tomorrow by the China-American liner *Rising Sun* is the Reverend Thomas Burgess, who is going out to Central China to continue his work for the Union Missionary Society. The reverend gentleman, who came across from the East Coast, is by no means a stranger in San Francisco and has many friends here, for in the course of a most unusual and interesting career he sailed out of this port as sailor and officer of the Cape Horn clippers, eventually securing a master's license before leaving the sea to take up his present work. Asked why he finally took up such widely different vocation from that of the sea, Mr. Burgess said he could give no other reason than that he was destined for the work. Speaking of his voyages out of the Golden Gate port he said a voyage he

made with 'Bully' Butler in the *Silas M. Myers* was the toughest of his career. 'I was second mate at the time,' said Mr. Burgess, 'and I think the crew of the *Silas M.* was the toughest gang of men I ever ran across in my life. But Butler was a good man, and before we reached the Horn we had them all nicely in their places,' he added, with a naïve smile, 'right down to the ringleader of the crowd, a huge hulk of a man by the name of O'Sullivan!'

"Kin y' beat that," roared O'Sullivan, lowering the paper from before his eyes. "Ain't satisfied wi' givin' me a lickin' but has t' go an' advertise it in the noospapers. Oh, y' Reverend Thomas Burgess, y' don't know how almighty close y' are t' bein' paid back in full, wi' something over t' boot. If ever y' needed spiritual help it's now!"

"An' then it goes on t' say," he continued, picking up the paper again, "that he's staying at the California Hotel, an' is in the pink o' condition due the fact that he's been in Central Africa for the past two years preachin' t' the heathens. Now that tells us two things we wants t' know, Harrigan. First, we knows where t' get in touch wi' him, an' second, he's in the

Illustrations
by
Harold
Von Schmidt

pink o' condition, which means we ain't t' take no chances, for I'm tellin' y' this Burgess is tough, even if he's only half the man he was when he licked me. Now then, Hard-Boiled, me son, we got t' get this reverend gentleman, an' we got t' get him tonight. What have we in port that's suitable for Mr. Burgess?"

"There's the *Eliza S. Summers*," suggested Harrigan.

"No good," replied his boss, curtly. "Porter seems t' be turnin' good in his old age an' ain't hurt a man ser'usly for a couple o' trips. Now, who's in port that's a better man than me?"

"That's an awkward question t' answer," said Hard-Boiled, cautiously, "but leavin' yerself out o' the matter I should say Pelker o', the *Sacramento* is about the best man we have wi' us at present. He still wants one man t' complete his crew an' sails bright an' early in the mornin'."

"Good enough," snapped O'Sullivan. "We'll shove him aboard the *Sacramento* wi' Pelker. Now git me a piece o' writin' paper."

When Harrigan returned with the paper his boss spread his huge arms over the table, and wetting the end of a stubby pencil with his tongue, wrote slowly and laboriously while his runner looked on curiously. The letter finished he folded the paper and placing it in an envelope addressed it to The Reverend Thomas Burgess at the California Hotel.

"Take this t' the hotel," he said to Harrigan, "an' hand it t' a bell boy along wi' two bits for a tip, an' tell him t' be sure Mr. Burgess gets it as soon as possible."

And that same evening, after darkness had set in, the Reverend Thomas Burgess walked casually and innocently down a side street adjacent to that in which the boarding house stood, looking for an infirm old lady who had sent him a note asking that he take a personal message to her only son in China. He stopped in front of a small, two storied house, when from behind a sandbag circled through the air and landed with terrific force flush upon his skull, sending him backwards to the ground.

"Quick!" snapped O'Sullivan, stuffing the sandbag under his coat. "Grab hold o' him and lug him into the house."

The three men that were hiding in the doorway of a house opposite ran across the street and catching Burgess by the legs and arms, half carried, half dragged his two hundred and twenty pound body through a narrow alley into the back room of O'Sullivan's house.

"Give him an extry heavy dose o' dope so's he won't come to or he's liable t' wrack the whole doggoned caboose," O'Sullivan ordered.

At four o'clock next morning Mr. Burgess was still insensible when he was carried down to the waterfront and dumped in the bottom of a boat; O'Sullivan and Harrigan taking the oars they pulled out to the *Sacramento* lying in the harbor and dragged the limp form along the deck and deposited it in an empty bunk.

"Yer man's aboard, cap'n," said O'Sullivan, walking to the poop where Captain Pelker and the pilot were standing by.

"Good," answered the skipper, "step down in the cabin and I'll give y' his advance note."

And in another few minutes, O'Sullivan, with an order for three months wages in his pocket, was pulling back to the wharf.

It was some six hours later, when the ship had cast off the tug and was standing out toward the Farallones under all sail



that Thomas Burgess A.B. showed the first signs of returning consciousness under a violent shaking and pummeling by Mr. Steers.

"Wake up, y' dead, crawlin' cat," bawled the mate as he noticed the slight movement of the eyelids, but Burgess only rolled over on his side and mumbled some indistinct words about miserable sinners.

"I'll miserable sinner y'," howled the exasperated Steers, and hauling the man out of the bunk on to the deck grabbed a bucket of water standing nearby and dashed it violently into his face.

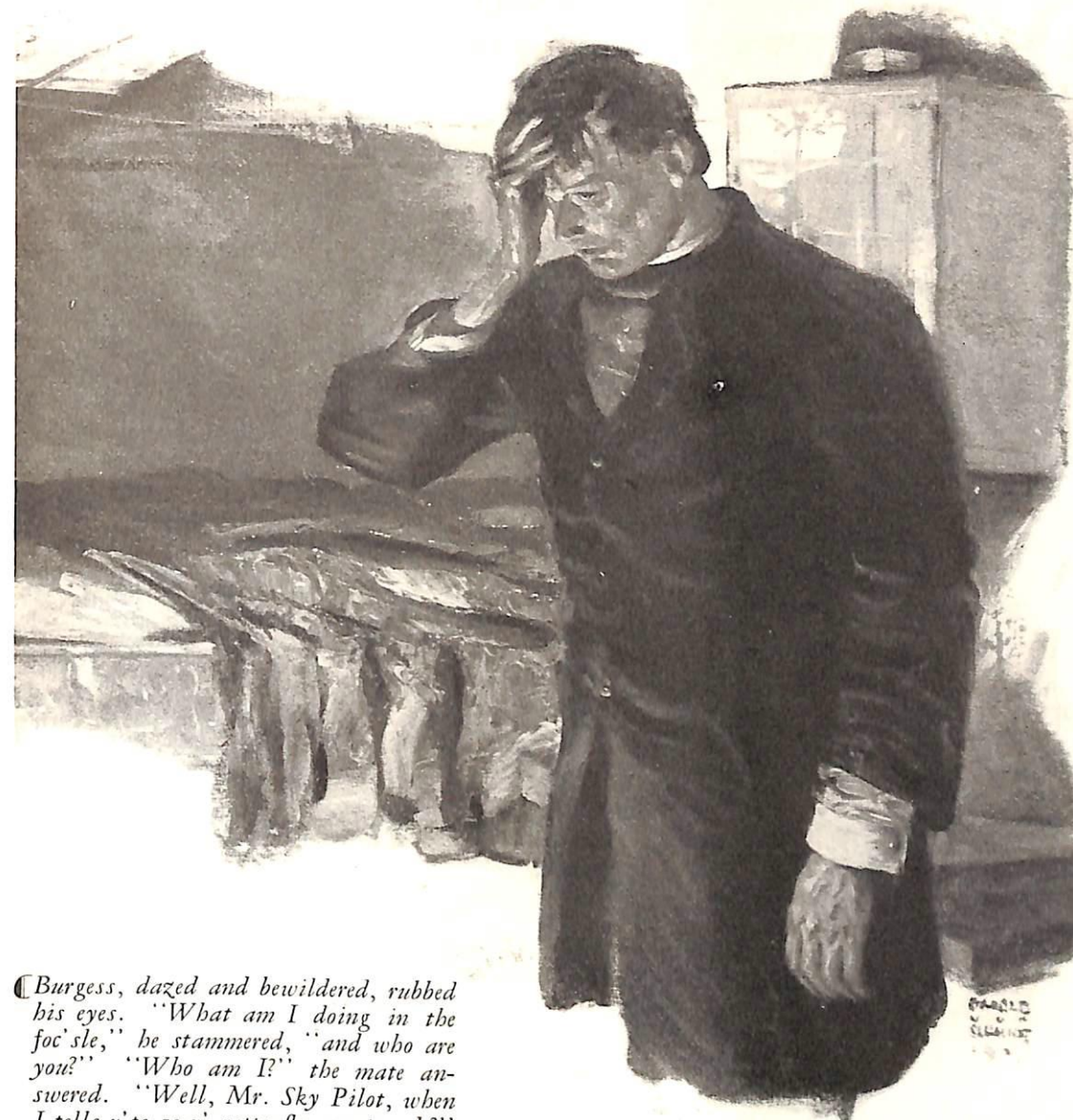
Burgess rose abruptly to a sitting position, shook his head, then got up on his feet somewhat unsteadily and stared around in a bewildered manner.

"What am I doing in the foc'sle?" he stammered, rubbing his eyes. "I must have come here for something." Then staring at the mate standing before him, he added, "and who are you? I don't remember seeing you on board this ship before."

Despite his anger, Mr. Steers could not refrain from a loud, coarse laugh of amusement.

"Who-am-I?" he said, with strong emphasis. "Well now, Mr. Sky Pilot, just get it into yer head right away that I am the mate o' this packet. I'm the man who tells y' to 'go', and when I says it, y' ain't gotta walk, an' y' ain't gotta run, but y' gotta fly, comprende?"

"Comprende nix," snapped Burgess. "You're crazy. I'm mate of this ship, and have been for the past eighteen months, and before that I was second mate. Get yourself out on deck and carry on with your work or I'll bundle you out neck and crop!"



(Burgess, dazed and bewildered, rubbed his eyes. "What am I doing in the foc'sle," he stammered, "and who are you?" "Who am I?" the mate answered. "Well, Mr. Sky Pilot, when I tells y' to go y' gotta fly, comprende?"

Now it is a fact that Mr. Steers was all that Mr. O'Sullivan thought of him; a back answer from any one of the for'ard hands was the signal for a blow from his heavy fist that generally put the speaker to sleep for a considerable time. But this most unusual and astonishing assertion of Burgess so completely took him aback that for a moment he was unable to do anything other than stare in amazement.

"O'Sullivan sure must've given y' some high powered p'isin," he said, at last. He ran his eyes over the water soaked figure of the other, "if yer a mate, what y' doin' in that rig?" he grinned.

For the first time since he awoke from his stupor Burgess looked down at the clothes he was wearing and stared in utter astonishment. "How in the name of Sam Hill did I get into this gear?" he stammered.

"Don't stand there throwin' yer perishin' questions at me," interrupted the mate, with a bark, and the next instant he stepped quickly behind the totally bewildered Burgess and rushed him through the foc'sle door on to the deck.

"This crazy bum thinks he's mate o' the ship," shouted Steers to the second mate.

"Kick him in the belly so's he'll think he ain't," grinned the second, casting his eye over the long, black coat. "Looks like he might 'a' been mate wi' Noah in the ark sometime."

And the hands grinned at the second mate's sally as they swigged down on the halyards.

"What's wrong with you pack of grinning apes?" shouted Burgess, angrily. "What's wrong with the whole doggoned ship? I'm going aft to see Captain Butler and find out just what's happened."

And with that he swung on his heel and walked boldly toward the poop where "Hellfire" Pelker leaned over the rail.

"Perish my eyes," he hissed, between his teeth, "a psalm singin' parson aboard my ship," then turning to the mate who

had followed the sailor along the deck, he bawled in a loud voice. "What d'ye mean by allowin' this 'git up' t' come on the after deck?"

"He figures he's mate o' the ship," replied Mr. Steers, "an' I thought it might disillusion him t' see y'."

Thomas Burgess ran his fingers through his hair in dismay as he gazed at the strange figure of Captain Pelker. "There's something radically wrong, Sir," he said. "I must be dreaming, or I've gone mad, for according to my memory I'm mate of the *Silas M. Myers* with Captain Butler, and it seems only yesterday we were discharging cargo in Portland." He rubbed his hand across his forehead as if endeavoring to clear his brain. "I must be dreaming!"

"Y' are," howled Pelker, "and when y' comes to y'll find yer one of the for'ard scum aboard here." And with that he drew back his right leg and caught the sailor a terrific blow in the chest with his foot, sending him sprawling to the deck below where Mr. Steers caught him neatly with the toe of his boot as he fell.

"Get for'ard, y' crazy loon," bawled the mate. "Get for'ard and lay hold o' a slush pot and grease down the fore royal an' t' gallant masts. I'll soon turn y' into a sailor," the mate ended up with a volley of oaths.

And the Reverend Thomas Burgess, bewildered beyond words, went along the deck as he was told. Half stunned by the fall, and utterly dumbfounded at the amazing situation, he went quietly to the bo'sun's locker under the foc'sle head and taking a pot of grease swarmed up to the fore royal mast.

He returned to the deck when he had finished the job and was put to work with the rest of the crowd where he was the object of much derision and cynical remarks, all of which he met in silence as he racked his brain to account for his presence on the ship in the garb of an ecclesiastic. But strive as he would it was all in vain, and by the time the hands went to supper he was no nearer to solving the solution of what appeared to be a gap in his life. He sat down in the foc'sle to partake of his meal in gloomy silence while the rest of the watch exchanged grins of amusement.

"Say, you in the devil dodger's git up," spoke up Kelly, an Irish-American sailor with a pair of sturdy shoulders and features that looked as though they were cut out of mahogany with an axe, "y'd better take yer chow on deck an' eat it. We don't want no blinkin' preachers in 'ere."

Burgess raised his eyes as he listened to the scathing words. "What d'ye mean?" he retorted, glaring across at the other. "I may be in parson's clothes but that don't make me a preacher. I'm a sailor, and don't you forget it, and if you so much as mention parson again, I'll muss you up so's your own mother won't know you."

"Oh, y' would, would y'," snapped Kelly, and swinging his arm he hove his pot of coffee in the other's face.

Burgess wiped the coffee from his face and rising to his feet walked out of the foc'sle with set lips and lowered brows.

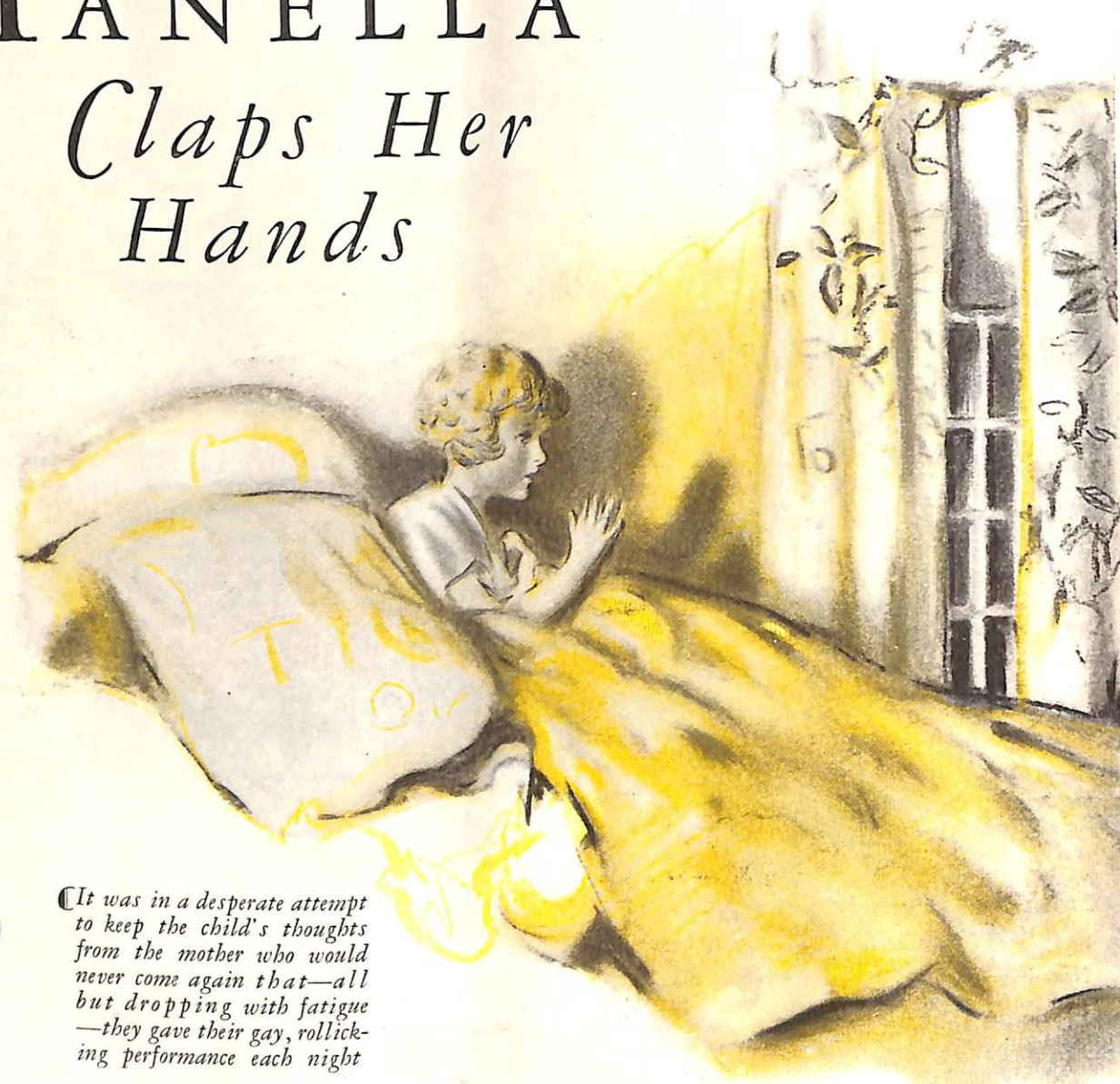
"That's the first o' you bunch fixed for the rest o' the voyage," said Kelly to the rest of the hands. [Continued on page 43]

PANELLA

Claps Her Hands

By Norma Patterson

Illustrations by Will Perrin



It was in a desperate attempt to keep the child's thoughts from the mother who would never come again that—all but dropping with fatigue—they gave their gay, rollicking performance each night

THERE was the dark business of Angie to be disposed of. It included a brief service in a made-for-the-purpose chapel, and an icy ride, and the stark reality of dust back to dust. Home from that.

They were in Willard's room. They stood about, six of them, a chill to their very bones, unable to warm up. Something of Angie still hung in the air.

Belle had a fur coat. A new one. It sang out brazenly in the hushed and low-spirited silence of Willard's cluttered cubby-hole. Belle herself heard the coat louder than anyone. Burst out: "What's it all about? I never asked to be put here! Somebody dumps me down, and the whole world conspires to see that I don't get enough to live on." An ungovernable shrillness in her voice . . . a hint of hysteria on the upward slant of each word.

Willard was busy with a steaming kettle and inviting looking things on a tray. But nobody could touch it. Across the room his eyes met Jerry's and signaled to her. It seemed the time to speak up. They had

meant to wait until the others had been cheered by food to tell what they had to tell. But now . . .

Jerry lifted her dainty shoulders, fortifying herself against a hard task. Jerry was the dancer of the company . . . the trapeze lady. Light as tossed-up bubbles. Symmetrical thistledown! Swinging, turning, leaping, flying in space with the ease and grace of light running over silk; still possessing a quality the others had quite lost . . . youth, and faith in oneself.

She said, "Angie had a child."

They did gasp. "No!"

"Angie?"

"But, Jerry, you must be mistaken."

"What kind of a child?"

"A little girl. About five, I think."

"But she never said anything about a child."

Angie had never said much about anything. She hadn't lived here with the others from the Variety.

"Where's the kid now?" someone asked, "and how'd you find out about her?"

"They 'phoned, and she's there in Angie's room waiting for Angie to come home."

This was worse than the other business.

"Well, but look here . . ." began Hattie cautiously. She was older than any of them except old Tarlow, and saner than all put together.

How the Room of a Little Crippled Child became the Stage for a Drama in Real Life



Old Tarlow moved uneasily. He wished she wouldn't laugh like that. Little Filby hugged his coffee cup to his crooked body.

The short, sharp winter day was going

swiftly. It would be growing dark soon in Angie's room . . . Jerry looked beseechingly from one to the other. She had hoped for their approval but she'd have to go without. She left the window, picked up her furs and hat. Willard already had his hat.

"Your top coat . . ." she reminded him. He hadn't worn it at the services.

He stammered and made evasions. It had been pawned for a gay supper tonight because they'd so need a bit of hefting up . . . the supper they hadn't been able to eat.

"It's foolish to do things like that," she scolded, but her hand touched his sleeve with infinite tenderness.

She made him get into old Tarlow's green one.

Belle interrupted with her habitual, shrill defiance. "Some place she's got a dad. Let him look after his own."

Willard said, "If he were the kind to look after his own this wouldn't have happened, would it?"

She faced him angrily. "I see what you and Jerry are getting at . . . you expect us to take this child over to support. Are you crazy? Look at us! All we can do to keep soul and body together. There's orphan homes for orphans. That's where I got my start, and just see how I've turned out . . . what a success and all . . . ha . . . ha!"

When they reached the foot of the stair Belle caught up. "I'm going too!"

They heard little hands clapping in the dark after they'd opened the door and while Willard was cutting the black space with the swing of his long arms, hunting the drop light.

"I knew you'd come! I knew it! I was counting one hun'ed, right slow . . . sixty s-e-v-e-n . . . sixty 'l-e-v-e-n . . . like that. I knew you'd get here 'fore I made it up to one hun'ed. But, darling, it was long in the night . . . Oh . . ." The light had flared on.

They stood blinking.

Angie's kid was a cripple. Enormous eyes, and a little cupid's bow droop to the mouth. Quantities of golden ringlets framed a face of indescribable fragility. Pillows. That was all there was to her. Except . . . that little face. A sort of torch.

The torch dimmed now. "I thought you was my mama come home. Where's my mama? She left a little present under my pillow and I could open it terweckly, but I druther wait till she comes and we can look at it together."

TWO days there with the little unwrapped package in her hand. Belle and Willard turned their backs quickly. Jerry had to face it.

"She never stayed off all night before. I didn't cry. I hummed and said my poems but it was a long time till day. Do you know where she is?"

Jerry knelt by her bed. (I mustn't break down . . . I mustn't.) "We've just come from seeing her off on such a lovely trip, Panella. You won't mind her going, will you? She was very tired and she had this chance, and there wasn't time to run home and see you. She . . . she sent a message by us."

The small chin quivered but the tears that welled up in the enormous eyes, only welled. "Tell me where she went. Was it Coney?"

"Much, much grander than Coney."

"Did she ride the trains?"

"She went . . . down the river."

Her face received its light again. "Oh . . . beautiful boats with colored lanterns! I've seen 'em from our window. We watch most every night. She loves the river, because I've heard her talk about it in her sleep and sometimes she gets out of bed in the night to watch it. Would there be parties on board and nice things to eat and will they dress up fancy? She likes to."

"A wonderful party. I've heard they all wear wings."

"Now isn't that luck! Wings! And you rise on 'em. You don't have to have legs. Perhaps she'll bring me a little pair when she comes home. I won't be afraid till she gets back."

Jerry said, instantly, "You aren't to stay here. You're coming with us. Right now."

Belle was already packing things . . . what she could find. Precious little. No cloak. "Here . . . wrap her in this." The loudly crying fur coat.

Willard went out and with the last three dollars in his pocket he ordered a chariot to take them grandly through the streets.

Here were failures. No one starts out a failure. He must earn it . . . come through devastating things to it. Arrive by way of a high heart, and wild ambitions, and untiring effort, and struggle. All that was best vanished somewhere back on the dim road . . . and one is a failure.

If it is true that nothing succeeds like success, it is doubly true that nothing fails like failure. The course of a whole life can turn on somebody's carelessly tossed off, "Gee, kid . . . you danced tonight!" Fatigue and weariness gone with the words! Heartache and despondency vanish! One's tired feet are suddenly sandal-winged.

But a growled warning: "Not so good. You don't get that act over any more. Pep it up if you want to stay." And one leadened foot lifts itself heavily and with vast effort after the other leadened foot.

Jess Matlock, huge, beefy, loose-lipped owner and manager of the Variety Theater, popular priced vaudeville, had amassed a fortune on failures. He had a strange genius for picking them, watching from a seat on front rows, and at stage doors, and certain eating places. No garish make-up, no amount of the reckless hilarity of desperation could veil from his keen eye the frightened look of one who has received that warning.

If he coveted an actor and could bring about this man's discharge so as to make an offer from the Variety sound attractive, he had no conscientious scruples in regard to doing so.

Sometimes he let an actor starve for days . . . get a taste of what it was like . . . then he appeared, a dark angel. A hand on the shoulder. An offer . . . too good to be true. And of course employment at the Variety was temporary . . . a mere tiding over until a better chance came. Sly old fox, Mat never engaged anything but the best talent. Incredible, but artists can get fired, can go begging from manager to manager, can starve. An artist can fling herself in the river. One just had. Angie.

So Mat piled up his thousands, and for certain concessions he would share this opulence with the chosen of those whom he kept paupers.

Belle was the present favorite at the Variety. Her boisterous manner went over big. She had come here by a route traveled by others. She'd been ill in a hospital, and had lost her looks and her pep, but Mat had seen her act . . . knew what she could do. He fixed it up so she could recuperate at leisure, then join his company.

All the members of the company had blown here on the winds of mischance. A stranded road show and just money enough to make it back to New York . . . this accounted for Hattie, the character woman, and for Willard, who had played Ibsen. Little Filby, with his twisted back, could throw his entire body out of joint, making a human cross-word puzzle of himself. As to Tarlow (an old man with a fine brow, and the effect of something gone down nobly) age had sent him tobogganning. Jerry . . . well, Jerry had refused to give up and go back home when she couldn't find a job. She was game enough to take what came her way. She had arrived in New York with ambition and youth and beauty. She still had all of this.

Of late she had had also the fishy eye of Matlock following her light step, her butterfly movements.

A small room opened into Jerry's. Here Angie's child was installed on a couch underneath a golden coverlet, surrounded by treasure. A tiny room, dim and shabby, yet to afford it the six of them took turns going without lunch and walking in the coldest weather to save dimes. Recompense came. Angie's face had ceased to haunt them. Her eyes had closed. But it wasn't this that had brought a strange peace into the house. It was Panella herself.

There had been the spirit of Angie and the flesh of Angie. The child was born of the spirit. Over-sensitive to beauty, to the tones and half-tones of expressions that flickered and flashed across the plastic map of a face; to the slightest inflection of a voice . . . she was a tiny, exquisitely tuned instrument vibrating to all the keys of life. They must be careful always to laugh in Panella's presence, to bring a gay soul out of the day's unbearable drudgery.

They had known Angie, some of them, for years. But now they became acquainted with her. She had taught her child opera selections, Bible stories, all the old lovely legends and tales, history and poetry. Out of this, and the romantic glamor with which she had endowed these gay, playing friends of hers, Panella wove a legend about them as enchanting as any held between the covers of fairy-tale books. She saw them as people of beauty and rare grace, singing and dancing their way through life.

EACH had given over his dearest possession to brighten the kid's room. Belle took down the flowery curtains from her own window and hung them here to form a rose and blue frame to drape the picture of the city in. Jerry donated the golden couch cover. Old Tarlow pridefully brought forth a rug made from the skin of some small confiding animal with very bright eyes and an intelligent tail. Hattie bestowed a shawl of embroidered silk, and Little Filby dug up the one relic left of the days when he was an athlete, before an accident had put his back on the bias . . . a silver loving cup won at swimming.

"It's a loving cup, Panella," he explained, unwrapping it from fold after fold of tissue paper, setting it on a shelf with fingers that lingered.

"A loving cup! How splen'id!" Panella shut her eyes, its light was so dazzlingly bright. "I can see the sea shining in it!" she said.

[Continued on page 77]



Jerry
Jerry, lovely and dainty, was the dancer of the company. She and Willard still had two qualities the others had lost—youth and faith.

Willard

(Above) Willard had nothing to offer Jerry yet but the love his young eyes could not hide.

"Angie"

(Above) Angie, whom the others never really knew, endowing her child with imagination and a love of beauty!

"Mat"

(Above) "Mat," huge, beefy, loose-lipped manager of Variety, had amassed a fortune on broken-down actors.

Belle

(Above) Belle was side-splittingly funny, yet often you couldn't tell whether she were laughing or crying.

The Members of the Cast

Old Tarlow

(Right) Old Tarlow, who gave the effect of something gone down nobly, couldn't keep his fiddle from sobbing.

Little Filby

(Left) Little Filby was a twisted Pierrot with clog-dancing shoes.



EDITORIALS

GOOD SHRINERS WILL STAND SQUARELY BEHIND THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL IN ITS EVERY DECISION

ONCE more the Imperial Council has met, passing certain laws and regulations for the benefit of Shrinedom. Once more it is wise to remind the Nobility that the Imperial Council is not a self-selected group arbitrarily passing laws and regulations which the Shriners must obey, willy-nilly.

The Imperial Council is composed of representatives, elected by the local Temples. These representatives are supposed to be the outstanding Shriners of these Temples, able to pass on questions which arise for the good of the Order.

No self-selected group passes any laws which Shriners must observe. No particular group levies taxes or fees on Shriners, which they must pay. A group of approximately six hundred representatives from all over the North American continent pass on all such matters.

You elected such a group of men. Every other Temple elected similar groups. The Imperial Council Session assembled, they passed every regulation and levied every tax.

No more thoroughly democratic organization exists than the Imperial Council. There is no excuse for grouching at its decisions. Every good Shriner will stand squarely behind its supreme body in its every undertaking and its every decision.

Most men are loaded down with the seriousness of their convictions. We should learn to hold our beliefs with a half-amused light-heartedness.

Our best friends gravitate to us unsought.

VULGARITY HAS NO PLACE AT A SHRINE MEETING. CONSTRUCTIVELY LADIES ARE ALWAYS PRESENT

DANTE'S imagination drew for us a picture of Gehenna. Over its main entrance he put the motto "All hope abandon, ye who enter here!" Over the doors of temples of every sort it has been the custom to put a legend reminding the man who enters of his hope, his duty or the purpose for which the building was erected.

The old-fashioned home had its significant sign, not over the door nor even on the "Welcome" mat underfoot. It was placed to one side of the step; a foot scraper.

How often we have heard the kindly admonition, "Sonny, scrape the mud off your feet before you come in." Every Shrine Mosque could well put this sign over the door near the scraper at one side of it.

Fun and frolic easily degenerate into something less gentle. Liberty is but a step removed from license.

Constructively, there are always ladies present at a Shrine meeting. There must never be a thing said or done which could not be witnessed by ladies. Suggestive allusions in a Shrine speech or initiation are an acknowledgment that speaker or director is deficient in ability to make fun.

Let every Shriner remember the old foot scraper. Let him scrape the mud off his feet before he enters the Temple. Let him remember that every Shriner is entitled to be dubbed "gentleman" even though it is a much abused word.

"Sonny, scrape the mud off before you come in!" It has no place in a Shrine meeting, any more than in that beautiful home, where you first heard that kindly admonition.

Wild life isn't really disappearing. It has only moved to town.

The Noble who pays dues but never attends meetings is of about as much value to the Shrine as a manicure is to a snake.

THE MYSTIC SHRINE TEACHES THAT HAPPINESS IS A DAY-TO-DAY PROPOSITION

WID THE originators of the Mystic Shrine anticipate a change in the religion and the ideals of the world?

The whole theory of the old religion was that we should postpone pleasure and live in glum unhappiness, to lay up treasures in the life to come. Allah was supposed to reward, not the faithful but the gloomy.

The theory on which its originators built the Shrine was that the time for taking tarts is when tarts are passing. They worried not about possible indigestion. Sufficient unto the day is the indigestion thereof was their idea.

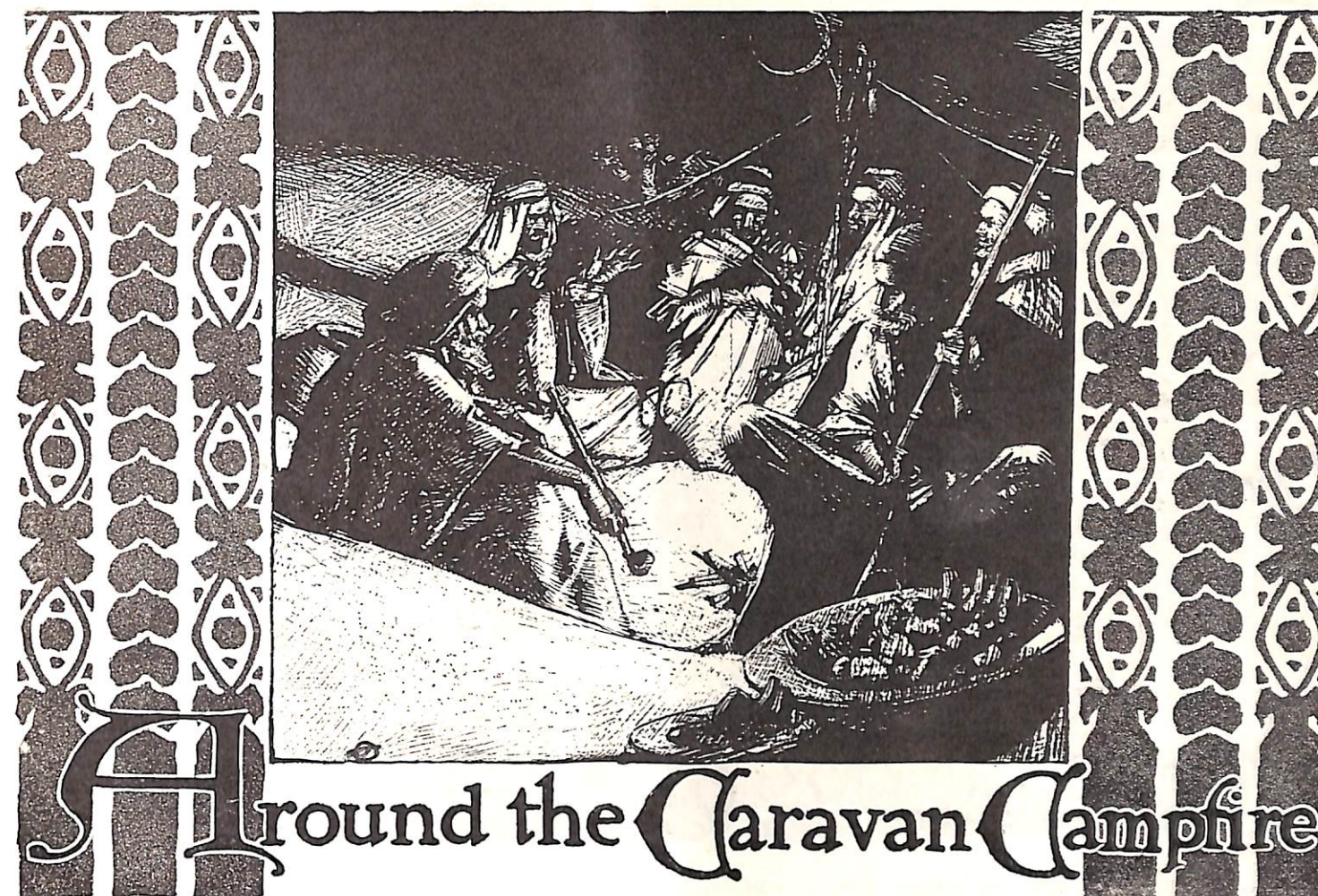
Gradually the world has swung around to this way of thinking. Less and less do men wait until hardening arteries warn them that it is time to stop work. More and more men awake to the Allah given idea that men can be happy here as well as hereafter.

It is said of one rich man that all his life he resisted temptations only to find, when he had enough money to yield to them, there were no temptations to be had for love or money.

That happiness is a day to day proposition is the theory of the Shrine, its very foundation. Accumulation of money, when it may be spent for some good purpose along the way, is stupid. Accumulation of future reward is in no way fostered by sadness and solemnity. One smile planted now, is better than a hundred saved until it splits the lips which tries it.

Religion and philosophy are to live with and by, not to die with and by! A smile is not a bowl which, when cracked, is ruined. It never hurts a smile to crack it. Do your work the best you know how, be kind and then laugh about it. Especially laugh at yourself and with other people.

Most men's longing for a son is simply a desire to duplicate himself so that such a wonderful pattern may not be lost to the world when he is gone.



Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

CONSIDER the Potentate . . . No! Let's not start that way. That's a violation of one of the ancient landmarks. After we elect the Potentate we never consider him. We showed him all the consideration to which he was entitled when we voted for him.

Frank Jones, our new Imperial Potentate, tells of a man driving a big high-powered car on one of the broad highways which lead out of Houston. He was hitting it up at forty-five when he heard behind him a "Squawk! Squawk!" Glancing in his mirror he saw one of the new Fords coming. Feeling that he did not care to have the four cylinder "baby" pass him he stepped on the gas and pushed her up to fifty an hour. In half a mile he again heard the same "Squawk! Squawk!" behind him. Again he speeded up, this time to fifty-five. At the end of another half mile for the third time he heard the horn of the little car. Feeling he would like to see it pass him at that speed, without slacking he pulled over to one side of the road.

In a moment the car was alongside of him. A farmer, leaning out, yelled at him:

"Mister! Oh, Mister! This is the first gear shift car I have ever driven. How do you shift to get into high?"

A lot of us folks are like that. We speed along with a piece of machinery with which we are not entirely familiar, not giving it the consideration to which it is entitled. Odd as it may seem, there are a lot of us who have been in Shrinedom a long, long time, laughing, working and playing with it, without understanding just how to get it into its highest and best speed.

There are few grouches in the Shrine. Ninety-nine percent of us are Allah fearing, fun loving, charity enjoying people, doing all in our power to make the Shrine hum like the bee business. Just once in a while, because we are not thoroughly acquainted with the machinery which makes the Shrine

wheels go round, we fail to get it into its very highest speed. We are going to consider the Potentate in just a minute, now!

But first let us consider a congressman. So few people do, that it's an act of charity, like taking a crippled child to one of the hospitals. When he selects one from among the aspirants for the position of postmaster he makes one friend, but many enemies of those he fails to recommend. That's the reason congressmen are always failing to be reelected. In the course of time these rejected candidates become a majority in each village, so he is licked. Cliff Ireland is a reformed congressman who will vouch for this.

Now, let's consider the dealer in a poker game. Somebody opens a pot and the other six players stay. He passes out three cards to the opener, he gives one to the fellow next to him who has four cards all covered with puppy tracks, he gives two to the fellow with three nines who is trying to look nonchalant even if he can't spell the word, he hands the fellow with jacks up one card and the man next to him, with a pair of tens, three. Then the cheerful idiot with the ace, king, queen of spades and a hunch gets two and the dealer draws one to his own aces up.

The poor fish who is dealing gives them all they ask for and then the trouble begins! The opener gets one more king, the man with the club flush gets the deuce of diamonds, the three niner gets a pair of queens, the jacks up man gets big casino, the pair of tens man gets three totally unrelated cards, the idiot with three spades gets two more and the licking he deserved and the dealer gets a five of diamonds.

After all this work and all this honest effort on the part of the dealer only one man of the seven is satisfied and that is the man with the full house who raked in the pot. The dealer isn't satisfied with his own work!

Our first Most Excellent Grand Master when writing the Proverbs said: "There are four things which I know not," and listed them as "The way of an [Continued on page 66]



ONE beautiful balmy April morning in the year 1513 that Grand Old Man Ponce de Leon, accompanied by many Nobles, landed on the golden sands of Florida in search of the fountain of eternal youth. Alas, he met with disappointment and later went to Cuba, and after a shot from an Indian's arrow he died.

One beautiful balmy April morning in the year 1928 that Grand Old Man Clarence de Dunbar, accompanied by many Nobles, landed on the golden sands of Florida, bringing eternal youth with them. They did not meet with disappointment, although many of them later went to Cuba. Let us stick to Florida, as will every Noble who attended the 54th annual meeting of the Imperial Council in Miami.

For a year Miami has been saying "Come on Fez," and by Monday morning, April 30th, billions of Nobles had replied, "Miami, we are here!" "Billions" may be a slight exaggeration as to the number. There are many conflicting estimates of the number, although it is generally admitted that there were as many as several. So billions is just as good a term as any.

From Saskatchewan to Quebec, from Portland, Oregon, to Portland, Maine, from Los Angeles to Charleston they came in myriads and in trains, in hordes and in automobiles, in thousands and in steamboats, until Miami was crowded like a free barbecue, colored like a wrecked paint factory, and as busy as a village barber shop on Saturday night.

Through the Garden of Allah in Bayfront Park tall and slim tux and fez men walked and stalked, short and fat tux and fez men toddled and waddled. Old tux and fez men leaned on canes and young tux and fez men twirled canes. They laughed and preened themselves while the "ain't he grand" audience of fair daughters of Miami held trembling hands over fluttering hearts.

They did all the things and said all the things tux and fez men have done and said since the beginning of time, and not a single ancient landmark of Shrinedom was omitted. It was a tux and fez man who first blazed the trail across the hot sands of the desert to Mecca back in the days when every catnip bush bore a bunch of catfish; and these in Miami lived up to all the ancient traditions like an alligator engulfing a particularly succulent pickaninny and then blinking in happy

Now It Can

(The Jollity, the Splendid Display that Crowned the

By Roe

expectancy for all the other members of the family.

So did Miami absorb the tux and fez men and blink hospitably for more. With true cordiality, with real efficiency, with a happy Shrine smile did the reception committee of Mahi Temple meet, greet and escort all comers and put them speedily and happily away in their quarters. Did they stay put? They did not. No sooner had they unpacked their pajamas than they were in the street again.

Other cities have held Imperial Council sessions and have covered themselves with glory. No other city has ever had the exotic surroundings to create the Oriental atmosphere which Miami has. The glittering sands, the whispering palms, the Garden of Allah with its towering columns, the colossal deities along the Avenue of the Gods—all made an Oriental atmosphere here along the Occidental Nile nearly akin to those of the old Oriental Nile.

The Avenue of the Gods is worthy of special mention. On either side it was lined with colossal deities which are an exact reproduction of the statue of Khephren. He was a Pharaoh of the Fourth Dynasty. They are 2,775 years old and remarkably large for their age. Every Noble of Mahi Temple vouches for these facts, which is the only reason for doubting them. Anyway, it's their story and they stick to it. These figures are seated on thrones and on the face of each is an expression that would seem to say: "Believe it or not, I am waiting for a street car."



Be TOLD!

Entertainment and Gorgeous Shrine Convention at Miami!

Fulkerson

All day Saturday the railway stations of Miami looked like beehives into which some venturesome kid had thrust a stick. Out of them boiled and streamed red and yellow and green striped Shrine bees, who scattered among the flowers and gardens of Miami until it seemed the city had reached the saturation point. And still they came. Fifes shrilled, tubas umpahed, drums rolled, and there were impromptu parades hither and yon until the local pickaninnies fairly went mad with delight.

Bathing in May proved such an attraction that despite the warnings of the local committee many Shriners went through the session very touchy from severe cases of sunburned arms and shoulders. They plunged into the surf and then emerged upon the beach and looked. Then they looked and looked. And how! No man who has ever looked at the fair bathers on a Florida beach needs to be told at what they looked. Or why. Suffice it to say that the looking was good, and that Miami is no place for a blind man.

But narrative interest is best attained by chronological sequence. The vanguard of the visiting Nobles began to arrive on Saturday. Most of these, however, were either politickers or members of the various Imperial Council committees. The Hospital Committee, the Finance Committee, in fact all the standing committees, sat on Saturday.

By Saturday night the annual question of who was to be the new Imperial Outer Guard had been settled absolutely by

a gradual process of elimination. The number of candidates was reduced to 75 or 30, and if one wanted to know who was going to be the next man at the foot of the official line all one had to do was to decide which of these 75 or 30 would be elected and then devote the rest of one's time to other important matters.

Sunday morning came delightfully cool and with a bright sun, and all the Nobles gathered for an open air religious service in the Garden of Allah. This was led by Imperial Potentate Dunbar. The program was carried by amplifiers to all parts of Bayfront Park, and Shrine bands and chanters added music. Sunday afternoon was spent exploring the city's many attractions, strolling through the parks and on the beaches, and watching new arrivals march through the streets behind their bands. It was midnight when a lone saxophone player, sitting at the foot of a royal palm in the park, sent up to the moon a plaintive tune, "Hail, hail, the gang's all here!" And he was right about it.

On Monday the Weather Bureau again conspired with the host city to make the Shrine visitors happy. It was another cool day with bright sunshine. If the city had seemed crowded on Sunday, it was more so now. Many of the Temples, bringing their uniformed units, had used Sunday as the last day of their trip to save time from business. And these came in thousands on Monday morning. The average Shriner measures more than six feet up in the air and weighs more than 200 pounds. So a Shrine crowd is bigger than any other crowd of the same number, and thus Monday's was no misses' size crowd.

Monday's most important event was the annual meeting of the Records' Association, morning and afternoon. These hard working Nobles met in solemn conference on matters of interest to Records alone. It is at this meeting that they elect their officers for the ensuing year. Membership turnover, collection of dues and all other matters pertaining to a Recorder's office were subjects of well prepared papers thoroughly discussed. The new officers are as follows:

Frank B. Lazier, Nile, President; G. E. Kepple, Arabia, First Vice-President; Frank J. Herman, Jerusalem, Second Vice-President; John F. Gerschow, Moslem, Third Vice-President; and William L. [Continued on page 54]



LEO V. YOUNGWORTH
Imperial Deputy Potentate



ESTEN A. FLETCHER
Imperial Chief Rabban



THOMAS J. HOUSTON
Imperial Assistant Rabban



EARL C. MILLS
Imperial High Priest and Prophet



CLIFFORD IRELAND
Imperial Oriental Guide



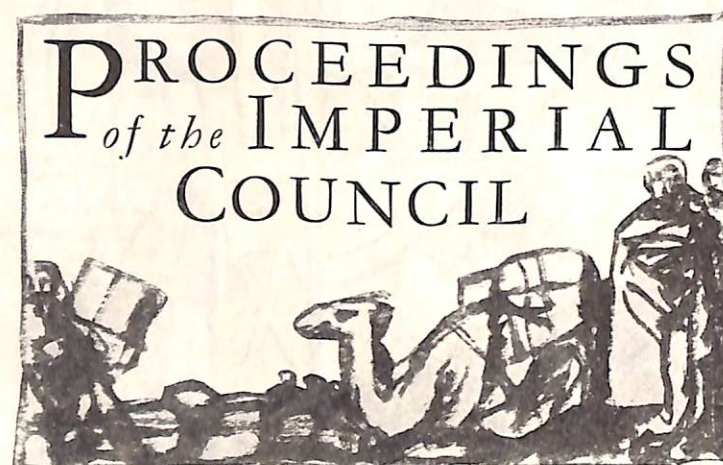
WILLIAM S. BROWN
Imperial Treasurer



JAMES H. PRICE
Imperial Recorder



JOHN N. SEBRELL
Imperial 1st Ceremonial Master



DANA S. WILLIAMS
Imperial 2nd Ceremonial Master



LEONARD P. STEUART
Imperial Marshal



HUGH M. CALDWELL
Imperial Captain of the Guard



CLYDE I. WEBSTER
Imperial Outer Guard



THE 54th session of the Imperial Council opened in Miami on May 1st. While the more care-free Nobles played, the 600 Representatives sat for three days in serious session to decide the policy, the laws and the ideals of our great organization. The Representatives to the Imperial Council are serious minded men, elected as the voting power of the several temples. And so long as these temples send the present high type of men as their Representatives so long will the Mystic Shrine continue to prosper. An Imperial Council session is play time for others, but it means several days of trying work for those selected for the important positions of legislators.

The sessions were held in the Olympia Theater, and the Imperial Council officers were escorted there by Mahi Temple Nobles immediately at the close of the big parade. The chair was occupied by Noble Henry R. Pridgen, Past Potentate of Mahi and Director General of the convention.

The session opened with the Mahi Temple Band playing America, after which the Rev. S. H. C. Burgin pronounced the invocation. Then the Chanters of Mahi sang a vocal selection. Next came an address of welcome by the Hon. Noble John W. Martin, Governor of Florida, followed by a selection by Moolah Temple Chanters of St. Louis. Leroy Brandon, Grand Master of Florida Masons, then added words of greeting, after which the Chanters of Yaarab Temple in Atlanta sang. The Hon. Noble E. G. Sewell, Mayor of Miami, then extended the freedom of the city to the visitors, and he in turn was followed by a song by Medinah Chanters of Chicago. Then Judge and Noble E. P. Donnell, Potentate of the local temple, arose to the cheers of the Nobility and extended his words of greeting, and the Moolah Chanters sang again.

At the close of these addresses Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar replied to all of them, offering his hearty congratulations on the success of the session, and thanking them for the splendid entertainment provided in behalf of the Nobles then in Miami. The Imperial Potentate then read his annual address. This splendid document was an account of his stewardship and detailed his visits, his decisions, and the many kindnesses shown him all over the country. It was a general resumé of his activities while in office and ended with some recommendations as the result of his year's experience.

Later at the opening session there were present the following Past Imperial Potentates: Albert B. McGaffey, El Jebel,

Denver; Lou B. Winsor, Saladin, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Philip C. Shaffer, LuLu, Philadelphia; Frank C. Roundy, Medinah, Chicago; J. Putnam Stevens, Kora, Lewiston, Maine; Henry F. Niedringhaus, Moolah, St. Louis; Charles E. Owenshire, Zuhrah, Minneapolis; Elias J. Jacoby, Murat, Indianapolis; James S. McCandless, Aloha, Honolulu; Conrad V. Dykeman, Kismet, Brooklyn; James E. Chandler, Ararat, Kansas City, Mo.; James C. Burger, El Jebel, Denver; David W. Crosland, Alcazar, Montgomery, Alabama. A cablegram was read from Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick, of LuLu, Philadelphia, expressing regret at not being present and explaining that he was detained in London on account of illness.

The gavel used by Imperial Potentate Dunbar was of azuba wood, taken from a Porto Rican fort built in 1635, and presented by the Shrine Club of Porto Rico.

The address of the Imperial Potentate was referred to the Committee on Doings of Imperial Officers, of which Past Imperial Potentate J. Putnam Stevens is chairman. He reported, referring various sections of the address to the proper committees for consideration and report. He expressed the great gratitude of the Imperial Council to the Imperial Potentate for his loyalty, devotion to duty, and many accomplishments of the year.

Past Imperial Potentate Elias J. Jacoby, chairman of the Committee on Nominations of Emeriti Members of the Imperial Council, reported that there were three Nobles who had been in attendance as Representatives at the Imperial Council sessions for 21 years or more, and so the committee recommended that Fred C. Schramm of El Kalah Temple, Salt Lake City; George Filmer, Sr., of Islam Temple, San Francisco; and J. Harry Lewis of Osman Temple, St. Paul,



be made emeriti members of the Supreme Council. The motion was put and carried.

The report of Imperial Treasurer William S. Brown was then read to the Council and referred to the Finance Committee for approval. This was followed by the report of Imperial Recorder James H. Price.

Noble Frank C. Jones, Imperial Deputy Potentate, announced that Past Potentate W. D. Cline of Maskat and one of that Temple's Representatives, was absent because of an automobile accident in which his son was injured.

Noble E. E. Sykes, Potentate of Jerusalem in New Orleans, presented a resolution in support of the Curtis-Reed education bill, now before Congress. This was referred to the Committee on Jurisprudence and Law.

Noble Sam P. Cochran, Chairman of the Hospital Board, presented a report detailing the accomplishments of the Shrine in its year's work for the crippled children. The report was accepted. Noble Fred W. Schwenck of Syrian Temple in Cincinnati then presented a resolution that a telegram of thanks and appreciation be sent to Mr. W. W. Burgiss, who gave \$350,000 for the construction of the Hospital for Crippled Children in Greenville, S. C. It was adopted.

Routine matters took up the rest of the day.

On Wednesday morning the Imperial Council opened promptly at 9:00 o'clock, with Imperial Potentate Dunbar in the chair. First came the announcement by the Imperial Recorder of the death of Noble Alexander Cochran, in his home in St. Louis. Noble Cochran was an active 33° of the Southern Jurisdiction of the Scottish Rite.

The Supreme Council proceeded immediately to the election of its officers for the ensuing year. Imperial Deputy Potentate Frank C. Jones of Arabia Temple in Houston, Texas, was



nominated. The rules were suspended and the unanimous ballot of the Imperial Council was cast for him.

The new Imperial Potentate made a graceful speech of acceptance, pledging his time and his energies to the office, and for which he thanked the membership. He expressed it as his opinion that the Order should cling tightly to the original principles on which it was organized.

At the close of his speech Texas broke loose. Through every entrance of the theater came trooping yelling cowboys in yellow shirts and chaps, and punctuating the usual cowboy yells with six-shooter volleys which would have been a credit to a Nicaraguan revolution. Accompanying them were all the Bands, the Chanters, the Drum Corps, the Patrols of every Temple in Texas. While all these vociferous units were storming the audience, Noble C. V. Allin, Marshal of Arabia Temple, appeared on the stage riding a beautiful Arabian horse, and leading a Texas longhorn steer. The steer wore a green blanket bearing the words "Silent Frank." That is the joint name of the steer and the new Imperial Potentate. When order was restored to some extent, Miss Bettie Allin, a Texas mocking bird, in cowgirl costume, whistled the thanks of the State in tones which justified her title. Then Noble George E. Kepple, Potentate of Arabia, presented the new head of Shrinedom with a fez to wear throughout the year, and he promised that a statuette of "Silent Frank" the steer would be given to every Representative.

The other Imperial officers were elected as follows: Imperial Deputy Potentate, Leo V. Youngworth, of Al Malaikah, Los Angeles; Imperial Chief Rabban, Esten A. Fletcher, of Damascus, Rochester, N. Y.; Imperial Assistant Rabban, Thomas J. Houston, of Medinah, Chicago; Imperial High Priest and Prophet, Earl C. Mills, of Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines; Imperial Treasurer, William S. Brown, for the 35th year; Imperial Recorder, James H. Price, of Acca, Richmond, Va.; Imperial Oriental Guide, Clifford Ireland, of Mohammed, Peoria, Ill.; Imperial First Ceremonial Master, John N. Sebrell, of Khedive, Norfolk, Va.; Imperial Second Ceremonial Master, Dana S. Williams, of Kora, Lewiston, Maine; Imperial Marshal, Leonard P. Steuart, of Almas, Washington, D. C.; Imperial Captain of the Guard, Hugh M. Caldwell, of Nile, Seattle.

All these were promotions to the next highest office and were taken for granted. The big election interest was for the lowest office in the line.

[Continued on page 56]

WITHIN THE SHRINE



NOBLE J. PUTNAM STEVENS
Kora Temple
Lewiston, Maine

Past Imperial Potentate J. Putnam Stevens "retired" from the head of the imperial line twelve years ago, but he is still going strong Masonically and otherwise at the age of 75 (76 on November 24th). He also has the distinction of being the first Imperial Potentate from New England, with its ten temples and nearly 40,000 members.

Noble Stevens was born in Winthrop, Kennebec County, State of Maine. A poor boy, he went to work in a country grocery store at the age of 13. He got an education, too, attending Wesleyan College and Seminary in Kents Hill, Maine. Then he went to the town of North Wayne, becoming quite the poobah of the place as a municipal official, superintendent of schools, and treasurer of the North Wayne Paper Company. In 1880 he went with a wholesale grocery house in Portland, and in 1887 became state general agent for the Massachusetts Mutual Life Insurance Company. He still has the agency, one of the largest in Maine. He is past president of the Maine Commercial Travelers Association, of the Maine Life Underwriters Association, and of the Quarter Century Traveling Men's Association.

This Imperial Sir, who is a life member of the Imperial Council in behalf of Kora, has many other Masonic honors. He is in both the Scottish Rite and the York Rite, is Past Master of his Blue Lodge in Wayne, has held office in nearly all bodies with which he is affiliated, has the distinction of being a life member of all the York Rite bodies, and is Past Potentate and life member of Kora Temple. He is also a member of the Royal Order of Scotland, Washington, D. C.

He has served in the Maine Legislature and on the Portland School Board, and is past president of the Maine Sportsmen Fish and Game Association. Among his many social clubs is the Venerable Cunner and Propeller Club, with only 25 members, all of Portland, which was organized in 1854.

Noble Stevens has taken great pleasure in helping many young men toward success.



NOBLE J. O. RUMMENS
Affi Temple
Tacoma, Wash.

Potentate J. Orville Rummens belongs to the rapidly increasing group of notable Washingtonians who were born in that state. Time was, not so long ago, when virtually all of that great commonwealth's public men were immigrants from other states. He was born in Goldendale in 1880, and for the past 19 years has been an official of the State Insurance

Department in Olympia, the capital city. In his youth Washington was a territory and about the first thing people asked each other upon meeting was "What part of the country did you live in?"

The habitat of Affi is Tacoma, where the big mountain comes from. In Tacoma it is "Mount Tacoma," but in Seattle it is "Mount Rainier." In Olympia and other carefully neutral places it is merely "The Mountain." This year Affi went outside of Tacoma for other members of the Divan, electing Major General Robert Alexander, U. S. A., of Camp Lewis, High Priest and Prophet, and Noble Harry Callow, of Elma, Oriental Guide.

Potentate Rummens holds the 33° in the Scottish Rite, is Past Master of Harmony Lodge in Olympia, past Commander-in-Chief of the Hayden Consistory, Past High Priest of Olympia Chapter No. 7, R. A. M.

He is also one of the new representatives of Affi at the Imperial Council sessions.



NOBLE WALTER G. CAUSEY
Mohammed Temple
Peoria, Ill.

When a local Potentate entertains the Imperial Potentate and directs a Ceremonial at the same time he has his work cut out for him, and his faithful ponder on how he will get away with it. But how about having to take on the Shrine Directors' Association, too? And 5000 extra guests just to make the cup run over?

To do all that and send everybody away happy is a real achievement. Which explains why the Nobility has awarded the big red apple to Potentate Causey for the great success of the Association's visit to Peoria in February.

And he passes the praise to his Divan and uniformed bodies and to the Imperial First Ceremonial Master in a graceful brotherly gesture.

"Without them," he says, "it would have been a failure."

Noble Causey was born in 1871 and has lived in Peoria all his life except three years in Chicago. He has been in the investment banking business since 1895.

He is a member of Temple Lodge No. 46, Peoria; Peoria Royal Arch Chapter No. 7; Knights Templar; Knights of Constantine.



NOBLE HUGH J. BOYD
Al Kader Temple
Portland, Oregon

Before being elected Potentate of Al Kader this year, after the usual time in the official line, Noble Boyd served the Temple for fourteen years as secretary-treasurer of the Patrol and ten years as Recorder. He became a Shriner on January 20th, 1906, and was elected Recorder six years later. Two years after that honor was bestowed he took up the

Patrol duties of scribe and kale collector.

Noble Boyd is a "native son" of California, but in 1901 he astonished the dwellers in that land of plenty by moving to Portland, which also freely tells the world that it is good. In his native state he attended Stanford University.

Less than four years after going to Portland he was raised in Willamette Lodge, starting in the line soon thereafter, and becoming Master in 1909. He has had many Masonic honors in addition to those so well earned in Shrinedom, including these:

High Priest, Portland Chapter No. 3, R.A.M., 1909; Commander, Oregon Commandery No. 1, K.T., 1911; Illustrious Master, Multnomah Council No. 11, R. & S. M., 1918; Grand Patron, State of Oregon, O.E.S., 1911; K.C.C.H., Oregon Con-

WITHIN THE SHRINE



sistory No. 1, S.R.; member Red Cross of Constantine; Cul Reazee Grotto; Portland Court, Royal Order of Jesters (Director in 1926).



NOBLE NEVILLE S. HARRIS
Al Koran Temple
Cleveland, O.

Noble Neville S. Harris, Recorder of Al Koran, Cleveland, has devoted himself for more than thirty years to the Widow's Benefit Fund of his Temple. He started it in 1896 and gained the first 250 members through his own efforts. Now there are 1830 members, and in 31 years Noble Harris has collected and paid out \$623,141.

Noble Harris got his training in the duties of his office as Recorder as assistant to the late Noble Sam Briggs, later Imperial Potentate, under whom he served from 1886 to 1902; he has been Recorder of his Temple since 1909. He never misses a Session of the Imperial Council of which he is an honorary life member.



NOBLE HARRY A. MANLEY
Ali Ghan Temple
Cumberland, Md.

Past Potentate Manley is the Noble who put Shrinedom's baby temple on the list in 1925. It was largely through his untiring efforts that the dispensation was granted. He was a member of Boumi in Baltimore for 18 years and an Imperial Council Representative for three. He is also an honorary member of several Temples.

Noble Manley organized the Western Maryland Shrine Club of Boumi Temple and was president for its first seven years. In that time he was instrumental in securing 275 members for Boumi, 155 being in one class. He worked hard to get the 600 names to Ali Ghan's petition for a dispensation, which was presented at the Imperial Council sessions in Washington, Kansas City, Los Angeles and Philadelphia.

Moreover, the uniformed bodies were organized under his direction, either as president of the Club or potentate. He continues very active in Ali Ghan, being treasurer of the Temple and chairman of the social committees.

Noble Manley is a member of Ohr Lodge No. 131; Salem Council No. 11, Royal and Select Masters; Antioch Commandery No. 6, K. T.; Cumberland Consistory, Scottish Rite.

The daddy of Ali Ghan is a banker, and manager of the Cumberland Fair Association—when such mundane things do not interfere with his Shrine duties.

NOBLE R. E. SIMPSON
Oasis Temple
Charlotte, N. C.



After nearly thirty years of membership in Oasis Temple Noble Simpson, 33°, was recently made Potentate. He was so honored despite the fact that he now lives in Cincinnati. However, he frequently commutes, and to facilitate this rôle as a bird of passage the Nobility gave him a big high-powered automobile as an additional testimonial of their esteem.

Potentate Simpson lost no time in becoming a Shriner after qualifying. On May 6th, 1898 he became a Knight Templar in Cyrene Commandery No. 5, Asheville, N. C., and eleven days later he crossed the hot sands in Raleigh.

His original Scottish Rite affiliation was with Tennessee Consistory No. 1, Memphis, but he demitted in 1921 to the one in Charlotte. In 1913 he received his K. C. C. H., in 1917 the 33° honorary and the Royal Order of Scotland, and in 1925 the Grand Cross, Court of Honor, Washington, D. C.

Potentate Simpson is also in the Asheville Chapter of the Royal Arch, and the Red Cross and Knights of Malta. He first received Masonic light in Joppa Lodge No. 401, Old Fort, N. C. on Feb. 13th, 1892.

NOBLE ROBERT J. FIRMAN
Zem Zem Temple
Erie, Pa.



"It's not how big you are—it's how you handle your weight!" said Past Potentate R. J. Firman, of Zem Zem Temple, Erie, Pa. Zem Zem is the youngest temple in Pennsylvania, and it has a tiny territory, for Erie is 20 miles from the New York line on one side, and a like distance from the Ohio boundary on the other. It is pushed off in a corner, but, for all that, Potentate Firman added three hundred names to the membership roll in two ceremonies.

Zem Zem owns its home in Erie and is building, at a cost of \$75,000, a Shrine Hospital for Convalescent Crippled Children. Noble Firman is a lawyer, and has been United States Marshal and United States Attorney.

NOBLE A. J. GROSBECK
Moslem Temple
Detroit, Mich.



Ex-Governor Alex. J. Grosbeck once spent six years in a Michigan jail. Once every prisoner in Michigan could be released by him, if he so chose—which, being a sensible man, he didn't. That sounds pretty exciting—but the truth is tamer. The point is that his father was sheriff for six years, and lived in the jail, with his family, while in office.

Making a brilliant record as Attorney General of Michigan, Noble Grosbeck—his Shrine affiliation is with Moslem Temple—became so strong with the people of the state that he was thrice elected governor, and the end of his political career is by no means in sight. He has gained the confidence of all elements—and the gratitude of those who have benefited by the reduction, in his administration, of a state tax levy of \$21,000,000 to \$15,000,000. He made the state one of the best administered in the country.

What the HOSPITALS Are DOING



(Happiness reigned when members of the circus gave a special performance for Kosair's (Louisville) crippled children. The actors worked like Trojans and the affair was a big success.

LITTLE Harley ("Sunny") Knoepffel lived on a farm near Upham, N. D., and suffered a contraction of the knee as the result of an attack of infantile paralysis at the age of seven months. For nearly eight years he bore this grievous ill with a slow, winsome smile. Then Shriners discovered him and took him to the Twin Cities Hospital for Crippled Children between St. Paul and Minneapolis.

There his patience and bashful grin regardless of pain and inactivity won him the sobriquet of "Sunny." By this term he is known to thousands of Twin City children and their parents because the Minneapolis Star raised a fund to buy him a saxophone, since he aspires to be a musician—"and a good one, too," the lad always adds.

The operation was successful and while "Sunny" was still bed-ridden The Star presented the saxophone. He was so overcome that all he could say over and over again was: "Aw, thanks." The amount raised came to \$61.55, and for that the B. A. Rose Instrument Company furnished the instrument, a stand and a big music book, to the total value of \$80.

Soon his legs were straightened and it was a great day in February when he was able to sit up, and face the music stand like a grown-up musician, holding the sax by a strap around his neck "just like Ted Lewis."

Recently, after seven months of skilled treatment, "Sunny" was able to walk on crutches and his father went to the Twin Cities to take him home to mamma. He paid a special visit to The Star office to thank the editors and through them his many unknown friends. He walked in, slowly, but without help.

"I'm going to practise like everything," Harley said earnestly, "just as soon as I get home; and I'm really going to learn to play."

The occasion had an added fillip to "Sunny" by reason of his first pair of long pants, even if it did contribute to his bashfulness.

"He cried when we left," Mr. Knoepffel explained. "The people at the hospital have been so good to him. They have a great place out there. I never expected to see

Harley walking straight again. Just think of it! Harley's been there seven months and his legs are straight. In the old days his legs would have been like this (indicating the crooks of the boy's knees) all his life.

"That is just about as close as you can get to a miracle nowadays."

* * *

The Twin Cities hospital now has an eight-tube radio with two loud speakers, costing \$435. The donors were "The Silver Masked Tenor" of the St. Paul Pioneer Press and Dispatch; St. Paul Daily News; Twin Cities Women's Auxiliary of the hospital, La Crosse; Wisconsin Auxiliary; Wayne C. Caldwell; J. Earle Jordan; James L. Holman; C. J. Otterholm; A. B. Hancock; Donald Murray; W. H. Snyder; George Edwards.

* * *

Recently the Women's General Auxiliary to the Twin Cities hospital met in Minneapolis, and reports indicated that \$6,294 had been expended in seven Western States, leaving a balance of \$2,314. There was \$3,430 in local treasuries; \$14,944 had been sent to the Convalescent Home Fund. There are represented 27 Shrine Clubs and 17 temple auxiliaries, with a membership of 4,018.

Among the speakers were Potentate Walter E. Winslow of Zuhrah Temple, Minneapolis, and Potentate David H. Clough of Aad Temple, Duluth, Minn.

In 1927 there were 7,290 garments mended and 10,018 surgical dressings made. The biggest item is shoes, new ones and repairs. Last year 316 pairs were bought and 208 altered. The first year only 98 pairs were purchased. In many cases braces become



(Harley ("Sunny") Knoepffel, whose popularity as a Twin Cities Unit patient, won him a saxophone.

HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of March, 1928, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	240
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	228
Number of beds occupied by patients	781
Number on waiting lists.....	1774

excessively worn, necessitating new ones as well as new shoes. The Auxiliary employs two teachers and pays for Summer playground supervision.

Mrs. George W. Curtiss of Minneapolis was chosen president for 1928, with these officers: Mrs. E. A. Chadsey, Minneapolis, vice-president; Mrs. William Aull, St. Paul, secretary; Mrs. Charles A. Ross, St. Paul, treasurer.

At the same time the Convalescent Home Corporation also met in Minneapolis and announcement was made that \$50,000 has been raised for the plant planned to be built adjoining the hospital. Pledges for \$125,000 will be sought before construction begins.

The following officers were elected: George K. Belden, Minneapolis, president; Past Imperial Potentate Charles E. Ovenshire, vice-president; Mrs. Charles A. Ross, treasurer; Mrs. W. F. Aull, secretary; Board, F. E. Chamberlain, W. E. Winslow, both of Minneapolis; John A. Wright, Potentate of Osman Temple, the Rev. J. W. Holland, J. Harry Lewis, Dr. Wallace Cole and Judge Hallam, all of St. Paul.

Delegates to the auxiliary meeting were:

Al Bedoo, Billings, Mont., Mrs. D. W. Grieve; Bagdad, Butte, Mont., Mrs. H. F. Carman; Tehama, Hastings, Neb., Mrs. J. E. Dennis; Tangier, Omaha, Neb., Mrs. J. E. Simpson; Kaaba, Davenport, Iowa, Mrs. C. L. Leigh; Za-Ga-Zig, Des Moines, Iowa, Mrs. Frank Deemer, Mrs. A. L. Cook; El Kahir, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Mrs. F. H. Keyser; Abu Bekr, Sioux City, Iowa, Mrs. S. P. Schnabele; Yelduz, Aberdeen, S. D., Mrs. C. N. Harris; El Riad, Sioux Falls, S. D., Mrs. G. L. Lanning; Naja, Deadwood, S. D., Mrs. E. O. Lampinen; Kem, Grand Forks, N. D., Mrs. W. H. Schulze; Mrs. J. H. McNicol; El Zagal, Fargo, N. D., Mrs. Milton Lawrence; Aad, Duluth, Minn., Mrs. George Sherwood; Osman, St. Paul, Minn., Mrs. Charles Ross, treasurer; Mrs. William Aull, secretary; Zuhrah, Minneapolis, Minn., Mrs. George W. Curtiss, chairman; Mrs. Edgar A. Chadsey, vice-chairman; Tripoli, Milwaukee, Wis., Mrs. Walter Miller, Fairmont Shrine club, Fairmont, Minn., Mrs. P. J. Lutz, and Winona Shrine club, Winona, Minn., Mrs. A. W. Schmeling.

Potentate Winslow of Zuhrah Temple has appointed Nobles Arch Coleman, chairman, George Curtiss, John Grill, Gardner Eustis and Frank Lampson, a Shrine committee to cooperate with similar groups of the Rotary and Optimist clubs of Minneapolis in behalf of a preliminary campaign for a state-wide survey to be conducted by Minnesota Ass'n for Crippled Children.

JUNE, 1928

41

THE New Improved Gillette is finished with the same meticulous care that goes into the making of a costly piece of jewelry; it is bought by men who shamelessly demand not merely

Luxury

comfort but luxury in their shaving equipment; it is used with the same perpetually renewed satisfaction with which a man picks up a favorite golf club or a perfectly balanced trout rod.



THE CAVALIER

A Complete Shaving Outfit in Genuine Leather Case. Razor-Blade Box and Soap and Brush Containers brocaded in beautiful design and heavily gold plated. Initials hand engraved on various pieces and stamped on case. With ten Gillette Blades (twenty shaving edges) \$25.00

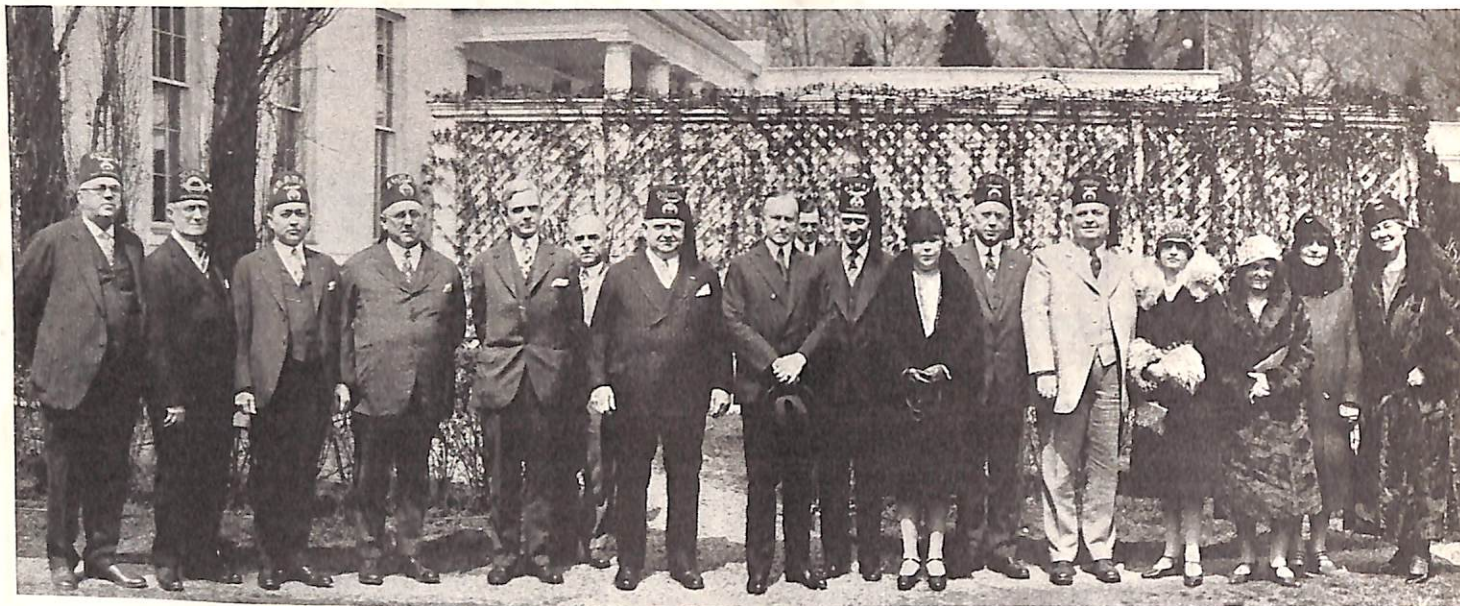
Men's tastes differ; accordingly we make ten different models of the New Improved Gillette, plated in silver or gold, cased in metal or fine leather; and priced from \$5⁰⁰ to \$75⁰⁰.

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They resemble each other, however, in two respects: they will all shave you smoothly, surely and well, and they will all last a lifetime. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.

With the Imperial Potentate



THE May Issue's account of Imperial Dunbar's last swing around the circle included the visit to Oasis Temple, in Charlotte, N. C., on March 22nd. He continued the pilgrimage up to April 14th, making "one night stands," as he called them, in the States of Tennessee, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, New Jersey, Connecticut, Massachusetts, and Washington, D. C. To his long list of honors was added on the journey honorary membership in the fire department of Wheeling, W. Va., and adoption by a Hopi Indian tribe with the alluring cognomen of "Butterfly-Upon-the-Floor."

From Charlotte on March 22nd Noble Dunbar went to Chattanooga to be the guest of Alhambra Temple. The escort was Past Potentate John L. Meek and the trip was made in the business car of Potentate R. E. Simpson of Oasis. A reception committee appointed by Potentate S. Russell Dow met the party at the station. After luncheon at the Read House in honor of Noble Dunbar, and one given by the Ladies to his daughter at the Alhambra Golf and Country Club, the guests were taken to Lookout Mountain, returning via Missionary Ridge.

A banquet at the Read House followed, and then came a parade from the hotel to the Mosque, composed of Alhambra's Band, Patrol, Bugle Corps, the guests in motor cars, and the marching Nobility.

Noble Dunbar spoke at the reception in the Mosque and seven dancing girls entertained. Accompanied by a Patrol guard and two Nubians bearing a treasure chest, the girls approached Miss Dunbar and in a quaint ceremony presented to her a silver vase full of roses. Next on the program was a ball, the grand march being led by the Imperial Potentate.

Following the visit to Alhambra in Chattanooga the Imperial Potentate

President Coolidge receiving the Imperial Potentate, Clarence M. Dunbar, and his party at the White House.

prepared for the trip to Knoxville, Tenn. He had been met in Chattanooga by three representatives of Kerbel, Past Potentate Charles H. Lovette, Noble Ollie B. Keister and Recorder W. M. Cooley. They escorted him and his daughter Margaret to Knoxville, reaching there March 23rd.

They were met at the station by Potentate T. E. Doss, several members of the Divan and Past Potentate Hugh M. Tate, and conveyed in automobiles to Mount LeConte. From that highest peak of the new Smoky Mountain National Park they had a magnificent view of the surrounding country.

That evening there was a banquet at Whittle Springs Hotel, with a large atten-

dance of Knoxville and nearby Nobles to do honor to the head of Shrinedom.

Noble Dunbar and Miss Dunbar were then escorted to Wheeling, W. Va., by Past Potentate Walter S. Sugden. An informal reception was held the evening of March 24th at the Windsor Hotel.

Monday, March 26th, the Imperial Potentate was welcomed officially by Potentate William L. Smith, Jr., and other members of the Divan. It was the big day of the year thus far for Osiris, augmented by the presence of Imperial First Ceremonial Master Clifford Ireland, and Dr. Harry E. Sharrer, permanent Representative of Orak Temple, Hammond, Ind., on the Imperial Council. Another visitor was Noble Fred E. Pierce, Royal Impresario of the Royal Order of Jesters.

That afternoon the Imperial Potentate was escorted to the Shriners Home at Monument Place in Elm Grove. There he unveiled a beautiful portrait of the late Past Imperial Potentate W. W. Irwin, and later he laid a wreath on Noble Irwin's grave in Greenwood Cemetery.

Noble Dunbar having been Fire Commissioner of Providence, R. I., for several years, he was made an honorary member of the Wheeling Fire Department, being presented with a gold badge by Chief Edward McGranahan in the presence of 500 Nobles and prominent citizens. Throughout this ceremony fifty firemen



Noble Dunbar with Potentate Eisenbrown on the official visit to Rajah, Reading, with an escort of motorcycle police.

This big electric sign bearing pictures of Noble Dunbar and Potentate Chamberlin was Tigris' way of welcoming the Imperial Potentate.

JUNE, 1928
IN AT THE HAWSE PIPE
[Continued from page 27]

But the next moment he was surprised to hear Burgess demanding that he come out on deck and settle the affair, and Kelly, tough and powerful, dropped his plate and ran for the door with the remainder of the hands following eagerly.

Judging by the similarity in the size and build of the two men it should have been a long and hard fought battle, but in less than two minutes, Kelly, bleeding profusely from the nose and mouth, was lying on the deck unconscious from a savage uppercut and right cross counter with which Burgess had suddenly terminated the fight.

"Sufferin' sailor, parson or no parson, he kin fight," said one of the men.

Burgess listened to the remarks until he finished his supper, then called the hands into the foc'sle. "Say, fellows," he said, "is there any more of you that actually think I'm an all fired preacher?"

The hands, shuffling nervously on their feet, hastened to assure him they did not.

"Good enough," remarked Burgess. "Now I know how we stand I want to ask if any of you saw me come on board here."

"Y' come aboard the same as the rest o' us, on'y some o' us could walk and you couldn't," answered Straker. "O'Sullivan put the lot o' us aboard."

Burgess puckered up his brows as he thought deeply. "O'Sullivan," he said, after a considerable pause, "who's he? Seems the name is familiar somehow, but for the life of me I can't place him. You see, shipmates, something almighty strange has happened to this head of mine. According to my reckoning it was only yesterday that I was mate of the *Silas M. Myers* lying in Portland. That's the last thing I can remember, so if my memory is right how could this O'Sullivan shanghai me in 'Frisco when I was in Oregon?"

"Y' bin doped good and heavy, matey, that's what's happened. It'll come back t' you later on."

And it did come back, much sooner than Burgess expected, for that very evening one of the hands unrolled a paper parcel containing the Cape Horn outfit that O'Sullivan had given him in exchange for three months' wages, a pair of overalls, a shirt, a sticky oilskin, and two bars of soap, and stowing the articles away and roundly cursing the boarding house master, he sat on the edge of his bunk and straightening out the creases in the paper scanned the columns uninterestedly. And in due time his eyes rested on the article that caused Mr. O'Sullivan so much elation just the day previous. He scanned the column at first with about the same interest as he would the latest stock market prices until he noticed the name of Burgess, and the mention of a missionary.

He looked across at Burgess as he finished. "Hi, bo," he said, "here's something in the paper about a feller the same name as yerself. Take the paper and read for yerself."

Burgess took the paper and stepping over to the little kerosene lamp read the article slowly and curiously, then feverishly.

"By James, it's myself," he exclaimed. "Now I know who I am and just what's happened. I am Thomas Burgess, and I was mate of the *Silas M. Myers* before I went to be a missionary. Goodlor," he sighed, "what a relief. I can see the whole thing now. This O'Sullivan that you say brought me on board was the man that was with me in the *Myers*, there's no doubt about that, and he must have waylaid and shanghaied me out of revenge for what was a perfectly fair stand up fight."

In the days that followed, Steers and the second mate carried on a systematic routine of assault and bullying among the crew that [Continued on page 45]



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ACTIVITIES of the Temples, Units and Clubs

CAAD, DULUTH, MINN.

Noble Charles Helmer, director of the Temple Band, recently directed a Sunday band concert which developed into quite a family affair. Mrs. Helmer, soprano, was the guest soloist, and Miss Clarice Helmer, a daughter, was piano accompanist.

On Sunday, April 22nd, the Band gave a request concert for the benefit of the Twin Cities Shrine Hospital.

CAAHMES, OAKLAND, CAL.

The boys had a big Garibaldi party on the night of April 18th. It was a great festival. Potentate Ezra (Tony) Decoto was honorary chairman, with Grando St. Sure as master of ceremonies, Louis Alborelli as boss and Ernest Califo as band leader.

CABDALLAH, LEAVENWORTH, KANS.

Much Spring work is under way at Abdallah Shrine Park, including beautification of the grounds. More than 500 pieces of shrubbery have been set out, roads have been improved and water has been piped to all greens on the golf course.

CABU BEKR, SIOUX CITY, IOWA

A lot of folks had a chance to "hold on the rope" on April 20th, when this Temple staged a Ceremonial that was well attended, including a few hundred members who live in other cities and towns. There was an entertainment for the ladies as well, with special arrangements for the fair visitors. "Friday the thirteenth" of April was Mystic Night, with a program drawn up solely to please the ladies. The Chanters wore new white spats and the foot Patrol new uniforms. The mounted Patrol did stunts without the aid of horses. Dancing followed until midnight.

A benefit joint concert by Abu Bekr's Chanters and El Riad's Sunshine Club was held April 26th. The public was invited and the proceeds went to the proposed convalescent home in the Twin Cities. Fifty trained voices gave their entire new repertoire of songs.

A pure white colt has been added to the stables of the temple's famous mounted Patrol, and is the first owned by the Patrol.

CAFIPI, TACOMA, WASH.

Afin's wrecking crew gave 150 Novices "the works" in Wenatchee, Wash., "Apple Capital of the World," on March 31st. This was

COMING EVENTS

June 1st—Moslem, Detroit, Ceremonial at Bob-Lo Island.

June 1st—Syria, Pittsburgh, Ceremonial.

June 2nd—Moolah, St. Louis, Ceremonial.

June 8th—El Zagal, Fargo, No. Dak., Ceremonial.

June 8th—Oriental, Troy, N. Y., Ceremonial in Glens Falls, N. Y.

June 9th—Nile, Seattle, Wash., Ceremonial.

June 9th—Crescent, Ceremonial, Camden.

June 15th—Kem, Fargo, N. D., Ceremonial.

June 21st—Hamasa, Meridian, Miss., Ceremonial in New Mosque.

July 10th—Ismailia, Buffalo, European cruise.

Aug. 3rd—Islam's Oriental tour starts from San Francisco.

August 14th—Nile, Seattle, Pilgrimage to Alaska.

the big joint Ceremonial with El Katif of Spokane. Special trains took 1,000 Shriners to Wenatchee.

The parade jammed the streets and the uniformed marchers and musicians came from Tacoma, Seattle, Spokane, Yakima, Ellensburg, Sunnyside, Portland, Grays Harbor, Everett, Boise, Vancouver, Lewiston and Ashland.

Even Canada sent representatives from Victoria, British Columbia and Calgary, Alberta.

For the banquet to 1,000 hungry men, said to be the largest dinner ever served in the city, the auditorium's ballroom had been transformed into a hall of palms with an Egyptian background. A crew of 125 waitresses was needed for the occasion.

CAINAD, EAST ST. LOUIS, ILL.

According to Ainad's peppy paper for April, Louis Chackes, the "persistent, perfect, patient, pensive, pugnacious Potentate, pausing in his periodic perambulations and peripatetic philandering, penned his palpitating plaintive prattling proclamation, (perfumed parchment) politely pleading in princely parlance for Providential protection for the profane procession of peculiarly pedigreed and perspiring pinochle players and performing petitioners who peacefully pray for our philanthropic protection as pfollows."

The sequence was that the sands shimmered, the noon-day orb glared a glarefull

and Allah beckoned to the big Ceremonial on April 20th. Hence the mighty outpouring of the phaitful that followed such pyrotechnics—and altogether it was a great affair in Egypt.

CAL AZHAR, CALGARY, ALBERTA

Potentate E. B. Curlette gave a banquet and ball on the night of April 20th, in the Temple, in honor of the Patrol. It was made more of a family affair than usual because each member and his wife were invited to bring their adult sons and daughters.

CAL BAHK, SAN DIEGO, CAL.

All plans are laid for the El Monte Oaks party. The annual picnic put on by Al Bahr Temple at El Monte Oaks in June is the biggest gathering of the kind in that part of the country. Shriners go from all over San Diego and Imperial Counties to attend the games and sports during the afternoon and the subsequent barbecue, and the evening dance.

The new dining pavilion, kitchen and rental cottages in the Lagunas are now finished. This mountain resort, with its 6000 foot elevation and beautiful Shrine clubhouse, will be very popular this summer.

CAL BEDOO, BILLINGS, MONT.

May 18th was the date of this Temple's Spring Ceremonial. As in former years, a parade by the Band and other uniformed bodies preceded the serious work indoors. For the first time in Billings the revised Shrine ritual was exemplified.

CALCAZAR, MONTGOMERY, ALA.

The Spring Ceremonial was held on April 19th in the municipal auditorium for the benefit of a large class gathered by the candidate committees under the chairmanship of Noble Thomas M. Robertson. Potentate Dr. Milton B. Kirkpatrick was in charge.

In accordance with the legend, the novices made the trip to Mecca and kissed the sacred cube, "and hustled some to get there over slippery, sliding stones, but finally reached the summit in spite of weary aching bones."

New stunts and novel devices entertained the Nobility and startled more than two score of Novices at the Ceremonial of April 19th. The performance was played in the City Auditorium.

Nearly 300 members of this Temple went to the Imperial Council session in Miami.

CAL CHYMIA, MEMPHIS, TENN.

On April 27th it was the privilege of Al Chymia Temple to entertain delegations from Maskat Temple of Wichita Falls, Texas, and Al Malaikah Temple of Los Angeles. The boys, after their long trip, thoroughly enjoyed a dip in the swimming pool and a dance at the Shrine Club that night.

On April 26th the Divan, Past Potentates and uniformed bodies and a large number of the rank and file went by special train to Pine Bluff, Arkansas, to attend the dedication of Sahara's wonderful Mosque.

Sahara Temple extended that far famed southern hospitality of which you hear so much. Long live Sahara!

[Shrine News, Continued on page 48]

JUNE, 1928

IN AT THE HAWSE PIPE

[Continued from page 43]

had the moral support of Captain Pelker. So far, by continual use of extreme caution and self-control, Burgess had avoided trouble with Steers, although the mate used every possible means in the manner of curses and insults to induce the sailor to retaliate and thereby open the way for assault. But Burgess turned a deaf ear to it all in his determination to avoid conflict with the bullying mate, until one day, when the ship was heading up for the Cape, the inevitable happened. It was the afternoon watch and Steers had the deck, when a sudden squall struck the *Sacramento* on the beam, laying her over until her lee rail was buried in the sea and hissing, foamy water swished spitefully over the deck. Sheets and tacks cracked and groaned with the strain as the wind whistled through the spars and rigging with almost gale force. Steers ran to the lee wheel and helped the helmsman heave it over in an effort to get the ship before the wind and ease the pressure, but before her head began to pay off the three royals and foret'gan's'l burst from their boltropes under the terrific strain and sped to leeward like some huge winged monsters. The main tack went at the ringbolt in the deck, and with an almost deafening noise the mains'l slatted itself to ribbons before the hands could man the gear to snug it up to the yard. Over she heeled, still further than before, until it seemed no rigging, however stout, could support those masts at the angle they reached; then, as if content with the damage it had done, the squall subsided as quickly as it had broken upon them and the *Sacramento* came back to a normal heel. Captain Pelker, brought up to the poop by the extreme angle of the vessel, reviewed the loss of the sails with an almost endless string of curses. He ordered all hands on deck, new sails were roused out of the sail locker, and under the direction and abuse of Mr. Steers the men set to work to replace the canvas that had been blown away. The bending was completed, the new mains'l set to the gentle breeze, the sheets of the t'gan's'l were hauled home, and the hands gathered round the halyards to hoist the yard.

Pelker standing at the for'ard end of the poop watched the operations with scowling brows. "Shake up them sodgers," he yelled to the mate, "Shake them up, or I'll come down and run the job m'self."

Mr. Steers flushed with rage at the skipper's rebuff. He ground his teeth as he hissed out a string of oaths, then turning to Burgess who was nearest to him he swung his arm and caught the sailor a heavy blow on the side of the head. "Pull," he howled.

Staggered by the unexpected blow Burgess let go his hold on the rope and fell back a couple of steps.

"Lay hold o' them halyards, blast y'," shouted the mate, as with a demon like fury in his eyes he rushed toward the other with clenched fists.

There was a movement of the sailor's right arm. It swung low and backwards, then coming up like a flash from a point well below his knees the closed fist landed with a crash below the mate's ear, the force of the blow lifting him a foot clear of the deck, to fall backwards with a thud.

Pelker watched the scene from the poop, then leaping to the main deck he ran toward the halyards where the hands stood gaping open-mouthed.

"Get that yard up, y' scum," he bellowed. "Lay back on that rope afore I kick the intrils out o' y'."

"You come aft wi' me," he snapped to Burgess when the work was completed.

Burgess looked at the angered features of the skipper for a moment. "I don't want any further trouble, Sir," he said.

[Continued on page 49]

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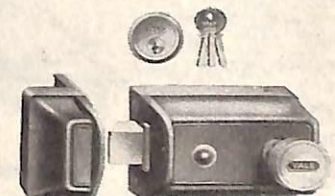
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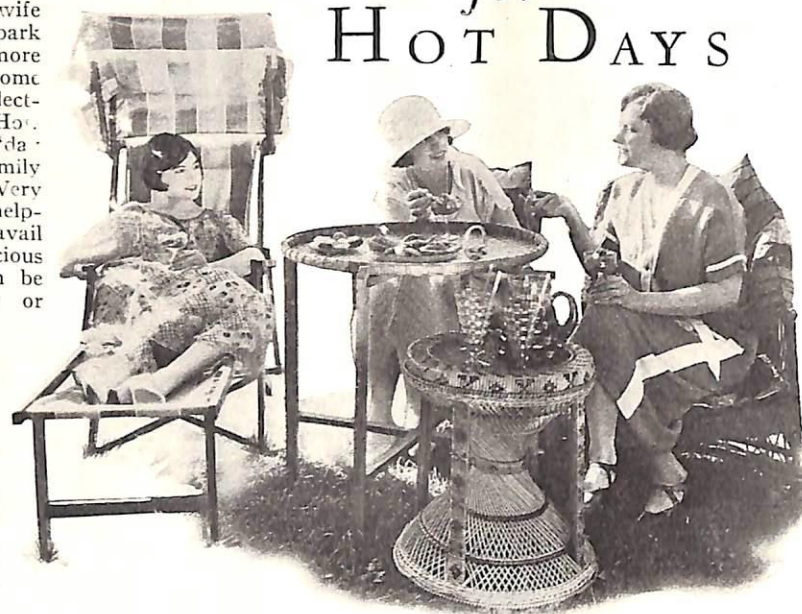
Shrine initiates on the lawn at Egypt Temple after the Shrine parade during the South Florida Fair.

SHRINE SERVICE
Conducted by Mrs. Christine Frederick



(Above) There is pleasure in preparing meals with ready-to-use foods saving 75% tedious cleaning and cooking labor.

Cool 60 Minute Meals for Hot Days



(Above) Assorted cold cuts accompanied by relish and condiment, with a well chilled beverage, are a satisfying summer lunch.

HOW can the housewife take advantage of park or beach and spend more time with her children home on vacation, without neglecting her housekeeping? How may she have a frequent "day off" and yet serve her family satisfying evening meals? Very easily if she will follow helpful plans of work and avail herself of the many delicious summer foods which can be purchased in tin, glass or carton.

There are "5 point principles" for making meal service easier in summer:

1. Choose suitable refreshing menus; emphasize cold meats, salads and chilled desserts; feature one-piece meals, vegetable plates, and combination platters or grills.

2. Utilize fully short-cut ready-to-eat foods purchasable in tin, glass and carton.

3. Follow intensive forenoon preparation in the cool of the day.

4. Prepare double quantities and practice co-ordinated cooking.

5. Serve meals more informally; use portable or wheel trays; arrange picnic meals of different types; employ paper service frequently to save dishwashing.

More persons should realize that foods in cool forms are just as nourishing and more wholesome than when served roasted, baked or fried. If we sensibly gain summer comfort by altering the heaviness of our clothing to suit hot weather conditions, why not with equal reason change to lighter weight meals? The frying pan, along with the fur coat, may well be placed in mothballs for the summer! Select ways of serving which increase the feeling of refreshment to both eye and taste. Crisp salads, molds of jellied vegetables or fish, chilled fruit and other cool desserts are wiser choices than roasts and pastries when the midsummer mercury starts to "Charleston" round 90° in the shade.

The American housewife is the most fortunate in the world because she has such a wide variety of "makings" for her meals right on her pantry shelf. Ready-to-use foods save cleaning and picking labor, save fuel and are without waste. Such foods reduce at least 75% of all preliminary work. The other 25% of time and attention the housewife can devote to the final processes of the dish. The can of salmon, the tin of pressed meat, the can of vegetables or fruit start where usual cooking leaves off. She can think of all these foods as the equivalents of raw foods which she herself has laboriously cleaned and washed and steamed or boiled. The pleasure of carrying on with pre-cooked foods brings interest and zest into meal preparation. They can be combined, adapted, treated to short processes and garnished to satisfy the most colorful

(Above) Summer hospitality is best expressed by chilled refreshing beverages and dainty dishes temptingly served.

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Mrs. Christine Frederick, domestic science expert, has placed her famous Experiment Station at the disposal of Shrine readers for testing household devices and food products. She has monthly articles of Special Cookery Technique, Recipe Contests, etc., and can aid you in your household problems. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck, who conducts our Travel Bureau, invites you to write her for any information you may wish about Travel. She will do your Travel shopping (as well as select appropriate gifts for your friends who will travel), making reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York. Our Financial Bureau in charge of J. C. Royle, a leading authority, will give you information about investments. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Financial Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York. Hundreds have received aid from our Service Departments. We want to help you, too.

taste—but the tedious cleansing and cooking are removed.

An excellent hot weather slogan is "an hour in the morning is worth two in the heat of the day." For an intensive forenoon workplan of an hour or less is sufficient to prepare a 4-course menu for six persons, leaving only a short quarter hour of "finishing touches" just before serving. The main dish may be pre-cooked, ready for re-heating, or taken from its can and left to chill. Salad ingredients, fruits, etc., can be cleaned and picked over, ready for quick assembling into the finished service. The tea or other cold beverage can be made, sweetened and set on ice. Jellied desserts, ice-box cake, and countless cooling fruit desserts all may be prepared in the forenoon workplan. If any form of fireless, insulated gas oven, or similar fuel-saving installation is used, further time and attention can be saved. The housewife enjoying an automatic refrigerator will find it also of greatest assistance in making her summer meals more refreshing and easier to serve.

Here are examples of two menus and the time-saving workplans by which the housewife or hostess can be away from the kitchen for several hours preceding the meal, and herself come to dinner as refreshed as her family or guests.

COLD MENU

Deviled Ham Summer Canape
Peppers Stuffed with Veal Loaf
Frozen Tomato Jelly
Watermelon and Canteloupe Cup
Iced Tea
Assorted Wafers

Forenoon Workplan: Time, 35-50 minutes. R—refrigerator. 1. Open cans of ham, veal loaf, tomato puree; 2. Seed peppers and start to par-boil; start tomato jelly to simmer; 3. Make canapes and leave in shallow pan ready to slide under grill; 4. Drain peppers, stuff with veal loaf mixture, place in R.; 5. Shape don balls, sprinkle with sugar, leave in bowl in R.; 6. Make iced tea, placing pitcher in R.; 7. Strain and finish tomato jelly, place mold in R.; 8. Leave table or trays partially set with china, cutlery, napery, etc.

Serving Workplan: Time 10-15 minutes. 1. Slip canapes under grill; 2. Arrange melon and jelly in individual service; 3. Arrange peppers and garnish on platter; 4. Pour iced tea; 5. Add butter, bread and accessories.

HOT MENU

Crab Cocktail
Roast Capon
Bran and Raisin Stuffing
Scalloped Potatoes
New Buttered Beets
Cucumber Salad
Individual Strawberry Shortcake
Iced Coffee

This menu is chosen because it is so typical of the standardized hot menu insisted on by some families. Even in the preparation of this or a similar hot meat meal, the housewife need not spend hours in kitchen preparation.

[Continued on page 47]

JUNE, 1928

Forenoon Workplan: Time, 50-60 minutes. 1. Set potatoes and beets to boil; 2. Make filling, stuff capon and set to roast; 3. Open can crab, marinate with lemon juice; blend cocktail sauce and chill separate bowl; 4. Pare cucumbers, wash lettuce, place on ice in lettuce bag; 5. Skin and slice potatoes and beets; arrange potatoes with crumbs and milk in oiled casserole and place in oven; place beets in enamel dish in R.; 6. Brew coffee, sweeten and place in R.; 7. Pick over and mash berries, sweeten, and place in bowl in R.; 8. Mix biscuit dough, roll and cut into rounds. Arrange in biscuit tin and lay in R.; 9. Turn off gas; let chicken and potatoes continue to cook on retained heat.

Serving Workplan: Time, 15-20 minutes. 1. Light oven; set biscuits to bake, and chicken, potatoes to re-heat; 2. Arrange crab in individual service; 3. Arrange cucumber and lettuce salad; 4. Add butter, rolls and accessories; 5. Pour coffee into glasses; 6. Serve chicken, potatoes and beets; 7. Split biscuits, butter, and pour over mashed berries, letting them remain in hot oven.

Many appetizing meals can partake of the Club Sandwich style, using a thick mayonnaise and such main ingredients as summer sausage sliced thin, potted ham, tongue or chicken, or delicate wafers of veal loaf. These same foods and others of equal excellence can be quickly made into heated main dishes. Thus 10-minute short-cut menus can be evolved from veal-loaf à la King, scrambled eggs with summer sausage, creamed Vienna sausage and toast, etc. A cold dish made different is the old standby potato salad, made more hearty by adding diced canned corn beef, or potted tongue cut in julienne fashion. What are commonly spoken of as canned soups have a much wider use as sauces and basic ingredients. Thus, tomato soup is the basic of tomato jelly, tomato mousse, and various frozen salad-desserts, refreshingly chilled for the summer luncheon. Again, tomato soup as well as bouillon, consommé, chicken broth, etc., are most acceptable as a jellied bouillon first course for any meal.

The summer meal in a hors d'oeuvres form is increasingly smart and chic for summer entertaining. This consists of an assortment of appetizers, most attractive and piquant, and such relishes as celery, radish roses, etc., followed by a cooling sherbet or a fancy fruit salad. In making these hors d'oeuvres, the home hostess can, like the hotel chef, avail herself of the many food novelties which come ready-to-use. Shrimps, lobster, and Japanese crab are capable of charming arrangements in nests of lettuce, or in jelly form. Anchovies, sardines, herring, salmon, tuna, all may be used as filling for small whole tomatoes, pepper and other "surprise" salads. The old familiar deviled egg is useful here as elsewhere in the summer menu, if glorified by the addition of deviled ham, mustard salad dressing and other condiment foods. This service should be individually arranged, buffet style. Here are model type menus, which can be individualized by the hostess as she chooses:

HORS D'OEUVRES PLATE (No. 1)
Tomato cups stuffed with deviled ham
Celery curls stuffed with pimento cheese
Cucumber-brownbread sandwiches
Peach coupe, vanilla cream
Iced Coffee

HORS D'OEUVRES PLATE (No. 2)
Grilled Sardines in Finger Rolls
Deviled Eggs in Mayonnaise, with Tomato Ring
Spiced Beets and Green Peppers
Strawberry and Pineapple Fruit Cup
Ginger ale Sparkle

HORS D'OEUVRES PLATE (Home Luncheon)
Baked Bean Salad
Brown Bread and Watercress Sandwiches
Asparagus Vinaigrette
Fresh Cherries or other Berries
Lemonade

Cooling and refreshing salads, appetizing but easy dishes, menus for rose and other color luncheon plans, menus for Engagement Showers, the Wedding Breakfast—everything you want to know about summer entertaining. Send for leaflet:

COOL EASY MEALS FOR HOT DAYS
Send stamped self-addressed envelope to Shrine Service Editor, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 58]



Crochery Lane - Kyoto, Japan
Philip Little

Islam Temple Ceremonial Pilgrimage through the Orient

A whole shipload of nobles and their families will sail from San Francisco August 3, 1928, on the palatial President Taft for Honolulu, Japan, China, the Philippines and return via Hilo and Kilauea.

\$977.50 Sail with Shriners from every section of the United States who are going to visit the Orient under the auspices of the Islam Temple. The most interesting of trips under the most delightful conditions.

Only you and your friends will be aboard the magnificent President Taft as she sails from San Francisco Bay on the afternoon of Friday, August 3.

Out through the Golden Gate just before sunset, heading for Honolulu. There a royal welcome and unforgettable hours in this city of the mid-Pacific. Then on to Yokohama and gorgeous days through Japan. You go by express train to the beauty spots of Japan then to Korea, Mukden and Peking—jewel city of ancient China.

Back to your ship at Shanghai and on to Hong Kong and Manila. Returning you have additional hours of sightseeing at Hong Kong and Shanghai. Also a visit to Kobe and quaint Nara. From Japan you sail especially to Hilo, then to Honolulu.

The President Taft is one of the finest liners on the Pacific. She is comfortable. Broad decks, enclosed in glass. All rooms are outside with beds not berths.

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Plan now upon this trip for your family. No experience can equal this trip of all trips with your own friends.

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(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 44])

(ALEE, SAVANNAH, GA.

Alee entertained about 3000 Shriners and their ladies en route to and from the Imperial Council sessions in Miami. Fifteen temples included Savannah in their itineraries, which kept Nobles with automobiles busy for fully a week. Every train was met by Shriners in cars, with welcoming shouts of "hop on, Noble." Some of the delegations of visitors were 300 strong.

Sight-seeing tours, shore luncheons at the temporary casino and even a barbecue or two enlivened the programs. Noble Porter Pierpont was general chairman of the committee on arrangements, with Noble Stephen N. Harris as chairman of the automobile committee.

Alee was especially interested in the initiation by Almas of Senator Walter F. George, who had been elected by Alee but could not get away from Washington to attend any of the recent Ceremonials in Savannah. Imperial Potentate Dunbar personally handed Senator George his Alee fez, in addition to a Shrine pin presented by Potentate John W. Blount.

(ALEPPO, BOSTON, MASS.

April 4th was the date of Aleppo's Spring Ceremonial, leading off with a concert by the Temple Band. This was a great feature including historic army airs from 1775 to date. It began with Washington's grand march and the White Cockade. Another interesting number was the march "Miami," written by Bandmaster Thomas M. Carter and dedicated to Potentate Appleton.

The regular radio broadcasting of the Five and Drum Corps continues to be a popular feature throughout New England.

(AL KADER, PORTLAND, ORE.

Al Kader not only participated in the joint Affi-El Katif Ceremonial in Wenatchee, Wash., but it also assisted in the organization of the Pacific Coast Shrine Association, to include each temple in the States of Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon, and the Canadian Provinces of British Columbia and Alberta.

On April 11th there was a bridge party for ladies in the afternoon, followed by a formal dance and card party in the evening. Two days later came another dance and card party.

May 21st was a big day, beginning with the regular business meeting at ten A.M. and including luncheon and entertainment for ladies, banquet, and a Ceremonial in the municipal auditorium in the evening.

(AL KORAN, CLEVELAND, OHIO

"Rolling Along With the U. S. A." a lively show, was put on by Al Koran in the Masonic auditorium from April 21st to 26th inclusive. A public contest for the best prize posters and other publicity stunts were aids in drawing good crowds.

(AL MALAIKAH, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

On April 7th Al Malaikeh celebrated its fortieth anniversary, with Potentate Gillette in charge of the program. A special booklet was issued for the occasion, featuring the picture of Noble Freeman G. Teed, first illustrious potentate in 1888. There was a tremendous ceremonial in the annex, with an attendance of about 5000.

The temple's Shrine luncheon club, through Noble Bert L. Dowell, vice-president and general manager of the Eureka Casualty Company, presented "Flapperettes." In thus bringing joy to the Nobility he was assisted by Nobles H. A. Reynolds and M. A. Bresee.

The chairman of the Shrine luncheon committee is Robert S. Weaver, with Howard S. McKay as vice-chairman.

(ALMAS, WASHINGTON, D. C.

On April 2nd Almas gave a most unusual Ceremonial in the presence of the Imperial Potentate and his party, all the officiating officers being members of Congress. In the large class of novices conducted over the hot sands were several senators and representatives. The regular officers of the Temple under the Direction of Potentate George B. McGinty and the Uniformed Bodies fairly outdid themselves in preparation for the great event and in the Ceremonial itself.

The Representatives in Congress who officiated were: Illustrious Potentate, Henry F. Niedringhaus, Past Potentate Moolah, St. Louis, Mo. and Past Imperial Potentate; Chief Rabban, John T. Buckbee, Past Potentate, Tebala, Rockford, Ill.; Assistant Rabban, Joseph T. Deal, Past Potentate, Khedive, Norfolk, Va.; High Priest and Prophet, Clifton A. Woodrum, Past Potentate, Kazim, Roanoke, Va.; Oriental Guide, Charles A. Christopherson, Past Potentate, El Riad, Sioux Falls, S. D.; First Ceremonial Master, Noble J. Johnson, Zorah, Terre Haute, Ind.; Second Ceremonial Master, Allen T. Treadway, Melha, Springfield, Mass.; Marshal, S. D. McReynolds, Past Assistant Rabban, Alhambra, Chattanooga, Tenn.; Orator, Orie S. Ware of Kosair, Louisville, Ky., and Past Grand Master of Masons in the State of Kentucky.

(AL MENAH, NASHVILLE, TENN.

A class of 75 Novices took the Moslem test in the annual Spring Ceremonial, held in the Orpheum Theater. They will long remember the twelve new stunts put on by the wreckers under the leadership of Noble John L. Todd. A concert by the Temple Band under the direction of Orin Gaston preceded the initiation.

(ALOHA, HONOLULU, HAWAII

Aloha made a pilgrimage recently to Hilo on a chartered vessel, the outing lasting four days. The Patrol, Band, and Five and Drum Corps went along. Potentate Joseph H. Grainger and Recorder L. M. Vetlesen led the cohorts, with Bill Paty as excursion manager.

The Ceremonial took on the peculiarities of the country, hot lava being substituted for the w. k. torrid sands. This change made the candidates feel at home.



(Potentate Louie W. Strum riding in state in Morocco Temple's ceremonial parade.

(ALZAFAR, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

April 12th was Master Masons Night, when Alzarfar presented the Rainbow Girls and the De Molay Boys in an entertainment of vaudeville, musical numbers and De Molay minstrel show. Master Masons, their families and friends, crowded the Scottish Rite auditorium.

(ANAH, BANGOR, MAINE

The fifth annual observance of ladies' night, March 23rd, was one of the city's outstanding social events of the season. Hundreds of Nobles and their ladies enjoyed a superb banquet, a series of unique dance specialties by local talent, and a long program of dances, with music by the Shrine Orchestra. Each lady received as a souvenir a bridge whist score pad case of brown lambskin, with Shrine emblem and "Anah Temple" in gold.

On April 5th the members of Anah Temple Drum Corps were royally entertained in Shrine Hall by the ladies' auxiliary, with supper and dancing.

(ANSAR, SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

Ansar Patrol Association gave a party for their ladies at the St. Nicholas Hotel on March 30th, with Herbert Wiley's serenaders playing. President Roy Roe called upon Nobles V. Y. Dallman and Clarence Bennett for speeches.

One of the surprises of the evening was the skillful exhibition of fortune telling by Noble E. K. Syrtad, a member of Ansar Patrol. George Goforth and his famous Black and Gold Orchestra of Bloomington furnished the inspiration for dancing.

Committee in charge—Nobles William Boehner, E. K. Syrtad, F. E. Wilms, W. F. McRoberts and Roy Roe.

There was a good attendance at the Ceremonial and traditional dinner of April 12th.

(ANTIOCH, DAYTON, OHIO

This temple took a prominent part in the dedication of the new \$2,500,000 Masonic Temple on April 3rd and 4th. The Shrine Band led the parade in which a large number of members of Antioch marched.

Major General Amos A. Fries, Chief of the Army Chemical Warfare Service, Past Potentate of Almas, and President of the Sojourners Association, came from Washington with several other Shriners to participate in the proceedings. General Fries delivered the principal address on the 3rd. The Sojourners, under the direction of Noble Fries, had charge of the flag raising. This organization is composed of Masons who are active or reserve officers of the U. S. Army.

(ARABIA, HOUSTON, TEXAS

The Sports Council, organized in February, has drawn up a schedule for late Spring and Summer. A committee of 20 worked on 10 lines of activity. Golf, baseball, basketball, track, bowling, billiards, chess, indoor baseball, handball and trapshooting were listed.

Arabia is preparing for its new dignities as the home Temple of Imperial Potentate Frank C. Jones. The Nobility at large will see fresh proof of Arabia's alertness.

There was a Ceremonial on April 21st under the direction of Potentate W. L. Childs.

The first of a series of merchandise trapshoots to be staged by Arabia took place at the Houston Gun Club on April 22nd. Fifty prizes were given. Arabia hopes to get together a crack team to compete in the national Shrine trapshoot. Details are in charge of a committee of which Noble D. C. Turner is chairman.

(BEN ALI, SACRAMENTO, CAL.

George Neubourg, chairman of the transportation committee, has submitted plans [Shrine News Continued on page 50]

JUNE, 1928

IN AT THE HAWSE PIPE

[Continued from page 45]

"I ain't goin' t' give y' no trouble, I'm goin' t' give y' the mate's job," said Pelker. "A man that lets one o' the hands lay him out cold don't stay mate wi' me. Y' once said y' had a master's license, didn't y'?" "Yes, Sir, but not with me. It's in New York."

"Could y' lay yer hands on it when we get there to prove it?"

"I could do so, captain."

"That's all that's necessary. Get your gear out o' the foc'sle and cart it aft."

"But I don't care to take the place of Mr. Steers, Captain Pelker."

The skipper stared in astonishment. "Y' mean t' say y'd turn down a raise from the foc'sle t' first mate?"

"It's a matter of justice, Sir. It wouldn't be fair to Mr. Steers."

"If I says it's justice, then it's justice wi' a capital J, understand? I'll give y' five minutes while y're coilin' up the gear t' make up yer mind," he concluded, walking toward the poop.

"Why don't y' take the job?" asked Kelly.

"It wouldn't be right," replied Burgess.

"It's only goin' to make it hard for us if y' refuse," said Slim Straker.

Burgess made no reply but thought deeply.

"I'll take it," he said, at length. "I'll take it because I believe it will save you a lot of ill usage, and for no other reason," and with that he walked to the poop where Captain Pelker was pacing to and fro.

"I accept your offer, Sir," he said, "but only on condition that I am not expected to manhandle the crew."

"Please yerself about that," grinned Pelker. "Take the job an' we'll see about the manhandlin' later. Y' got t' get the work out o' them if y' wants t' please me."

"I'll get the work done," said Burgess, with assurance.

"Good enough. Bring yer traps aft an' dump Steers' stuff out on deck."

A little later, Steers, having regained his senses, staggered aft to where Captain Pelker leaned over the poop rail with a malicious grin. The ex-mate looked in silence at his clothes lying heaped together outside the cabin door.

"Yeah, they're yours," snickered the skipper. "Take 'em for'ard to where y' belong. Yer fired, disgrated for incompetency, accordin' t' law." And Steers, who knew that protests were useless against the adamant skipper, gathered up his clothes and made his way sullenly towards the foc'sle.

That evening, Burgess, now with the title of Mister to his name, relieved Mr. Grimm of the watch at eight bells.

And for days the Sacramento ploughed onward toward the Cape, a changed ship from the one that towed out of the Golden Gate some two months previously. Her decks no longer rang with the oaths and curses of a pair of bullying mates, the crew went about their work with a cheerfulness that gladdened the heart of the new mate and caused Mr. Grimm to stare in wonder.

Pelker had made himself very scarce since Burgess had taken up his quarters aft, and as time wore on his appearances became less and less frequent until they ceased altogether.

"The captain's acting very strangely," he said to Mr. Grimm.

The second mate grinned significantly.

"Yeah," he said, briefly, and walked down the ladder to his room leaving Burgess wondering curiously.

Then one morning, when they were within one day's sail of the Horn, Steers came on to the poop where the parson sailor had charge of the watch.

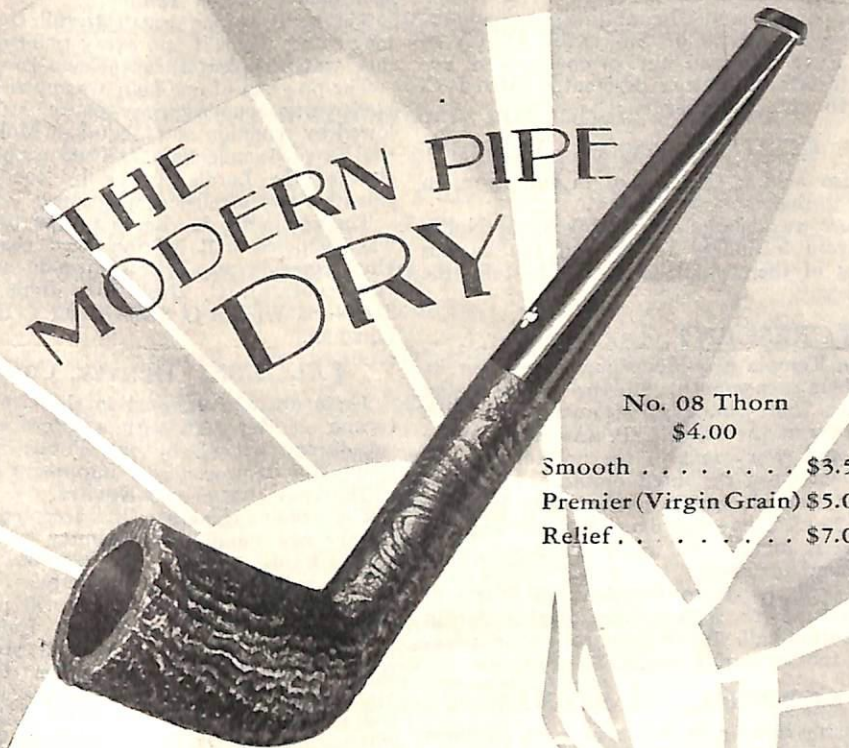
"D'ye mind me havin' a word with y', mister?" he asked respectfully.

"Not at all," replied Burgess.

[Continued on page 51]

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

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SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 48]
for an Alaskan trip for Nobles and their families, to start in July or early in August. The program contemplates a journey of 15 days to Skagway and return, including nine days through the beautiful inland passage to Alaska.

BEN HUR, AUSTIN, TEXAS

Ben Hur did its duty by some earnest seekers after truth on April 20th. The Ceremonial this year was held in the Scottish Rite Cathedral, preceded by a downtown parade and the traditional banquet. Merton L. Harris of Smithville, Orator of Ben Hur, delivered the prologue, and Potentate Morris Burns designated Alfred C. Bull to give the charge.

CAIRO, RUTLAND, VT.

Cairo held a Ceremonial in full form on April 20th.

There was a large outpouring of the Nobility from adjoining towns and the various bodies of the Temple did their best by the novices.

CRESCENT, TRENTON, N. J.

The Temple provides some feature for its members each month. In April it was a stag smoker and vaudeville sponsored by the members of the Patrol. It was given on the 12th and every seat in the auditorium was occupied by a delighted Noble.

The annual Spring festival was held on May 21st. There was dancing, cards, pictures and refreshments, all under the direction of the Band members.

The pilgrimage to Camden this year will be on June 9th, with a Ceremonial session in convention hall. There seem to be good prospects for 300 candidates.

CYPRUS, ALBANY, N. Y.

Cyprus had an audience of 2,000 Shriners for the initiation of 47 Novices on the night of March 30th, at which time the Imperial Potentate also was present.

The afternoon session was held in the Masonic Temple, where the First Section was given. In the evening Odd Fellows hall was utilized because of its large auditorium. There the Second Section was put on. The Novices were escorted into the hall by the German Band, and after a short concert the fun began. The work was well done, the candidates seemed to be satisfied, and the Nobles voted the affair "the best ever." Then came an hour of classy vaudeville.

DAMASCUS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Shriners, mostly members of Damascus, took prominent parts in the cornerstone laying of the new Masonic Temple here on April 7th. A leading figure in the proceedings was Noble Harold J. Richardson of Lowville, Grand Master of the State of New York. Another was Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial Assistant Rabbah, and president of the Board of Trustees of the Rochester Masonic Temple Association. Noble Fletcher was also one of the speakers at the banquet that night in the Powers Hotel, and greetings were extended by Imperial Potentate Dunbar.

In the parade of more than 5,000 Masons, Damascus Temple took the lead. The parade marshal was Major Arthur T. Smith and the entire first division was composed of uniformed bodies. The principal address was delivered by Bishop David L. Ferris.

The Temple will be a magnificent structure, costing about \$2,000,000. Damascus Temple will hold its ceremonials there, as the auditorium will have a seating capacity of 3,000. Recorder Luther H. Miller will have a commodious office in the building. A large Skin-

ner pipe organ will be installed at a cost of \$40,000.

Damascus Temple subscribed \$200,000.

EGYPT, TAMPA, FLA.

Egypt held a sunrise Easter service on April 8th, attended by 15,000 persons. Potentate William M. Rowlett and his divan and committeemen had the pleasure of seeing their plans work out in a very impressive commemoration of the resurrection of Christ. Even the sun rose clear and brilliant. This was the sixth annual Easter sunrise service sponsored by Egypt Temple.

The great throng began to fill the park long before daylight and every point of vantage was occupied when the sun rose.

The program of one hour was opened by a bugler who sounded army church call, followed by rendition of "Jacques de Molay" by the Egypt Temple Band. Then came a recital of the Lord's Prayer by the Egypt Chanters and a religious pageant.

The committee in charge of the program was composed of B. Marion Reed, chairman, Dr. George Hyman, vice-chairman, and W. H. Deuber, J. C. Huskisson, John Philip Shaddock, William O. Stubbs and J. H. McLaughlin.

EL JEBEL, DENVER, COLO.

There was a ceremonial in the city auditorium on May 25th with a special electrical display put on by the Public Service Company. It proved very impressive indeed to the large class of 200 Novices.

The building committee has accepted plans for the new mosque and country home, on a site already owned by the temple. Work on the building will start shortly.

Early in September El Jebel will put on a ceremonial at Fort Morgan, Colorado. En route the organizations will stop at Boulder, Longmont, Fort Collins, Greeley, Sterling and Brush. In each place they will give a Band concert, Patrol drill and entertainment by the Drum and Bugle Corps.

EL KALAH, SALT LAKE CITY

The Band and the Patrol were the center of the social picture here at a recent dance in the Masonic Temple. It was a formal affair, but that doesn't mean that everybody was not able to say "ain't we got fun."

The class ceremonial under the direction of James S. Hibbert has been called "the best show ever staged by the Shrine in Utah." There were visitors from Idaho, Wyoming, Nevada and Colorado, including Potentate George D. Begole, first ceremonial master C. N. Stannard and past potentate Floyd F. McCammon, all of El Jebel of Denver. Another noted visitor was Fontaine Johnson, past potentate of Ben Ali.

Patients in the Shriners Hospital for



(Past Potentate G. W. Talbott, El Riad, Sioux Falls, with a fine morning's bag.)

Crippled Children had a large supply of artificial flowers ready for the Nobles to wear at the ceremonial, and when they were distributed they met with such a hearty response that several hundred dollars was contributed. The picture "An Equal Chance" was shown and Noble Reynold E. Blight lectured.

EL KARUBAH, SHREVEPORT, LA.

Monroe, La., was the scene of the Temple's Spring Ceremonial and pilgrimage, held on April 20th. All working units went along with a big crowd of the rank and file accompanying Potentate Clarence A. McClelland. The welcome was warm in Monroe, where the local committee on petitions, under the chairmanship of Noble Henry Haas, had a platoon of candidates ready for their ordeal.

The Temple's Widows' and Orphans' Fund now has \$100,000 in the treasury and is paying \$1000 for each death.

EL KATIF, SPOKANE, WASH.

On March 31st the joint Ceremonial in Wenatchee in cooperation with Afifi Temple of Tacoma, previously mentioned, was a success even greater than anticipated. The Temple's Band, Patrol, Quartet and Second Section crew and fully 200 Nobles, including the Divan, went on a special train on March 31st. They made several stops en route and serenaded the Nobles living in various towns. In the large class of novices put through were 66 new members for this Temple.

The annual Spring informal dance was given in the Masonic Temple ballroom.

EL MAIDA, EL PASO, TEXAS

On April 20th there was a Ceremonial, preceded by the parade under police escort. Marching units were the marshal and aids, the temple Band, Patrol, Potentate and Divan in autos, past potentates in autos, Drum Corps, director and staff, flag unit, Nobles, mounted patrol, Novices. At the Ceremonial there was the rope for the Novices and cooling zem zem for the Nobles. Preceding the work of the second section in the evening was an afternoon entertainment for Nobles and their ladies which included exhibition drills and vaudeville.

The next day El Paso Lodge No. 130 gave a dance complimentary to the uniformed units of El Maida and their ladies, with admission limited to Masons and their ladies.

El Maida's widows' fund is steadily growing and now has 540 members. The cost to join is held down to \$2.20 and the payment after each death is \$1.10.

Recently the Drum Corps finished a hard trip of 1000 miles to various small towns.

EL MINA, GALVESTON, TEXAS

More than 200 Shriners gathered in Beaumont recently for the luncheon held there by an official delegation from Galveston, led by Potentate Thornton. Members were present from Port Arthur, Orange, Woodville, Houston, Silsbee and other places. Potentate Thornton assured the East Texas Nobles that El Mina by no means confines its interests to Galveston. Seth Hensley was toastmaster.

EL ZAGAL, FARGO, N. D.

The Shrine and all Masonic bodies in Fargo will observe a special home coming week on June 4th to 8th inclusive. An outstanding feature will be an El Zagal Ceremonial.

It is expected that the Imperial Potentate will attend the Ceremonial, which is scheduled for the 8th.

[Shrine News Continued on page 62]

JUNE, 1928

IN AT THE HAWSE PIPE

[Continued from page 49]

"It's about the old man. I kind o' fancy he's on the bottle again."

"I'm glad you told me," said Burgess, appreciatively. "I'll have to see if I can get the liquor away from him in some way or other. I will try and get him out of his cabin on some pretense or other and have the stuff thrown over the side. I'll see what I can do in the morning."

But the following morning saw the sea turned into a maelstrom of seething hills of hissing water by a black sou'wester that had sprung up during the night. Roaring, growling greybacks raced after the *Sacramento* as she ran before the gale under tops'ls and close reefed fores'l just sou'thward of the Cape.

THE parson sailor scanned the dark sky and watched the vessel as she was lifted to the top of a huge comber and swung points off her course. Deeply loaded, and sluggish on her helm, she was making heavy weather of the blow, and as a dangerous sea crashed over her quarter and surged madly along the deck until it slashed against the bulkhead of the foc'sle, he decided to reduce sail still further and heave to while there was yet time.

He was on the point of leaving the side of the helmsman to give the order to call all hands when Captain Pelker emerged from the companionway and gripping the side of the scuttle hatch to steady his swaying body, glared around the poop, then turned his gaze aloft to the straining tops'ls. "Set that main t'gan's'l," he roared, in a thickened voice. "Up aloft some o' you swine afore I kick the liver out of y'."

"Stay where you are men," shouted Burgess, as he walked toward the skipper.

"I say t' set it," hissed the skipper. "It's mutiny y're tryin'. I'll show y' something for that, y' white livered rats."

The next instant he drew an automatic pistol from his pocket and pointing the weapon at the men, fired into the middle of the group. Burgess sprang forward as his eye caught the glint of the blue steel but too late to disturb the skipper's aim, and with a cry of pain Slim Straker fell to the deck with a bullet through the fleshy part of his arm. Almost simultaneously Burgess' arm clamped around the bull like neck of Pelker and with a mighty heave he threw the bulky skipper across his hip on to the deck with a crash, allowing the full weight of his own body to fall on top of him. With the strength of a madman Pelker wrenched himself free from the other's hold and scrambling to his feet leveled the pistol at the mate, but before he could discharge the weapon Burgess leaped through the air straight toward him, and colliding with terrific force, both men crashed to the deck, Pelker's head catching the side of the scuttle as he fell and knocking him unconscious. Burgess shouted to the watch to call all hands. There was no time to lose, the wind and sea were increasing every minute, it was a case of "heave to" while it could yet be done, or run and take a chance. With little sentiment the unconscious skipper was carried below, where Burgess, after removing the remains of the liquor from his cabin, laid him on the settee, and closing the door, turned the key in the lock. Turning over Slim Straker to the care of the steward he returned to the poop and made preparations for the heaving to of the vessel. It was work for men of iron, battling with the stiffened canvas of the tops'ls and fores'l against the demoniacal fury of the elements. With cramped and bleeding fingers the men fought determinedly to secure the belying canvas to the yards. Tugging and [Continued on page 52]

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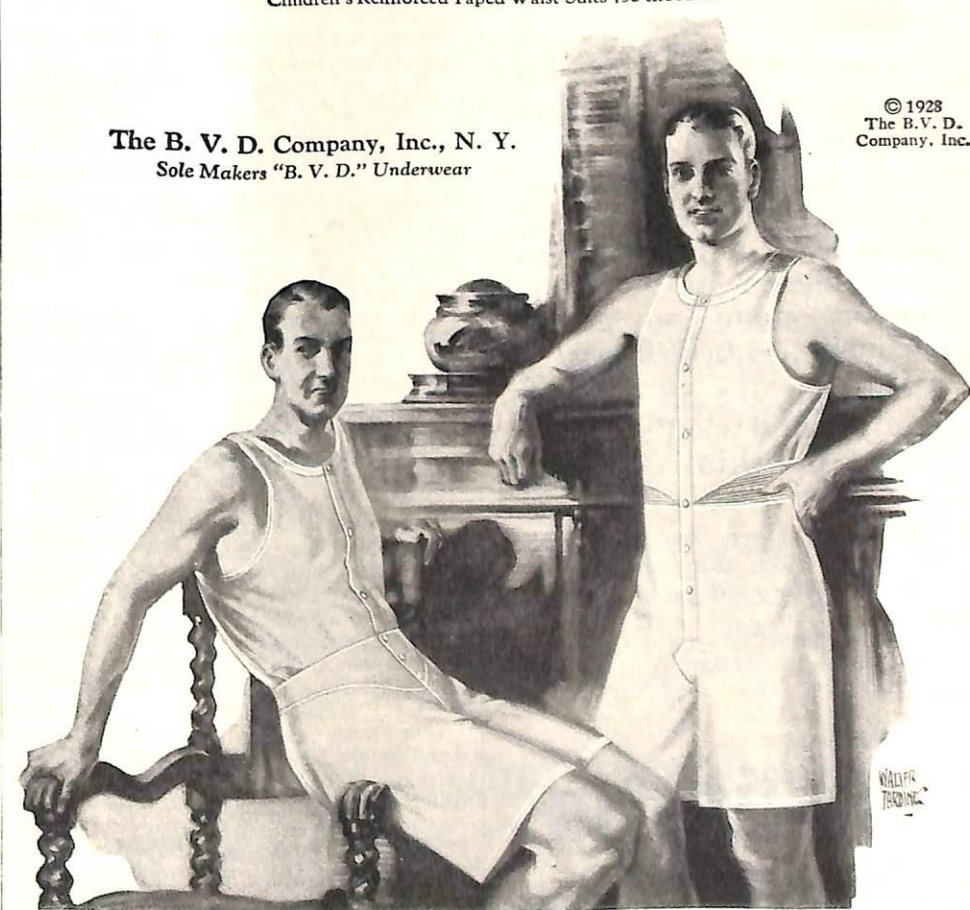


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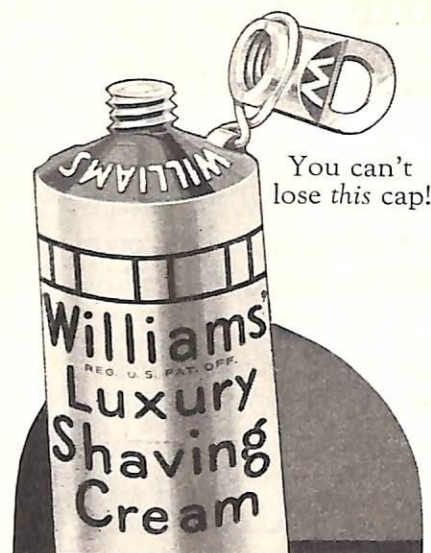
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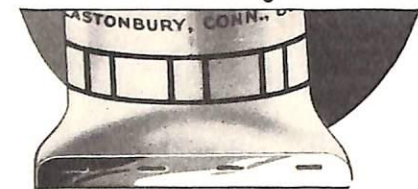
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WIN AT THE HAWSE PIPE

[Continued from page 51]

clawing, heaving and cursing, they labored on, gaining the mastery inch by inch, until the sails were securely fast in their gaskets. And meanwhile, down in his cabin below, Captain Pelker roared out orders at the top of his voice, cursed, laughed, and cried, almost in the same breath, crazed by the persistent imbibing of liquor. Burgess personally attended to his needs, aided by two of the huskiest of the crew who stood by for any emergency, but all efforts to induce the skipper to partake of food or medicine were without success.

Then one day, as the ship was nearing the latitude of the Plate, when Burgess was paying his regular visit, the Captain leapt from the seat as soon as the door was opened and madly fighting his way through the three men who tried to restrain him, rushed through the passageway on to the deck, and mounting the rail, leapt into the sea.

There was no need to raise an alarm. That scream rang through the ship from stem to stern and the hands ran out on deck like one man. The helm was jammed down, and as the vessel's bow swung up into the wind the main yards were laid aback, bringing her to a standstill. In a few minutes the lifeboat descended in jerky spasms until it hit the water, and manned by Mr. Grimm and six of the crew pulled away in the direction Burgess indicated.

For more than an hour they pulled around the vicinity but never a glimpse of the man met their searching eyes. The sun had set, already the darkening shadows were creeping over the Eastern sky, when Burgess, with a heavy heart, signaled the boat to return to the ship.

"The poor fellow's gone?" he said to Steers, after the boat had been hoisted back on board and placed in the chocks, and the hands were grouped around awaiting orders.

Steers nodded. "Might as well square away, mister, 'cos y' can do no more."

"Not yet," replied Burgess, "just let her lie where she is for a while," and walking down the companionway to the cabin he went to a small locker containing a library placed on board by one of the Seamen's Societies and took out a prayer book, then proceeding to his own room he removed his clothes and donned the clerical garb in which he had joined the *Sacramento* and returned to the poop.

"Muster all hands," he said to Mr. Grimm. And when the crew stood round in a circle with bared heads, quiet and thoughtful at the solemnity of the Reverend Thomas Burgess, the sailor parson read out the service for the burial of the dead at sea while the stars and stripes fluttered at half mast in the fast gathering darkness.

"Square away," said Burgess, quietly.

And as he sat on the settee in his room and removed his clothing, Captain Burgess reviewed the incidents that had raised him from a shanghaied able seaman to command in less than a single passage. "This is coming in at the hawse pipe and going out over the poop in reality," he mused. "I don't know that I'm sorry I was shanghaied after all, for I always regretted, in a way, that I never made at least one voyage in command before I left the sea. It's really been quite an adventure and experience. And won't Mr. O'Sullivan be surprised if he ever gets to hear of it," he added, smiling.

And some six weeks later Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan did hear the astonishing news, for one foggy morning in November Hard Boiled Harrigan rushed into his room with a newspaper in his hand.

"Hi, boss," he shouted, "seen this?" "Seen what?" asked the boss.

"Y' remember the parson y' shanghaied on the *Sacramento*, don't y'?"

"Sure, has she arrived at Noo York with-out the swine?"

"He brought her in as skipper!"

"Who's been buying y' all the drink," snapped O'Sullivan. "Give me the paper, you crazy bum. Where's the bit y' were readin'?" he asked, grabbing the paper from the runner's hand.

"Here," said Harrigan, placing a stumpy finger on the column, then stepped back a couple of paces and watched his employer's face turn from red to white as he read.

"Parson brings big windjammer into port as captain," read the caption, and then commenced the story; "The unusual sight of a fully ordained minister giving orders from the poop of a sailing vessel was witnessed this morning when the full rigger *Sacramento* arrived in the harbor from San Francisco after an eventful voyage. The parson skipper is the Reverend Thomas Burgess, who previous to becoming a minister was, rather remarkably, a seaman and officer in the Cape Horn clippers. The reverend gentleman was inclined to be rather reticent about the incidents of the voyage, but as far as could be learned from members of the crew, he was shanghaied in 'Frisco while waiting to take passage to the Orient where he was appointed to take up a post as missionary in Central China. In a sequence of exciting events, in which the first mate frankly admitted being knocked out by the shanghaied gentleman, and the suicide of Captain Pelker some time later by jumping overboard while the vessel was off the River Plate, the Reverend Burgess rose in two steps from able seaman to command, and not only brought the vessel safely into port but made the passage in record time for the *Sacramento*. Mr. Burgess volunteered the statement that he is fully aware of the person who waylaid and shanghaied him, but declined to say what action he was likely to take in the matter further than that he may drop across that person sooner or later. He relinquished command of the vessel as soon as she docked, and leaves this city at the end of the week for 'Frisco, where he will join the *Oriental*, proceeding to China to commence the work which was so abruptly interrupted."

"By the sufferin' saints," gasped O'Sullivan, after he had read the article for the third time, "he ain't a man, he's the devil."

"He must be a reg'lar man eater," replied Harrigan. "An he'll be in 'Frisco in a day or two, boss," he added, significantly.

"What of it, y' ain't scared o' him?"

"Not just so long as y're around, boss."

"Well, I don't think I will be. Funny thing, but I just remembered I promised Michael Leary I'd pay a visit t' his home in Seattle some time this fall, an' bein' as business is slacker'n bilge water, I figured I'd take the opportunity an' shove off this evenin'."

"When did y' make up yer mind on that, boss?"

"Just afore y' came in wi' the paper," replied O'Sullivan, without a blush. "When does the *Oriental* sail?"

"Friday afternoon."

"Humph. Then I'm afraid I won't get back afore she goes 'cos Leary never lets me leave in less than a week, once he gets me up there, so y' kin figure on me bein' back Monday, or mebbe Toosday," he said, as he proceeded to his room and began hastily packing a suitcase, and at the same time making a rapid mental calculation of the shortest possible time a fast train could transport the Reverend Thomas Burgess from the city of New York to San Francisco.

THE COLLEGE WOMAN IN BUSINESS

[Continued from page 15]

college women, only fifty percent of whom marry, than the professions of teaching, nursing or settlement work.

This view was expertly stated by Miss E. F. Demarest of R. H. Macy and Company, herself a graduate of Mount Holyoke, who is in charge of training college graduates after employment by that institution.

"Whatever complications," Miss Demarest said, "a business career may or may not create in the marriage status of the college woman, want of contact with college men is not one of them. The college woman in business is outnumbered by college men all along the line. While business courses for women have been introduced in some universities in late years, there is probably not a single university of any magnitude that has not numbered a school of commerce for men among its other faculties for at least fifteen or twenty years."

The "practical outlook" of the college girl of today in no way is an implication that she is less idealistic than the college woman of an older generation, according to Miss Emma P. Hirth, a foremost authority on the problem of the college woman in business. Miss Hirth was until recently director of the Bureau of Vocational Information and her volume, entitled "Training for the Professions and Allied Occupations," is the last word on the subject of facilities available to women college graduates in the United States.

It is pointed out that both directly and indirectly the college woman today frequently is a part of the new social anomaly, which is known as "white collar problem." There are large groups of men—often the very men with whom the college woman comes most in contact—who are not earning enough to support a wife in the standard men themselves have set up. There are increasing numbers of college women who may expect to marry only if they have a business or profession which would enable them to supplement the earnings of their husbands. They must look to their own future.

The processes of business life have in recent years become so complex as to verge on the scientific. More and more business and industrial concerns find it difficult to fill executive positions and they look to the boys from the colleges to make up this deficiency. Their entry into business or industry is facilitated. Their mistakes as beginners are tolerated or corrected. Employers who maintain a similar attitude toward the girl college graduate are so few that their example is worth studying in detail. The R. H. Macy department store, New York, offers such an example.

For eight years this company has been bridging, on a small scale to be sure, the twilight zone between academic halls and the business office or work room for both college men and women. So-called "training squads" for college graduates are conducted by the store. Forty to fifty students are taken on by the store management each year. For a space of six months each is moved from department to department, under a planned course of working experience with supervision and special instruction. By the end of that time the special aptitude of each college graduate has been more or less appraised, and he or she is given permanent employment in the department which looks most promising of results both to the individual and to the concern.

Though the methods followed for introducing the college woman to the business job are slightly different in the Lord and Taylor department store, the actual proportion of college women employed by it is perhaps the highest for any department store in the country. According to Mrs. Isabella Brandow, director of the [Continued on page 59]

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NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!

(Continued from page 35)

Cooley, Kerbel Temple, Secretary-Treasurer. Monday's entertainment was lavish. Twice daily a full circus performance was put on in the Garden of Allah in front of the grandstands. All day long and throughout the evening band concerts were held in the big bandstands. Chanters sang their sweetest lays, and all this was carried to every part of the park by amplifiers. Throughout the day automobile loads of happy Shriners were driven to Miami Beach, while others took the boats out to the Gulf Stream for deep sea fishing. The Recorders, the Jesters, the Ohio Shriners and other divisions of Shrine-dom held dinners at the several hotels in the evening. Thousands of others wandered through the brilliantly lighted paths of the Garden of Allah, enjoying the cool breezes, the sweet music, and the comfortable seats from which to view the 10,000 lights which is Miami's night skyline.

On Tuesday morning every business in Miami declared a holiday. Banks, court houses, stores and schools, all closed for the big day-time parade signaling the opening of the first session of the Imperial Council. Again the weather man was on the job, and although it was warm a cool breeze fanned the fronds of the palms along the Avenue of the Gods and through the Garden of Allah. Neither the spectators nor marchers suffered.

There were several innovations in this parade. The local committeemen deserve high praise for the fact that they not only furnished free transportation from the hotels to the starting point for participants, but had transportation at the end of the route to convey them back to their hotels.

Close to the reviewing stand there was erected for the occasion a tower in the form of a minaret, and just as the parade started the muezzin called from this tower on Allah to bless both the paraders and the visitors within the city gates. The parade started promptly at 8:00 o'clock in the morning, as announced. Of course, this was 8:00 o'clock parade time, which is just an hour and a quarter later than ordinary time. This difference caused many to wait for some time.

Shrine parades are much alike, yet each has its own characteristic. In Philadelphia two years ago it was a bass drum parade. There were larger and more kinds of bass drums than ever before in the history of the Shrine. Last year at Atlantic City it was a rainy parade. There were more different rains and harder rains than any at an Imperial Council session. This Miami parade was an animal parade. Shriners seem to be getting back to nature, and there were more animal mascots than ever before. Without giving numbers, there was noticed in the line of march bears, horses, bull pups, goats, camels and snakes. The bass drum motif was reintroduced by one bandsman who had a bass drum of prodigious size mounted on a truck. And he beat the drum by sitting on top of it. Other drummers have beaten drums on trucks, but he is the only one who rode a drum and beat it as he rode.

Band after band, all dispensing wonderful music! Patrol after patrol, marching with bewildering evolutions, in which the gaudy uniforms add a color kaleidoscope as dazzling as it is beautiful! Oriental bands with shrill musettes wailing and tom toms tomtomming. Chanters singing! Many colored flags whipping the breeze! In this particular parade the flags of all the units were massed at the head of each of the four divisions, adding much to the attractiveness of the spectacle.

Each temple was led by a proud potentate, and each was led by a still more proud and strutting drum major. Some of the latter cake-walked, others stalked with dignity be-

neath bearskin shakos, while still others juggled their batons like whirling dervishes. In addition to the music there were several steam calliopes.

Taken as a whole, it was a three-hour parade, enchanting and bewildering both to the eye and the ear, the like of which will not be seen on the North American continent again until the next Imperial Council session a year from now.

When the parade was over the Imperial Council opened, and it took three local speakers to tell them how glad the folks of Miami were that they had come, but more of that in another column of the magazine.

Only the Representatives participate in the actual meetings of the Imperial Council, and there were the countless other visitors to be amused. It seems impossible that any were not amused in view of what was provided for them in the way of entertainment. There were luncheons for the Imperial Divan and Representatives in one place, and for their ladies in another. After luncheon the visitors took their choice. They could take a trip in a glass bottomed boat over the Marine Gardens and watch the fish play. They could take a boat trip up the Miami River to the Everglades. They could go to see the tropical gardens or visit the Seminole Indian village, to which special transportation was furnished. They could go to the Opa-Locka zoo, or motor out to the orange groves or the experimental farms where they have the only custard pie tree in captivity.

Chanters and bands gave constant concerts, and a full circus gave free performances. There were water sports at the Roman pool and boat trips around beautiful Biscayne Bay, as well as airplane and seaplane flights over the city. The neighboring Seminoles put on a show all their own. And always there was Miami Beach for bathing. For ladies only there were luncheons, teas, dinners and receptions.

Miami indeed earned her title of magic city, for the entertainment features stepped on each other's heels, so rapidly did they follow each other. There were separate dinners for bands, for patrols, for chanters, for the Imperial Council officers, and for the Representatives. After these dinners the streets of the Garden of Allah were cleared and bands in all the stands began to sweeten the ozone. And in this manner many thousands were occupied in street dancing till small hours of the morning. And while the happy-go-lucky ones were dancing in the streets the official social event of the evening was the Imperial Potentate's ball in the Cinderella ballroom.

Perfect weather, perfect hosts, perfect happiness made bedtime Tuesday truly the end of a perfect day. Miami won a great weather victory. It was cool at the beginning of the week and grew slowly warmer day by day, as though tempering the visitors before getting really hot. But each day was cool enough for comfort and each night warm enough for easy sleep.

Visitors to Miami may have thought that the city had exhausted its powers for entertainment, but the Mahi Entertainment Committee has something else up its sleeve besides the freckles on its elbows. Sun-burned but happy questing, the Shriners arose Wednesday morning to the song of the mocking bird in the sun, to find that they could take their choice of any one of a dozen things to amuse themselves.

At 10:00 o'clock in the morning there was the big exhibition drill by the visiting Patrols at the baseball park. Four or more Patrols were in the field at the same time, executing difficult and beautiful maneuvers. All over the city there were band con-

certs by hard working Shrine musicians, as on all previous days, and their work was greatly appreciated.

On Biscayne Bay water sports were held, including speed boat and aquaplane exhibitions.

At the Scottish Rite Cathedral the Musical Directors' Association held its annual meeting in the morning. At 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon all the bands in the city were massed, with Paul Donnelly of Medinah directing. They played six numbers to a great crowd.

There were luncheons for the musical directors, for Bands, for Patrols, for Imperial Council officers and for Representatives. The wives of the Representatives were accorded a special luncheon and an aquatic exhibition in the famous Roman pools of Miami Beach.

The Boys Harmonica Band, the big circus, the Hella-Hadi Hodge-Podge, and a dozen other events, were in continuous performance in front of the grandstands in the Garden of Allah. All the day every visitor was kept rushing madly from hither to yon, and upon arriving at yon just as madly rushing back to hither. The attractions were so numerous that it was like a three-ring circus with a performance in every ring at the same moment.

AT 8:00 o'clock in the evening all other entertainment was off. For it was the hour of the big night parade, for which Imperial Council sessions have been famous. It formed at Biscayne avenue and 22nd street and then moved south on Biscayne Boulevard through the Avenue of the Gods to Flagler street and the river. Never was there a more beautiful parade. Experienced uniformed units had saved their brightest and best uniforms for this occasion. Bands had conserved their most inspiring melodies, and even the proud Potentates leading their Temples seemed to have reserved their reddest neckties just for this particular demonstration.

Add all this to Tuesday morning's great decorative parade, and then light the whole with many colored lights, and you have a scene that was too bewilderingly beautiful to seem real. It was more like an Arabian Night's tale than a reality.

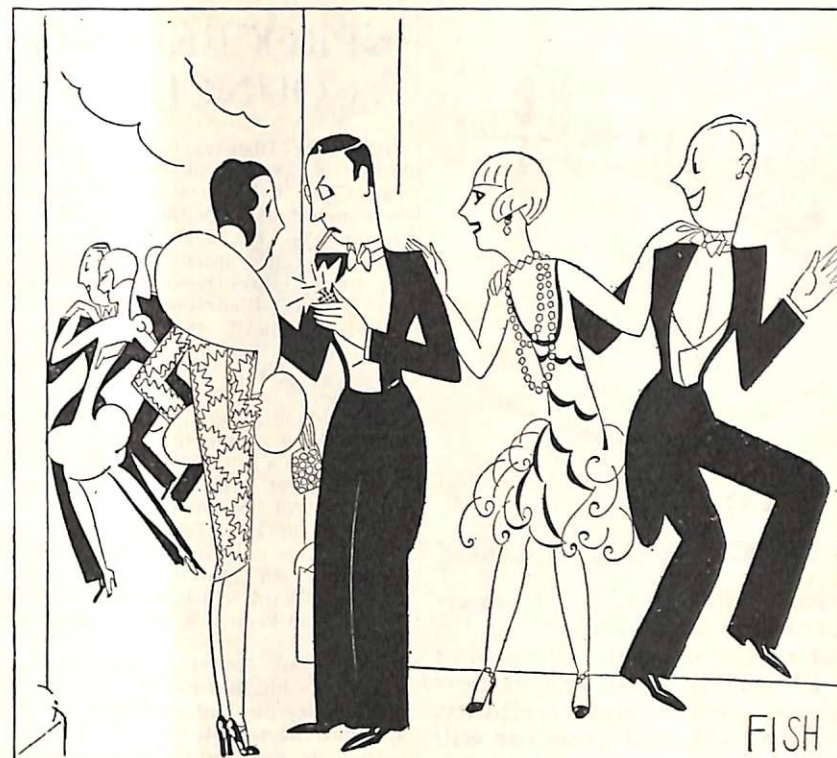
Not only was this pageant flood-lighted throughout its length by the well placed electric lights, but all the marchers were covered with electric lights—lights on toe tip and head crown, lights as shirt studs and lights as belt buckles, lights which spelled out the names of the Temples a letter to a man across the front row of each Temple contingent, lights to the tips of staffs from which flags were flying.

On they came, through a chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" for hour after hour. It seemed that they would never stop passing in gala review, but they did at last.

Once more the crowds in the stands trooped down into the streets of the Garden of Allah and danced until weary bodies overcame excited minds.

Thursday, May 3rd, also had its big parade. This was a \$75,000 historical pageant, to which had been added for decorative purposes all the Shrine Patrols in the city, and it was a gorgeous spectacle.

This was the last day of the session, but there was no let down in the entertainment scheduled for Shrine visitors. All day they frolicked in this beautiful city. When at last they drifted out through the railroad station each person was satisfied that Miami had made good her every promise, and that this session would go down in Shrine history as a splendid success. The weather was perfect, hospitality was boundless and Mahi Temple covered herself with a glory which will forever surround her wherever Shriners may gather.



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PROCEEDINGS OF THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL [Continued from page 37]

Arthur H. Diamant, Mecca, New York; Walter S. Sugden, of Osiris, Wheeling, W. Va.; Clyde I. Webster, of Moslem, Detroit, were nominated. Noble Webster was elected on the first ballot. The election was one of the most orderly ever held, owing to the splendid arrangements made by Noble Les Walton, Chairman for Arrangements.

Judge Clyde I. Webster, the new Imperial Outer Guard, was born in Eaton Rapids, Michigan, August 10, 1877, the son of Hiram P. and Sarah J. Webster.

Noble Webster graduated from the Eaton Rapids High School in 1895; University of Michigan, Ph.B., 1899; Law Department, University of Michigan, LL.B., 1901. In August, 1901 he entered the Detroit law offices of the Hon. Don M. Dickinson, former Postmaster General under President Cleveland. In 1904 he formed a partnership with Ward N. Choate, the firm in 1907 becoming Choate, Webster, Robertson & Lehman.

On August 6, 1912, President Taft appointed Noble Webster United States Attorney for the Eastern Michigan District, in which he served the full term of four years. He was elected judge on the Third Michigan Judicial Circuit for a term of six years beginning January 1st, 1918. He was reelected in 1923 and is now Dean of the Wayne County Circuit Bench, consisting of 14 judges.

Judge Webster started in Masonry as soon as he was 21, taking the Blue Lodge and Chapter degrees in Eaton Rapids while in college. Later he transferred to Corinthian Blue Lodge and King Cyrus Chapter in Detroit. He belongs to Detroit Commandery No. 1, K. T.; Monroe Council; Michigan Consistory, S. R.; Potentate of Moslem Temple of the Shrine in 1925; Representative to the Imperial Council for several years; on the Committee on Charters and Dispensations, 1925-26. He was created 33° honorary, Northern Jurisdiction, in Boston in 1918.

In answer to an inquiry, Past Imperial Potentate Jacoby, Chairman of the Committee on Emeriti Members, explained that they have all the privileges and rights of regular members immediately upon their election.

Past Imperial Potentate Ovenshire called attention to the fact that the terms of two members of the Board of the Hospitals for Crippled Children had expired, and he nominated to succeed themselves Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick and Dr. O. M. Lanstrum. They were unanimously elected for terms of three years each.

Judge Thad Landon, Chairman of the Committee on Jurisprudence and Law, asked the Council to ratify the actions of the Committee in litigation made necessary under the will of a Noble who left a bequest to the hospitals. It was done.

Noble James Rogers, Chairman of the Committee on Rituals, reported at length on the action of the Committee relative to recognition of the flag at every Shrine meeting. The Committee presented a short ritual, which it asked to be made obligatory, and urged that the more elaborate one now in use in some Temples be continued. The words of the salute to the flag can be used alike in Canada, Mexico and the United States. They are as follows:

"I pledge allegiance to my flag; to the principles for which it stands; one brotherhood indivisible, with liberty and justice for all."

This was adopted, as also was another recommendation of the Committee submit-

ting a ritual for the dedication of hospitals for crippled children.

The Committee on Jurisprudence and Law asked for authority to take any legal steps which may be necessary to protect future bequests to the hospitals, and that such action be in the hands of this committee in the interim between Imperial Council sessions. It was concurred in.

The same Committee, to which had been referred the resolution of Noble Ernest E. Sykes to endorse the Curtis-Reed Bill now pending before Congress, to establish a federal Department of Education, returned the resolution to the Council without prejudice. A motion was then made by Noble Sykes for the adoption of the resolution, but this was indefinitely postponed after a full debate.

Past Imperial Potentate James E. Chandler reported for the Magazine Committee, and his report was adopted.

The Council then adjourned for luncheon and immediately upon reconvening the Imperial Potentate presented Potentate John M. Holmes of Hejaz Temple, Greenville, S. C., who has been greatly interested in the Greenville unit of the Crippled Children's Hospitals. He introduced to the Representatives assembled six boys and two girls who have been discharged as corrected at that hospital. The boys then threw away the now unnecessary crutches and did a very creditable Patrol drill. Whereupon the two little girls gave a fancy dance. The Yaarab Chanters of Atlanta sang an appropriate song. Then came a moving picture of these children before and after correction at the hospital. There were few dry eyes in the assembly at the close of this demonstration of the Shriners' favorite charity.

Noble Sam P. Cochran of Hella Temple, Dallas, presented suitable resolutions lamenting the death of Judge Alexander P. Cochran of St. Louis.

The Council adopted a report recommending June 4-5-6, 1929, and Los Angeles as the time and place for the next Imperial Council session.

It was reported by the Committee on Jurisprudence and Law that Mizpah Temple, in Fort Wayne, Ind., had unwittingly assessed its members without proper authority and notice to them. The report exonerated the officers of all blame, as they had taken every precaution to make the assessment in conformity to law. After a lengthy debate the Council postponed action until the meeting on Thursday.

The Committee on Jurisprudence and Law reported on the recommendation of the Imperial Potentate that it should be obligatory upon a newly elected Imperial Potentate to appoint an advisory committee whose duty it would be to pass on all financial plans of subordinate Temples which involve a debt or expenditure of more than \$10 per capita of its membership. This amendment was adopted.

Judge Tait, Chairman of the Committee on Necrology, reported on the deaths of Imperial Recorder Benjamin W. Rowell, Past Imperial Potentate William B. Melish, and 30 other members of the Imperial Council before whose tent the Black Camel had knelt since the last session. At the close of his splendid tribute all members of the Imperial Council stood while Noble W. B. Ross of Medina sang "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere."

The session then adjourned until 9:00 o'clock Thursday morning.

Thursday's session of the Imperial Council opened promptly at 9:00 o'clock in the

morning and Noble Arthur Evans, Chairman of the Committee on the George Washington Memorial, reported satisfactory progress on the construction work in Alexandria.

Chairman Percy E. Hoak, of the committee which studied the advisability of changing the manner of meeting of the Imperial Council, as the result of the returns from a widespread questionnaire, recommended that there be no change in the present plan. The report was adopted.

Chairman Edward H. Merritt, of the Committee on Protection of the Emblem of the Order, reported several cases where it had been used for advertising purposes, all of which cases were settled by discontinuance of the practise, upon request.

Imperial Treasurer William S. Brown presented a resolution of thanks to the Nobles of Miami and all Florida for their hospitality and their splendid spirit. The motion was carried by a rising vote and with prolonged applause.

The assessment levied by Mizpah Temple on its members was declared by the Imperial Council to be in accordance with the law, and therefore valid.

The agreement by the several Texas Temples as to jurisdictional lines in that State was approved.

It was reported by the Committee on Public Safety that it had organized a provost guard, but that no Shriner had appeared before it and so it could not function.

Through its chairman, the Committee on Grievance and Appeal reported only one appeal from an individual Noble, which appeal was denied. The report was adopted.

Past Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor, Chairman of the Committee on Finance and Accounts, reported that the accounts of the Imperial Treasurer, the Imperial Recorder and The Shrine Magazine had all been examined by certified accountants and found correct. The Committee recommended that the assistant to the Treasurer and the Recorder be put on the payroll, to receive the same mileage and per diem as Representatives, and this was done.

Noble Hugh Robinson presented a resolution disapproving the habit of candidates for Imperial Council office of attaching themselves to the party of the Imperial Potentate on his visitations, and the resolution was approved.

The oldest Past Imperial Potentate, Noble Albert B. McGaffey, made the report on the decisions of the Imperial Potentate, who had made none.

Noble Julius Heil read an extract from a resolution of the Shrine Musical Directors' Association, in which each unit of the organization agreed to give one or more concerts each year for the benefit of the Crippled Children's Hospitals.

The Jurisdictional Lines Committee approved the recommendation of the Imperial Potentate that a careful survey of the entire continent be made with the thought of a more equitable adjustment of jurisdictions.

The new Imperial Council officers were then installed and the Council closed to meet in Los Angeles next year.

HOSPITAL FILM AVAILABLE

After extended trips throughout the country presenting the appeal for the Shriners Hospitals for Crippled Children with the moving picture "An Equal Chance," Noble Reynold E. Blight, of Al Malaikah Temple, has returned to his home in Los Angeles.

There is no expense of any kind to the local Temple and the use of the films may be obtained by writing to Allen H. Ratterree or Reynold E. Blight, 2632 West Seventh Street, Los Angeles, California. Many temples and clubs have already made application for the use of the picture and arrangements are being made so that every request is granted in the near future.



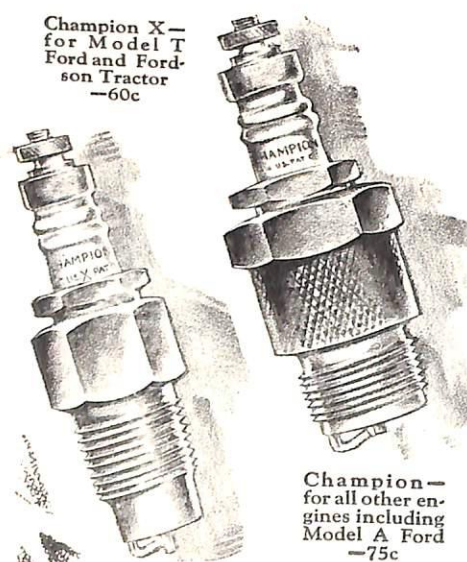
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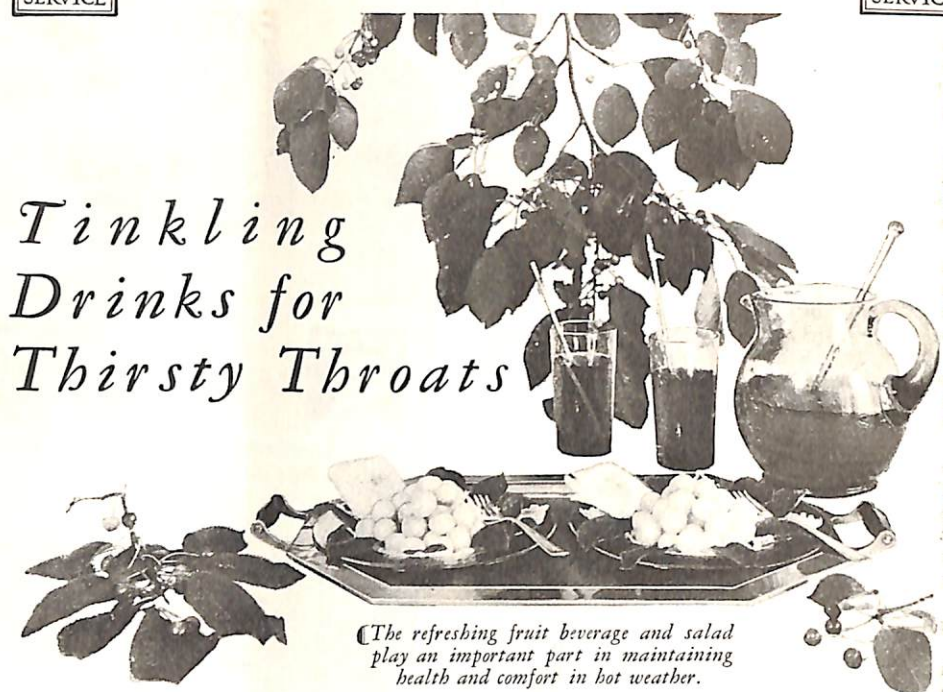


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WHEN the mercury begins to mount, then business folk in town and the family at home agree in their frequent desire for something cool to drink. To be able to blend a variety of wholesome soft drinks, and always to be prepared with a stock of the "makings" at hand, is one of the distinguishing traits of the clever summer hostess.

And it is so very easy to provide a "home soda fountain"! The basis is a generous supply of ginger ale, grapejuice, loganberry-juice, limejuice, etc., all of which are most economically bought by the case. A few bottles of vichy, seltzer and other charged and sparkling waters assure "pep" in any punch or beverage. To these may be added a supply of home-made fruit syrups, and fruit juices, together with a generous shelf of canned fruits like crushed and sliced pineapple, apricots, cherries, etc., and also some bottles of both red and green maraschino cherries for garnish.

The efficient hostess knows that too much time is wasted squeezing a single lemon or orange for every drink, or trying to make a good syrup with sugar difficult to dissolve in cold water. Instead, she prepares once a week a quart of foundation chocolate, lemon or plain sugar syrup, of which she uses a tablespoon for each glass as need requires. She also squeezes a half dozen lemons or oranges each day, and keeps the strained juice in a scalded covered glass jar in the refrigerator.

A juice reamer of the stationary type, operating by power or by a crank handle, will save much time and effort. A shaker of aluminum, having in the top a strainer, is especially helpful in preparing all drinks where eggs and milk need to be combined and strained as in egg-malted milk, egg-lemonade, etc. Several small vegetable cutters acting as a die to cut crescents, stars, and other fancy shapes, will enhance the charm of the fruit garnish.

Iced drinks should be prepared several hours before use in order for the flavors to "ripen." This is best done by placing the pitcher in the refrigerator, then adding the charged waters and garnish just at serving. Too much ice should not be used in the drink, as this dilutes it. Ice must never be

added direct to any milk drink, or it will be unpleasantly watery. The small cubes so easily made with the automatic refrigerator are ideal for cooling the drink.

Iced coffee and tea are universally popular, but seldom very well prepared. The infusion should be always made fresh. Have water at bubbling point, pour over leaves in hot rinsed pot, and steep 3 minutes. While beverage is still hot, strain over sugar. Chill in refrigerator. Serve with cherries, candied ginger, lemon, etc. Coffee should be made extra strong, well strained through muslin to become clear, and used with as little ice as possible. A large spoon of vanilla ice-cream on the top of the glass is a pleasant way of sweetening and flavoring. Coffee substitutes make equally delicious summer iced beverages. Fruit drinks are naturally refreshing because of the large amount of minerals and citric salts and vitamins.

There are several unusual charging bottles on the market which makes any beverage into a "charged" or "soda" drink. These are glass containers having in their cork a place for a "cartridge" of carbonic acid gas—or the soda ingredient. By inserting one of these cartridges and turning the syphon, any beverage contained in the bottle is instantly charged, and pours out in the attractive cascade of bubbles.

Ginger ale Fruit Cup: 1 bottle ginger ale, 1 can crushed pineapple, 1 cup loganberries. Combine the berries and the pineapple and put them through a coarse strainer to secure all possible pulp and juice. Tint brighter red with few drops of vegetable coloring. Chill. Just before serving add well-chilled ginger ale. Serve with a thin ring of pineapple.

Grape-limeade: Juice of 2 limes (or 1 tablespoon bottled limejuice), 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ cup grapejuice, 1 pint bottle charged water. Mix limejuice with the sugar. Add the grapejuice and charged water and pour immediately into glasses half filled with shaved ice.

Chocolate Syrup: 2 squares chocolate, grated, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup boiling water. Bring to boiling point and boil 5 minutes, stirring constantly. When cool add 1 teaspoon vanilla. Keep in glass jar, chilled; use about 2 tablespoons syrup to each glass.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 60]

THE COLLEGE WOMAN IN BUSINESS

[Continued from page 53]

Department of Training for Lord and Taylor, out of a total of 1450 women employed, 155 are college graduates. They fill every variety of positions. There is no bar to their progress and sex is never a deterrent to promotion of any sort.

Large numbers of business establishments that have no prejudice against college women and in fact welcome them to important positions, still draw the line against the college woman in the lower ranks of employment.

In applying for a beginner's position with a well known banking house in New York, a young woman prefaced her request for work with the remark: "I wish to apologize; I am a college graduate."

When the employment manager of the bank sought the reason for the strange apology, the young woman delivered herself of the following explanation:

"Employers are suspicious of a college girl who asks for an ordinary job. They think there is something the matter with her, if she is willing to start so low down the scale. Yet how am I to get into a bigger position without having had the necessary preliminary training?"

A spokesman for an employing concern gave the following reasons for this attitude:

"The college woman who willingly starts at the bottom is so exceptional as rightly to arouse suspicion. Most girls with college diplomas are impatient of restraint. They want key positions 'right off the reel.' They expect advancement faster than business can afford to give."

To the charge by the college woman that there is a "velvet wall" of prejudice operating against her in the business world, employers retaliate with a string of what they term the "negative characteristics" of the college girl as an employee. The most frequently mentioned shortcoming of the girl college graduate is the tendency to "breeze around" and to lose much valuable time before finally settling to the job in hand.

Other charges against her are that she is restless, subjective rather than objective, and lacks "business imagination." Her "want of democracy" is one of the things frequently held against her.

That the college woman has to force her way to positions to which the college man is admitted freely or is even invited, is conceded. In extenuation, however, it is pointed out that of the two, the college boy comes with a better preparation for the business world and that there is less ado about his training. The two may take the same courses in college. Psychologically, however, the man is better fitted for the bluntness and discipline essential in a big business organization.

The inroads which the college woman has made in business, the extent to which she has become not merely a factor in the world of affairs but a force, is testified to by the frequent criticism to which she is subjected. There was scarcely a convention of employers of business men in the past twelve months that did not have the topic of the "college girl in business" on its agenda. Invariably discussion of the college girl in business is begun in a tone of belligerency. Just as invariably such discussion ends on a peace note.

Some plain speaking on the subject of the college woman's ability, on the one hand, and on the shortsightedness of many employers, who look for faults in her with a magnifying glass, was done at the recent convention of the American Management Association. Instead of scolding the college woman and finding fault with her, C. R. Dooley of the Standard Oil Company, one of the speakers, suggested employers might more profitably take cognizance of the "different qualifications" [Continued on page 61]

Did You Ever Take an INTERNAL Bath?

By M. PHILIP STEPHENSON

THIS may seem a strange question. But if you want to magnify your energy—sharpen your brain to razor edge—put a glorious sparkle in your eye—pull yourself up to a health level where you can laugh at disease and glory in vitality—you're going to read this message to the last line.

I speak from experience. It was a message just such as this that dynamited me out of the slough of dullness and wretched health into the sunlit atmosphere of happiness, vitality and vigor. To me, and no doubt to you, an Internal Bath was something that had never come within my sphere of knowledge.

So I tore off a coupon similar to the one shown below. I wanted to find out what it was all about. And back came a booklet. This booklet was named "Why We Should Bathe Internally." It was just choked with common sense and facts.

What Is An Internal Bath?

This was my first shock. Vaguely I had an idea that an internal bath was an enema. Or by a stretch of the imagination a new-fangled laxative. In both cases I was wrong. A real, genuine, true internal bath is no more like an enema than a kite is like an airplane. The only similarity is the employment of water in each case. And so far as laxatives are concerned, I learned one thing—to abstain from them completely.

A bona fide internal bath is the administration into the intestinal tract of pure, warm water, Tyrrillized by a marvelous cleansing tonic. The appliance that holds the liquid and injects it is the J. B. L. Cascade, the invention of that eminent physician, Dr. Charles A. Tyrrill, who perfected it to save his own life. Now here's where the genuine internal bath differs radically from the enema.

The lower intestine, called by the great Professor Foges of Vienna "the most prolific source of disease," is five feet long and shaped like an inverted U—thus ∩. The enema cleanses but a third of this "horseshoe"—or to the first bend.

The J. B. L. Cascade treatment cleanses it the entire length—and is the only appliance that does. You have only to read that booklet "Why We Should Bathe Internally" to fully understand how the Cascade alone can do this. There is absolutely no pain or discomfort.

Why Take An Internal Bath?

Here is why: The intestinal tract is the waste canal of the body. Due to our soft foods, lack of vigorous exercise and highly artificial civilization, nine out of ten persons suffer from intestinal stasis (delay). The passage of waste is entirely too slow. Result: Germs and poisons breed in this

waste and enter the blood through the blood vessels in the intestinal walls.

These poisons are extremely insidious. The headaches you get—the skin blemishes—the fatigue—the mental sluggishness—the susceptibility to colds—and countless other ills are directly due to the presence of these poisons in your system. They are the generic causes of premature old age, rheumatism, high blood pressure and many serious maladies.

Thus it is imperative that your system be free of these poisons. And the only sure and effective means is internal bathing. In fifteen minutes it flushes the intestinal tract of all impurities. And each treatment strengthens the intestinal muscles so the passage of waste is hastened.

Immediate Benefits

Taken just before retiring you will sleep like a child. You will rise with a vigor that is bubbling over. Your whole attitude toward life will be changed. All clouds will be laden with silver. You will feel rejuvenated—remade. That is not my experience alone, but that of 900,000 men and women who faithfully practice this wonderful inner cleanliness! Just one internal bath a week to regain and hold glorious vibrant health! To toss off the rattle of old age—nervousness—and dull care! To fortify you against epidemics, colds, etc.

Is that fifteen minutes worth while?

Send for This Booklet

It is entirely FREE. And I am absolutely convinced that you will agree you never used a two cent stamp to better advantage. There are letters from many who achieved results that seem miraculous. As an eye-opener on health, this booklet is worth many, many times the price of that two cent stamp. Use the convenient coupon below or address the Tyrrill Hygienic Institute, Dept. 766, 152 West 65th Street, New York City—Now.

Tear Off and Mail at Once

Tyrrill's Hygienic Institute, Inc.
152 West 65th Street, Dept. 766
New York, N. Y.

Send me, without cost or obligation, your illustrated booklet on intestinal ills and the proper use of the famous Internal Bath—"Why We Should Bathe Internally."

Name

Street

CityState.....

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JASON WEILER & SONS, Boston, Mass.
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Illustrations show actual sizes of Shrine Rings. The Diamonds mounted in these Shrine Rings are of good color and fine cutting. All Rings are guaranteed to be perfect in workmanship and finish.

84126M. 14K. Solid Green or White Gold Ring with Shrine emblem raised in platinum \$12.50
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America's Leading Diamond Importers
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1 Carat, \$145.00

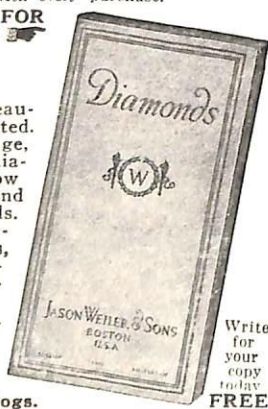
A few weights and prices of other diamond rings:
1/4 carat - \$31.00 1 1/2 carats - \$217.00
1/2 carat - 50.00 2 carats - 290.00
3/4 carat - 73.00 3 carats - 435.00

Diamonds sent for inspection to your Bank or Express Co.—before payment, if desired.
If desired, rings will be sent to any bank you may name or any Express Co., with privilege of examination. Our diamond guarantee for full value for all time goes with every purchase.

WRITE TODAY FOR THIS CATALOG FREE ON "HOW TO BUY DIAMONDS"

This book is beautifully illustrated. Tells how to judge, select and buy diamonds. Tells how they mine, cut and market diamonds. This book, showing weights, sizes, prices and qualities \$20.00 to \$200.00 is considered an authority.

Also write for Shrine Emblem and Jewelry and Watch Catalogs.



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Address.....

City..... State.....



Ask
Mrs.
FREDERICK!
(Home as a Vacation Practise-House)

BOOKS soon will be laid aside and flustering sweet girl graduates blushing receive their ribbon-rolled diplomas. Then whither? Perhaps rightly to a camp, become a transplanted and extended school. Perhaps to vacation playgrounds. Perhaps only to "get a job."

Why not accept a summer opportunity and make home a "practise-house" in management? The plan is well known, in courses featuring domestic subjects, of having a "practise-house" controlled and operated entirely by girl students. Some market, others cook and serve, still others care for rooms or the real live "baby" which is their pride. All this experience is admirable. I only ask why, on a lesser or simpler scale, similar activities cannot be shouldered by the girl home from school?

Here, right to her hand, is mother's kitchen, "free food" as it were, on which to experiment, and a typical family awaiting her research. Surely an average home presents a laboratory as definitely as a course in Chemistry A! And appliances of a modern type furnish good examples of the principles taught more dryly in Physics C! Housework is applied science, whether combining the right chemicals in a balanced meal or understanding the right leverage of a mop handle. House-furnishing is applied art; house-management is applied psychology and considerable applied business principles. The college graduate who becomes a modern "home manager" will need to draw on every subject she learned at college.

"But I don't want Edith messing and wasting her time in the kitchen," complains the mother. What a wrong attitude! If Edith and Sue and Joan never have a chance to meddle in some kitchen, how can they be expected at a future day to handle their own with assured ease and skill?

Let Edith relieve Mother and act as a temporary "understudy." Give her the household allowance, help her plan the work, and gradually let her shoulder the full responsibility. Also, and this is not the least point, give Edith fair pay for her work. Too often girls go seeking a summer job, who might far better remain at home, part-time vacation assistants with pay according.

The vacation interval may be seized as a choice opportunity to gain household experience invaluable to the new bride when she starts a home of her own.

Our Prize Contest for this month was named by one of our readers. In a recent letter she wrote: "Won't you please send me recipes for something cool to eat in hot weather?" So I have called this the "Something-cool-to-eat" Contest. Recipes

may feature a main dish, a chilled jelly, a novel substantial salad, a frozen dessert. I will set no strict limits so that we may have recipes in fullest variety. Any dish (not a beverage) that is cool, refreshing or frozen is eligible.

SOMETHING-COOL-TO-EAT CONTEST

1—Write only on one side of the paper.
2—Write only one recipe to a page, but you may send in as many recipes as you choose.
3—Write recipe in standard recipe form, giving ingredients, method, time of cooking, etc.
4—Address The Contest Editor, Shrine Service, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City. Contributions must be received by July 15th.

First prize, \$10, next \$5, then \$2 each for the following three best recipes, and \$1 paid for any recipe used by the magazine.

THE PRIZE WINNERS IN THE LEFT-OVER CONTEST

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

MRS. D. A. MCCARTY,
R. F. D. 3, Box 291,
Roanoke, Va.

Stuffed Bermuda Onions

6 Bermuda onions, 3/4 pound left-over meat put through grinder; 1 tbsp. minced onion, 1 tsp. salt, 1/2 tsp. pepper, 1 tsp. mustard salad dressing, 1 tbsp. tomato catsup. Skin onions and cut slice from top of each, scooping out centers. Cover onions with boiling water and simmer until tender without losing shape. Combine meat and seasonings, mix well and stuff into center cavities. Place onions in baking dish, sprinkle tops with buttered crumbs, and bake 1/2 hour in oven at 400° F. (Serve 6).

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

MRS. W. A. BROWN,
Cartersville, Georgia.

Jellied Chicken Loaf

2 cups strong chicken stock, 1 tbsp. granulated gelatin, 2 cups diced cooked chicken, 1/2 cup minced celery, 1 tbsp. onion juice, 1 cup fine cracker crumbs, juice 1 lemon, salt, pepper, paprika. Mayonnaise, pimiento.
Dissolve gelatin in cold water to cover, then in boiling stock. Add all other ingredients and pack into shallow brick pan. Chill on ice. Serve whole or in thin slices using mayonnaise and pimiento for garnish.

\$2.00 WINNER

MRS. C. C. LITTELL,
222 Lonsdale avenue,
Dayton, Ohio.

Deviled Fritter Sandwich

1 cup finely chopped cooked ham, 2 hard boiled eggs, chopped, 1/4 tsp. Worcestershire Sauce, 1 tsp. lemon juice, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1/2 tsp. salt, 2 tbsps. each, chopped raw green pepper and sour pickle.
Mix all ingredients together. Moisten with sufficient mayonnaise to make soft. Spread filling between 2 slices bread, cut from small loaf; skewer together with toothpicks. Beat 1 egg mix with 1/2 cup milk. Dip each sandwich in this batter. Brown in hot butter or

ASK MRS. FREDERICK

[Continued from page 60]

cooking fat, in frying pan, on both sides. (Makes 8 sandwiches).

Other prize winners: Mrs. W. B. Duncan, Mitchel Field, Hempstead, L. I., Biscuit Meat Pie; Mrs. Max M. Dreyfus, 2103 Marengo street, New Orleans, La., Creole Baked Tomatoes; Mrs. N. M. Browder, 718 Washington avenue, Montgomery, Ala., Mexican Spaghetti Stew; Mrs. J. C. McKenzie, Elizabeth, Ill., Spanish Rice.

[Shrine Service Continued on page 64]

SHRINE SERVICE LEAFLETS

These leaflets, prepared by Mrs. Frederick, will be of great value in your Home-making activities. Send a self-addressed envelope, and add postage according to leaflets selected.

1. The Company Meal that Comes in Cans—2¢
2. Helpful Housecleaning Hints—2¢
3. Taking the Blue Out of Monday—2¢
4. Equipping the Kitchen Built-for-Two—2¢
5. What to Serve with Salads—2¢
6. Frosty Drinks—2¢
7. A Dozen Sandwiches—2¢
8. Quick Breads—2¢
9. The Home-makers Road Map—4¢
10. Feeding Through Babyhood—2¢
11. "Choosing the Child's Camp" Directory—10¢
12. Canned Milk in Cooking—2¢
13. Canning Chart—15¢ (stamps for this should be enclosed, not affixed to envelope.)

THE COLLEGE WOMAN IN BUSINESS

[Continued from page 59]

which the college women bring to business and learn how to assimilate them to greater mutual advantage.

"I venture to suggest a period of coordination," Mr. Dooley said, "where we shall learn to team up the masculine mind and the feminine mind in performing a task. It seems that when they work together the two can produce a better result than if left by themselves."

To the charge that the college woman is temperamental the Standard Oil official merely shrugged his shoulders:

"Men and women are both temperamental in different ways—and what's the difference."

On the positive side of the college woman as an employee the following characteristics of her were emphasized:

She is not a "clock watcher" and once she becomes "acclimatized" in her job she brings to it a great deal of self-reliance and seriousness. She has a certain dignity about her person and maintains at all times a "pleasing discreetness" in her relations with other employees, especially with men employees. She is seldom a "slave to sentimentality" and is not insistent that men "pay court to her all the time."

A significant observation on the college woman's ability as an executive is made by an executive of wide experience.

"I find her successful in executive positions, stories of the college woman's, or for that matter any woman's, inability to get on with subordinates to the contrary. Having herself been subject to oppression and discrimination, she is inclined to be more sympathetic to a subordinate than a man might be. As for the statement that men will not have a woman for their superior, that is part nonsense. Able management transcends sex prejudice as it transcends other prejudices."

So, college women, as with persons in general, can go in business as far as they have it in them to go.



Add to the joy
of the open road—
this pleasure-giving
refreshment.

Between Smokes and
After Every Meal



8 POWER \$9.85
Day and Night Lenses

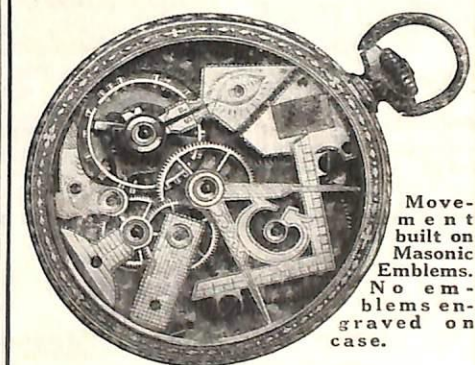
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GERMAN FIELD GLASSES

Objects 10 to 20 miles away appear 8 times nearer. Experienced aptness say "next to a good gun—the most essential part of the hunter's equipment."
Made according to strict specifications of military engineers. Sold by sporting goods, optical and camera supply stores in the U. S. A. and Canada, or sent postpaid on receipt of check, money order or C. O. D. The S & A Guarantee means full cash refund if not satisfactory.
Our expert repair department will submit estimates on glasses sent in for repairs.

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BOSTON, MASS. TORONTO, CANADA
Sole Distributors for HENSOLDT PRODUCTS
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PRISM BINOCULARS sent on request.



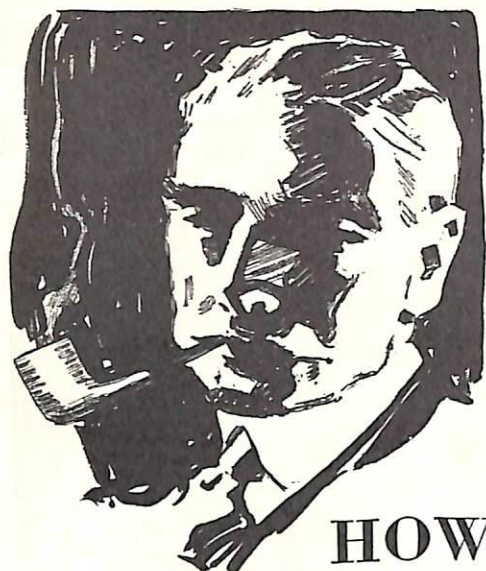
Movement built on Masonic Emblems. No emblems engraved on case.

AMERICA'S FINEST TIMEPIECE

The Dudley Masonic Emblem Watch

12-size Movement, 19 jewels. 8 Adjustments and Fully Guaranteed. Both metal back and glass back. Made for Masons. Sold direct from Factory. A Liberal Time Payment Allowed. Watch Will Be Mailed for Inspection. Write for Full Particulars.

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HOW You Can Find All of the Genuine Pleasure of Pipe Smoking—

Fill in the coupon below and we will send you a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco. Then light up your pipeful and draw in that cool, extra smooth tobacco fragrance that is making so many men say—Old Briar is bringing to them all of the genuine pleasure, comfort and cheer of pipe smoking.

Old Briar TOBACCO



"The best
pipe smoke
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25¢ size

Only the highest quality tobaccos, entrusted to experts with years of scientific knowledge in the art of mellowing and blending, go into Old Briar Tobacco. And quantity production makes it possible at such a moderate price.

In sizes at 25c, 50c, \$1 and \$2
Of All the Pleasures Man Enjoys
Pipe Smoking Costs the Least

UNITED STATES TOBACCO COMPANY
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Special Offer

Send 10c—coin or stamps—for postage, mailing expense and tax, and we will send you a generous package of Old Briar Tobacco—enough for several hours of complete enjoyment.

Tear out and Mail with coin or stamps to:
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Richmond, Va., U. S. A.

Print Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....



WITHIN THE SHRINE



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50]

EL ZARIBAH, PHOENIX, ARIZ.

The Spring Ceremonial was held here on April 20th. The boys came from all points in the State to see the solemn proceedings and entertainment put on under the direction of Potentate Cliff Carpenter.

GIZEH, VICTORIA, B. C.

The Divan and members generally were very much interested in the reports brought back by its delegates to the joint Ceremonial in Wenatchee, Wash. concerning the preliminary organization of the Pacific Northwest Shrine Association, which will include this Temple and Al Azhar in Calgary. It is felt that this will make for closer relations with the sister temples across the border.

The trippers to Wenatchee say they were royally entertained.

HADI, EVANSVILLE, IND.

There were high jinks in Evansville on the occasion of the Black Cat Ceremonial on Friday, the 13th of April. The program began with the Booster Club meeting in the mosque at noon, followed by a business meeting. At 3:30 P. M. the black cat parade formed at the mosque with hundreds of nobles participating. A feature of the parade was the presence of the crippled children in automobiles.

There were dinners for the Nobility, the uniformed bodies and candidates at the Scottish Rite Cathedral and Masonic Temple. At 6:15 the Hadi Band began its concert in the Coliseum. At 7 P. M. came the grand entrance led by the Band, Patrol and Drum Corps.

The uniformed bodies were of great assistance in securing petitions for this ceremonial. Heralded by a squadron of advance agents and Potentate Clarence H. Blemker, they set a fast and furious pace. They worked in Oakland City, Winslow, Francisco, Petersburg, Washington and Vincennes. The Nobility royally entertained them in all these places.

Other items on the program for April included the Sunday dinner on the 15th; High 12 Club luncheon, clabber tournament, Olivet Booster Club luncheon, reception and dance for the new members, all on the 16th; regular monthly business meeting on the 19th; card party for ladies only, arranged by ladies of the Divan, April 25th.

HAMASA, MERIDIAN, MISS.

Hamasa prepared for the trip to the Imperial Council Session by giving a benefit circus and a picture show together with daily drills of the Patrol and bi-weekly practises of the Band. Hamasa took her Patrol of thirty men and a Band of like number to Miami by special train.

Hamasa's new Temple Dedication Ceremonial has been set for June 21st when the new building will be complete. Negotiations were entered into last year with an amusement company to lease the auditorium as a theater. This lease facilitated the \$225,000 loan necessary to complete the interior of the building, started some years ago, thus giving a very beautiful Temple for Shrine use ten days out of each year, and the city with a much needed up-to-date theater. Work was started last November.

It is planned to make the June Ceremonial a big homecoming affair for the entire membership of Hamasa with all the nearby temples invited as guests.

CHEJAZ, GREENVILLE, S. C.

On April 19th the slogan was "Rock Hill or Bust." Of course, nothing went bust and so Greenville Shriners and their



Noble F. E. Kane,
chairman, Mabi's
Publicity Committee,
the Shrine
Convention.

families took Rock Hill by storm, and disposed of their Spring Ceremonial, assisted by the local members.

HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS

The Patrol is snapping along briskly this year, having the general guidance of W. P. Ellis, president of the Patrol Association for 1928. Other officers are: W. F. Bane, vice-president; Dennis G. Colwell, secretary (re-elected); Lloyd A. Skiles, captain; H. A. Glenn, first lieutenant; Harvey S. Tre-witt, second lieutenant.

As a result of trips by Potentate Owens and other officers of the Temple to Texarkana and other points, there were several candidates from outside of Dallas in the Ceremonial session here of April 20th. Judge Towne Young, High Priest and Prophet, and Noble A. C. Ater were in charge of the recruits from Texarkana.

HILLAH, ASHLAND, ORE.

The long journey from this town to Wenatchee, Wash., was made by a good sized contingency, to assist in the joint Ceremonial there and the organization of the Pacific Northwest Shrine Association.

INDIA, OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Not satisfied with one Ceremonial on April 20th, the Nobility turned right around and arranged one for May 18th.

Potentate Claude M. March intends to keep the old machine going "in high" throughout his year, so that two Ceremonials in the Spring are merely indications of what is to come.

The Building Association has completed refinancing the Temple without an assessment.

IREM, WILKES-BARRE, PA.

On the 27th day, 10th month, Hegira, 1346, which we today call April 18th, 1928, a Ceremonial was held at the behest of the new Potentate, Harold N. Rust. A band concert provided a joyful interlude between the business sessions, 3:00-6:00 P. M., and the formal proceedings. One of the special events was the presentation of the Past Potentate's jewel to Noble Henry W. Merritt, who ruled 1925-26-27. Nearly 100 Novices were initiated.

Noble Joseph H. Schlingmann, chairman of Irem's ambassadors, has formed a squad of Wilkes-Barre Nobles to travel through all parts of Irem's territory, for the purpose of keeping up a direct liaison between the Potentate and his aides in other towns.

The annual golf dinner, for Nobles only, was held in Irem Country Club. Reports and schedules for the coming season were submitted.

Irem Gun Club did some shooting on April 14th and 28th, and May 12th and 26th. Future dates are June 9th and 23rd.

ISLAM, SAN FRANCISCO

The Divan and a heavy aggregation of members went to Fresno and conducted a colorful Ceremonial on May 19th, giving the [Shrine News Continued on page 63]

Moslem test to 75 Novices who made the pilgrimage for light and knowledge of the true faith from various points in Fresno County. The Fresno Shrine Club is very active.

So also is the one in Marin County, headquartered in San Rafael, and the Santa Clara County organization in San Jose.

The Redwoods Shrine group, under the presidency of Francis V. Keesling, is preparing for an active season. Islam owns 1640 acres of the finest Redwoods in California, only two hours ride from San Francisco. It makes a perfect vacation home exclusively for Islam members and their families. Many cottages have been built there, with others planned. Every dollar received above actual expenses of maintenance and improvements goes into the project, so that one may have a log cabin for years for the cost of the average Summer vacation. Contemplated future improvements are a large lake for boating, bathing and fishing, and a dance pavilion—there will be every known equipment to make this spot a perfect place of rest and recreation for Nobles and their families.

Reservations are being made steadily for the Islam cruise to the Orient, starting from San Francisco on August 3rd.

JAFFA, ALTOONA, PA.

This being Jaffa's silver anniversary year, the Nobility put on a special head of steam in getting petitions for the Ceremonial of April 26th, which also was William G. Munn's first as Potentate for the year. Thus, the class was larger than usual and everything was done in keeping with the importance of the special occasion.

Jaffa also has a slogan for the year—"A New Temple in 1928." Its assets are \$300,120, including the \$240,214 property held by the Jaffa Improvement Association and the \$19,273 cash in the hands of the Receiving Treasurer for the new building fund.

The Temple's widows' benefit fund has \$34,961 on hand. In 1927 it paid out \$48,000 for 48 deaths. There are 4,527 members, a gain of 151 in 1927, and the annual assessment was \$11.00 each.

JERUSALEM, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

A regular meeting and Ceremonial was held on April 18th, with a large attendance and a good sized class of Novices. The uniformed bodies performed with their usual éclat. In the words of Recorder Frank J. Herman, the performance was "eccentric, effervescent and electrified."

Being on the way to and from Miami, Jerusalem Temple entertained the faithful from eight or ten temples.

KALURAH, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

Not to be outdone by other Temples in the trek to Albany to see Cyprus greet the Imperial Potentate, this unit of Shrinedom also made up a party and went there. Upon their return the boys reported a good time.

KAREM, WACO, TEXAS

Work is going forward on the new Shrine Temple here, to cost \$250,000 and to be used exclusively by Karem. The building will be of three floors and basement, of reinforced concrete and ornamental face brick.

Work is in charge of the Karem Temple Building Corporation with the following officers: president, G. H. Zimmerman; vice-presidents, Frank M. Miller and Frank Holt; secretary, W. F. Quebe, the Recorder; treasurer, N. D. Naman.

KOSAIR, LOUISVILLE, KY.

The Spring Ceremonial was held on April 23rd. The dancing girls reported at the [Shrine News Continued on page 65]

.. and now DUNLOP sponsors it..

MANY months ago, Dunlop started to build a 75c golf-ball.

Thousands upon thousands were made and sold. They were called "Maxpar."

They were orphans. Dunlop withheld the Dunlop name—the greatest name in golf.

They had to win their own way in the world. They had to prove themselves to possess *all* the best qualities of *every* other 75c ball.

Thousands of golfers gave them untold punishment. Orders from professionals for this Spring's delivery are already in excess of manufacturing capacity.

The Maxpar had conclusively earned its right to the Dunlop hall-mark. So now it is the Dunlop "Maxpar." It is a *Dunlop*.. in quality as well as name



AGENTS

HERE is a new Household Device that beats a Vacuum cleaner and all attachments. It not only sweeps thoroughly and cleans walls and ceilings but also washes and dries windows and scrubs and mops floors. Requires no electricity. Every home a prospect. Only \$2.95. Over half profit. Write your name and address at the edge of this ad and mail to us today for complete selling terms. HARPER MFG. CO. 566 10th St., Fairfield, Iowa.



SHRINE RADIO LAMP

Just the lamp for your Radio Desk. Den, Newel Post, etc. Be one of the delighted Nobles along with hundreds of other satisfied Shriners throughout North America. Made up in the original Shrine colors, Fez shade made up in red, black tassel and gold letters.

PRICE COMPLETE
Including Parcel Post, \$6.00
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WADEFRED SPECIALTY COMPANY
2633 Germantown Ave. Philadelphia, Pa.



THIS ENJOYABLE NEW WAY

Keep physically fit—radiantly healthy! You can now exercise and massage your whole body in this surprisingly simple new way right in your home—without any effort. Thousands are doing it.

Oscillate Your Way To Health

The rapidly oscillating girdles of the "Health Builder" give a combined massage-vibratory treatment better than a skilled masseur. No electric current touches you. The Health Builder vigorously massages the heaviest muscles, peps up sluggish circulation, aids digestion and elimination, strengthens muscle "tone" and improves the functions of the internal organs.

Send for "Keeping Fit In Fifteen Minutes a Day"—a valuable Free Book showing the "Battle Creek Health Builder" in operation—with complete series of home exercises.

Sanitarium Equipment Co.
Room Z-198 Battle Creek, Mich.

Gentlemen:
Please send me the FREE BOOK "KEEPING FIT"—Today.

Name

Address

City State

Made by the manufacturers of the famous
"Mechanical Health Horse"
and "Electric and Sunshine Baths."

SELL LIFE PROTECTION

\$50 to \$100
A WEEK TO AGENTS

Amazing Anti-Glare Device for Automobiles

Prevents loss of life and makes big money for salesmen. Motorists buy on 30-second demonstration. Treated by secret process. Shields the eyes from dazzling headlights. Also used by day as a rear-view mirror. Unique, mystifying. Big season now. Write for details of our generous trial offer and **RECEIVE NATIONAL MONEY**. MAKING plan with special discount prices to agents. No obligation. Address

THE LEE SEE CO.
Dept. 286, Kewaunee, Wisconsin.



DEVICES TESTED by SHRINE SERVICE

CONDUCTED BY MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK

(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)



(Left) The novelty of the summer season! Balls of real silver which can be cooled on ice, then dropped into refreshment glass.



(Right) The housewife need not be kitchen-bound in summer if she sets the clock and turns the switch of this cooker which cooks food for her.

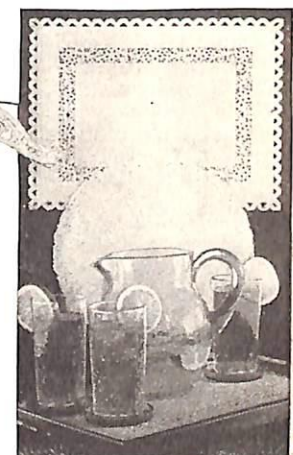
(Right) Any summer beverage may be carbonated instantly with a sparklet from this efficient syphon which holds a quantity of any liquid and makes it "fizz" like sodawater as it pours.



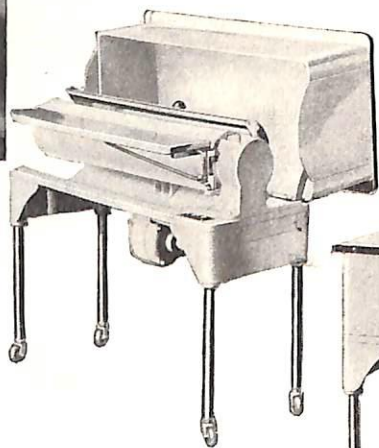
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MISS DOROTHY KNAPP
acclaimed the world's
most beautiful woman
who uses the "Health
Builder" daily in her
home.



(Right) Trays and summer table service are made more attractive by the use of decorative lace paper doilies; products which also greatly reduce dish-washing toil.



(Left and Below) Double duty is performed by this combination ironer which the rest of the week serves as kitchen table.



(Above) This tiny electric range cooks from toast to roast without special wiring, direct from wall outlet on 110 voltage. Has super-heat-plate for concentrated cooking.



(Right) Refreshing beverages result from this unbreakable reamer which easily extracts and strains the juice from lemon, orange and grapefruit. Reamer in three sizes.

(Manufacturers, desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be outfitted with 32-volt motors. This address is for manufacturers only. Readers wishing to communicate with Mrs. Frederick will please address her at The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. C., enclosing stamped envelope for reply.



SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 63]

same time as the Novices but that didn't help the Novices any. They got all the laughs and the applause was reserved for the girls. Everything went off very well and pilgrims emerged all ready to wear their fez and smile.

LULU, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

At the March Ceremonial a class of 143 candidates went through the mill. The big scene consisted of an oasis in the desert, the oriental buildings of a little village, buried in deep green garden, and below in the distance the blue waters of the sea. In the center of this beautiful oasis the ruler of the country held court and this developed into the impressive ceremony work. Potentate Highfield, Chief Rabban Walter F. Fancourt, Jr., and Assistant Rabban William W. McKim went through their parts with distinction.

The big LuLu Band and LuLu Patrols were as good as ever. Dr. J. Marvin Hanna led the song fest, and also the LuLu Temple choir recital.

The Nobility confirmed Potentate Highfield's creation of Noble John J. Pershing as an honorary member.

The ceremonial of April 4th was also a big affair, with the added importance of the presence of the Imperial Potentate.

The Band now has its own publication called LuLu Temple Lyre. Noble John W. Laird is editor. The Band is planning several visits to other temples, including a return of the greatly enjoyed visits of the musical aggregation of Rajah.

MASKAT, WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

The Temple's scouts have about finished their Spring trips to Shrine centers, exchanging felicitations with Nobles who are unable to visit here often. The parties which went to Graham and Jacksboro, were more than 100 strong.

MECCA, NEW YORK CITY

On April 11th Mecca held its Spring ceremonial, and the first under Potentate Arthur L. Lee, plus the addition of the presence of Imperial Potentate Dunbar and an unusually large number of visiting potentates, recorders, representatives, etc. It was a very colorful spectacle and an eye-opener to the 59 candidates. Past Potentate Harry C. Arthur acted as Director.

There was an attendance of 3,000 Nobles. They were good stayers, too, since the proceedings lasted from the beginning of the business session at 3:00 P. M. to the end of the "wrecking"—some wrecking—after midnight. The Patrol, Band and Fifers were in fine fettle.

Nearly every visiting Potentate was introduced by Noble Lee as "my potentate," his honorary memberships outside of New York being numerous. Apparently the only one missing from his list that night was Palestine Temple in Providence, R. I., and the Imperial Potentate remedied that right then and there before the entire audience by inducting him into Palestine.

Snow white ponies were used in the Ceremonial and the Potentate rode in a fashionable barouche. In the entertainment Magna's Oriental Girls scintillated with harem dancers.

Applause was thunderous for Chief Rabban Schmuck, Chief Justice of the City Court, who had been elevated the day before to the State Supreme Court. Assistant Rabban Charles W. Folks rendered the Inspired Charge, and Max Fuchs the opening address to the candidates.

MEDIA, WATERTOWN, N. Y.

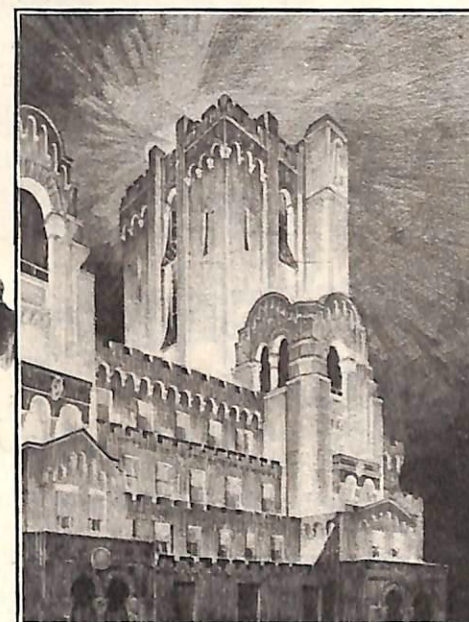
Media was duly represented at Noble [Shrine News Continued on page 68]

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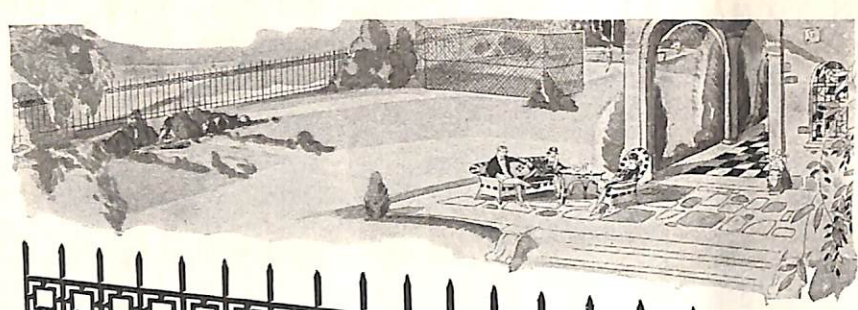
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A TIME PROVEN PRODUCT

AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 33]

eagle in the air; the way of a serpent upon a rock, the way of a ship in the midst of the sea, and the way of a man with a maid."

With all reverence, I venture the opinion that had Allah spared the great philosopher to this day, he might have been a Shriner and paraphrased this passage to make it read:

"The way of a Noble with his Potentate, the way of a patrolman with his captain, the way of a Musician with his Band Master and the way of a Chanter with his Director as four more things I know not!"

At least it would take a man with Solomon's reputed wisdom to understand them!

The congressman and his aspirants for the village post office, the jack pot dealer and his six poker players are not in a bit worse fix than the Potentate, the Patrol Captain, Band Leader and the Song Bird Director!

We put these Nobles in positions where they must make decisions. If they were not high average Shriners we would not put them there!

Often the decision is as unsatisfactory to the Potentate or one of the officers, as was the deal to the poker dealer who failed to better his aces up.

He didn't grouch about it and quit the game! He didn't stop playing because someone beat him. There is always another deal! If there is any sort of a moral to this tale it is that none of us, good Shriners that we are, should grouch over the decisions of men we select to decide things for us.

THE COTTON-WOOL CHILD [Continued from page 19]

where he had planned to spend the winter, painting, seemed empty and alien.

Mrs. Campion, tearful, hysterical, called upon him.

"John, you're the only person who can help me! We've got to do something about Elsbeth. She—she's crazy!"

He held out his hands. "I can't help you," he said. The blind leading the blind.

But if Elsbeth was blind, at least she knew her direction.

She had made up her mind to spend the winter, alone, in the house she had bought. Without adequate heating, without, even, running water, she was going to shift for herself.

"But why?" John asked her. "I have to," she said. "Then, at least, no one can say I'm unfit to marry Charley!"

He didn't want to ask it, yet the question slipped out, half spoken. "And Charley—?"

Her eyes did not waver. "Oh, he thinks I'm crazy," she admitted. "But he's made a bargain with me. He's promised me that he won't marry anyone else before spring. He doesn't consider himself engaged to me any more, I guess—but I'm engaged to him!"

While incredulous summer people watched and wondered, Elsbeth Campion moved from her parents' home into her new house. Quaint and charming it was; a hundred New England winters it had withstood, and it bore the scars. The elder Campions, helpless before this new, resolute Elsbeth, closed their house and went away. Hendon settled itself for the winter, and finally John Allen, alone, lingered on.

"Look here, John Allen," she accused him one day, "Are you staying down here to be company for me?"

He shook his head.
Yet why was he [Continued on page 67]

THE COTTON-WOOL CHILD [Continued from page 66]

remaining, when daily the unheated studio grew colder and colder? It was as though he could not go, could not be given his release, until her comedy had played itself out. Her problem had become to him life itself; her salvation was his.

Sometimes she read him bits from Charley's weekly letters, dull accounts of the doing of a dull person. He would sit and stare at her, when she had finished. She was alive as she had never been alive, lovely as she had never been lovely.

It was snowing when she brought the telegram to him.

"Are you going to give me some tea, John? I'm frozen."

He put on the tea-kettle sullenly.

"I came in to ask you for dinner tonight. Just got a telegram from Charley. He's thrown up his job—I don't know what it's all about. Anyway, he's arriving on the afternoon train."

"Probably wants to take that job your father offered him!" John said, bitterly.

Elsbeth's eyes were laughing. "Probably," she assented. Her laughter found voice; pink-cheeked, glowing, she stood and laughed at him. "Old cross patch!"

He hated her. He hated her confidence and her friendliness. Well, she'd got her own way—and he wished her joy of it!

He made up his mind not to go near her again; he'd pack up and go to Europe, as he'd intended. And at six o'clock, he knocked at her kitchen door.

Charley Blake rose from the chair by the window and wrung his hand.

Charley Blake was full of conversation, which was lucky, as John sat in moody silence throughout dinner, and afterwards. He hadn't fully realized, until this noisy, loud-laughing boy came to shatter it, how much he had been enjoying these evenings with Elsbeth. He was conscious of her eyes, darting grave glances toward young Blake, of young Blake himself looking upon Elsbeth with a sort of hunger. Without doubt, they wished he wasn't there. Well, he'd been asked, and he was going to stay!

He stayed. It was nearly midnight.

"I'll walk along to the hotel with you," he said, and waited stolidly, while young Blake put on his overcoat.

Once outside the house, he started up the road at a terrific pace.

"Gee, Beth's like a different person, isn't she?" said the young man.

"Umm," said John.

He growled a good-night and continued up the road, through the chilled moonlight, past his studio, beyond the railroad track. If Elsbeth Campion married this young boor, then there was no sense in life! He couldn't permit it! He would go to her and tell her; surely, in these months, they had become friends enough for that. He would tell her, simply, that Blake was coarse-skinned, thick-witted. "After all, my dear," he'd say to her, "it isn't as though I had any personal prejudice. It's just for your own happiness. It isn't as if I were in love with you."

"Oh, it isn't, isn't it?" commented the voice of John Allen's conscience, and laughed raucously.

John Allen stopped stock-still in the middle of the road.

He wanted to laugh, and he wanted to cry; he told himself that he was funny and that he was tragic, that he was a fool and that he had at last attained the beginning of wisdom. He wanted to go away where he would never see either Elsbeth Campion or young Blake again—and he wanted to run the three miles back along that silent road and clasp Elsbeth Campion tight in his arms.

Desperately, John [Continued on page 69]

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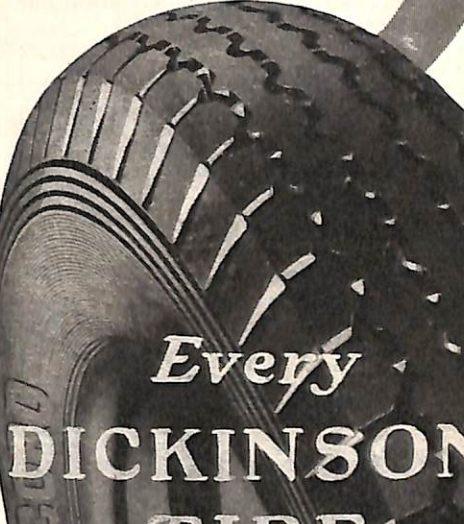
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WITHIN THE SHRINE

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 65])

Dunbar's formal visit to Cyprus in Albany. A large crowd motored over, and many went on the train, to join in the welcome to the Imperial Potentate.

The Divan and uniformed bodies are now preparing for the next Ceremonial.

(MEDINAH, CHICAGO, ILL.

Nineteen past potentates were signally honored at the Spring Ceremonial. They were special guests of the Divan, which worked with the wrecking crew in assisting 100 Novices to cross the hot sands. Potentate Edward H. Thomas, Past Imperial Potentate Frank C. Roundy, Past Potentate Edward L. Johnson and Noble Arthur W. Fraser were in charge of the program, witnessed by 6,000 Nobles.

(MIDIAN, WICHITA, KANS.

Midian's Band and Patrol jointly sent 100 of their members throughout this area as advance agents of the annual Spring Ceremonial, held here on April 27th. They went to Medicine Lodge, Anthony, Harper and other places, and generally found a welcome from local Shriners.

(MOILA, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

The Temple Band and 60 other members of Moila went to Rock Port, Mo., recently, and were entertained by the Nobility there. The Band gave a public concert in the Rock Port auditorium. A caravan of 50 from Moila also went to Maryville, Mo., for a get-together there.

Moila's Spring Ceremonial was held on April 19th, when a class of 40 Novices was initiated.

The annual Shrine ball was held in the auditorium on April 26th.

(MOOLAH, ST. LOUIS, MO.

There was a supper dance in the Jefferson Hotel on April 14th, and an informal one in the Temple on the 20th.

A regular business meeting was held on April 18th, where plans were discussed for the next Ceremonial, set for June 2nd.

The Moolah Temple Association met the same evening.

(MOROCCO, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

Morocco put on a Ceremonial in Marianna on March 28th. Through the kindness of the Haag Mighty Shows, owned by Noble Fred Haag, the Temple was permitted to hold the Ceremonial, which was a decided success, under the big circus tent.

The parade through the principal streets of the city by the Uniformed Bodies and the Nobility, including the Marianna Shrine Club, had an added feature in the presence of elephants. Judge Louie W. Strum, of the Florida Supreme Court, Potentate of Morocco, was the only Noble to take advantage of the offer of an elephant ride.

(MOSLEM, DETROIT, MICH.

The last dinner dance until next Autumn was held April 17th on the fifth floor of the new Masonic Temple. Many unusual features were also provided. Tickets for 500 couples were distributed, but no more, to avoid overcrowding. Members were permitted to have outside friends as guests.

Noble J. D. Richardson was general chairman, with Noble Cliff Holbrook as dinner and dance chairman.

(MOUNT SINAI, MONTPELIER, VT.

Phoenix rising from the ashes is exemplified again in the Temple's recovery from

the disastrous flood of this Spring, in which most of its paraphernalia and uniforms were destroyed. The band uniforms were saved, however, and the Temple has purchased new ones for the Arab patrol and new robes for the officers. Recorder Chas. H. Heaton reports cheerfully "we are still doing business at the old stand."

Mount Sinai Temple ranks third in Shrine-dom, having been organized on Oct. 31st, 1876, being junior only to Mecca in New York City and Damascus in Rochester.

(NILE, SEATTLE, WASH.

Nile's Luncheon Club entertained the Nobility on April 5th at its 94th affair, meeting in the Spanish ballroom of the Olympic Hotel. James T. Brown, business agent for the Walker Whiteside Theatrical Company, told stories: "some story teller."

For Easter attendance favors there were Stetson and Hatton hats and caps, donated by Noble Eugene Hatton. The lilies came from Noble Charles O. Dignan of the Wood-lawn Flower Shop.

The Divan went to Wenatchee to do its part in the joint Afifi-El Katif Ceremonial.

(OASIS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

More than 2,000 Shriners from Charlotte, Asheville and other points in this area attended the Ceremonial on March 22nd, made notable also by the visit of the Imperial Potentate.

A class of 23 novices braved the heat of the desert and came through as good Moslems.

Supplementing the big time were several receptions and dinners, with entertainment features for the ladies who were in attendance upon Mrs. Simpson, wife of the Potentate, and Margaret, the daughter of Noble Dunbar.

Discussion continues concerning the proposal to have Oasis and the local Scottish Rite build a new Temple.

(OLEIKA, LEXINGTON, KY.

The annual Spring Ceremonial was held on April 20th. The affair was staged in the Masonic Temple, the uniformed bodies and all other essential units cooperating.

(ORAK, HAMMOND, IND.

This Temple is one of the many that sent a large group of its faithful on the pilgrimage to Havana after the Imperial Council session in Miami. They went to the convention city in a de luxe special train. Noble Vernon Hinkle and Mrs. Hinkle were in charge of the party for the personally conducted sight-seeing. Several stops en route were made, including the battlefields at Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain.

(ORIENTAL, TROY, N. Y.

Several hundred members of this Temple went to Albany on March 30th to witness the Imperial Potentate's visitation to Cyprus Temple. For mere visitors they took a big part in the proceedings, especially Oriental's Band.

The sixth annual concert of Oriental Temple Band of 72 pieces under the direction of Noble William Noller took place on April 18th in Music Hall, Troy. The Band was assisted by Miss Emily Roosevelt, dramatic soprano, and Miss Mary Antoinette Reynolds, pianist.

On June 8th Oriental Temple will make a pilgrimage to Glens Falls, N. Y., the birthplace and home of Potentate Ralph W. Rennie. A large class of candidates, gathered from the "Great North Country," will cross the hot sands. The program includes a parade and sports in the afternoon, ban-

[Shrine News Continued on page 70]

THE COTTON-WOOL CHILD

[Continued from page 67]

Allen set his legs in motion. He wasn't going anywhere in particular. "Purely accidental that you're pointed toward her house, isn't it, you poor fool?" queried that roused and dyspeptic intelligence. "Yes, it is!" said John, defiantly, and stopped and contemplated Elsbeth's picket fence. He had no intention of going in; he just wanted to look at her house.

It was still lighted.

John Allen coughed.

He was seized with a paroxysm of coughing, there in the still night.

A window creaked open.

"Is that you, John Allen?"

"Yes," he admitted.

He could see her, silhouetted in the moonlight.

"What do you mean by staring at my house like that?" Her voice, gay, laughing, floated out to him through the cold air. "I was just going to bank my fires and go to bed. Since you're here, why don't you go get me a hod of coal?"

It was an inspired idea! He could think of nothing, at that particular moment, that he wanted to do so much as get a hod of coal! He entered her house confidently, hardly glancing at her, and seized the coal-hod. The kitchen clock was frank in the information that it was two o'clock and John met its blank face imperturbably. Maybe it was—but you couldn't expect a lady to go out and shovel coal at that hour, could you?

She was on her knees before the fire when he came in; a single candle burned on the table and her hair glowed in the yellow light. Beyond the windows, the outside world was blue. John Allen stood and looked silently at her. She seemed so little, so frail! He was ten years older than she. Ten years wasn't much. . . .

"Well, Charley hasn't changed, has he?" she queried, softly.

His heart sank. "No," he admitted.

She looked up at him, smiling. "That—was an error on Charley's part, wasn't it?"

He was frightened and thrilled and shaken. What did she mean?

"Why don't you ask me why I came back here?" he asked, finally.

She stood up. "Would that be the polite thing to do?"

He smiled uncertainly.

"Young Blake's all right," he heard himself admitting. "In his way."

"Oh, quite all right!" agreed Elsbeth. "In his way."

He stood looking at her. "Well . . . why don't you kiss her, you fool?" taunted John Allen's intelligence, and for the first time since it had begun this little game of commenting upon his actions, he credited it with perspicacity. "All right, I will!" he told it.

And did.

Elsbeth showed rather a well-assorted variety of emotions, yet it seemed to him that surprise was not among them.

"I love you!" he told her severely.

"Do you?" she murmured. The murmur tickled his neck, but he rather liked it.

"Yes!" he said. "But I just found it out."

"I just found it out, too," said Elsbeth. "That you love me, you mean?" he demanded, in the tone of one who will brook no more misunderstanding.

"Well—yes," she said.

He kissed her again. This, thought John Allen, with satisfaction, was more like it! Definite, conclusive . . . There was sense in this. Basic sense, order, and direction! It was suddenly beautifully apparent to him not only what it was all about, but why.

New! The Halvorfold

EXTRA THIN MODEL
Patented Loose Leaf
Pass Case, Bill
Fold, Card Case



Over 100,000 Now In Use

100,000 Men Can't Be Wrong

"Made to Order" for Nobles

Newly patented, extra thin model, HALVORFOLD—Bill-fold, Pass-case, Card case—just what every Noble needs. No embarrassing moments fumbling for your passes—just snap open your HALVORFOLD and they all show, each under separate transparent celluloid face protecting them from dirt and wear.

New, ingenious loose leaf device enables you to show 4, 8 or more passes, membership cards, photos, etc. Also has two large card pockets and extra size billfold. Made of high grade, black GENUINE CALFSKIN, specially tanned for the HALVORFOLD. Tough, durable and has that beautiful, slimy cloth lining. 1-1/2" 1-1/2" Gold corners and snap fastener. Size, 8 1/2 x 5 1/2 closed, just right for hip pocket (flattens to only 1/4 inch thickness). Backbone of loose leaf device prevents breaking down. You simply can't wear out your HALVORFOLD. 23K GOLD NAME, address and lodge emblem FREE. This would ordinarily cost you \$1.00 to \$1.50 extra. An ideal gift with your friend's name. And now, for a short time, I am making the extraordinary offer of giving FREE to Nobles my genuine calfskin HALVORFOLD. No—no strings!

Free Examination!
Send No Money—No C. O. D.

Read my liberal offer in coupon. No strings to this (the genuine calfskin key-case is yours whether you keep the HALVORFOLD or not)—just send the coupon and your HALVORFOLD and key-case come by return mail. No C. O. D.—no payment of any kind. Examine the HALVORFOLD and see how handy it is. Show it to your friends and note their admiration. Compare it with other cases at \$7.50 to \$10.00 (my price to you is only \$5.00). No obligation to buy. I trust Nobles as square shooters and am so sure that the HALVORFOLD is just what you need that I am making you the fairest offer I know how. Don't miss this chance.

Send Coupon today for HALVORFOLD and Key-Case

5% Off to save bookkeeping, if you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied. Check square if interested in agent's proposition.

AGENTS. We have few territories still open for representatives. Lodge Secretaries and Agents are a source of quick, easy profit. Ask for our Special Agents Offer.

See coupon.

HALVORSEN, Mgr. U. S. Leather Goods Co., Dept. 6SR, 564 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Send me HALVORFOLD for free examination, with name, address, etc. in 23K Gold as per instructions below—also the FREE key-case. If I decide not to keep the HALVORFOLD I'll return it at your expense within three days and call the deal closed. If I keep it, I will send you special price of \$5.00. Either way the key-case is mine to keep free. HALVORFOLD comes regularly for 8 passes. Extra 4-pass inserts—50c.

For protection mention here your Temple.....

Name.....

Address.....

5% Off to save bookkeeping, if you prefer to send cash with order. Money back, of course, if not satisfied. Check square if interested in agent's proposition.

Complete Adding Machine Only \$2.95

VE-PO-AD duplicates work of large adding machines. Sells for only \$2.95. Adds, subtracts, multiplies, divides. Always accurate—never gets out of order. Over 100,000 in use. You make \$1.30 on every sale. Man! If you ever had a chance to CLEAN UP BIG MONEY—here it is!

FREE Sample

Sample Ve-Po-Ad Free

You don't need experience. Shapiro made \$175 his first week. Others make \$50 to \$100 a week regularly. You can sell as many as 3 Ve-Po-Ads an hour—over \$3.00 clear profit for you. Grasp this quickly! Write at once for full details of FREE Ve-Po-Ad offer and my MONEY-MAKING PLAN. Do it NOW.

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Solid bronze, Nickel plated. Size 4 in. x 4 in. Prepaid \$1.50 HUNT BRASS WORKS 1617 Winona Ave., Chicago

White Teeth are not enough BECAUSE...



Too many people, thinking they are safe when teeth are white, suddenly find themselves victims of Pyorrhea. This foe ignores the teeth and attacks the gums. It takes high toll in health from 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger.

Don't fear these odds. See your dentist at least once every six months and start using Forhan's for the Gums today.

This dentifrice cleans teeth snowy white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

Also, if used regularly and in time, it helps to firm gums and keep them healthy. Pyorrhea seldom attacks healthy gums.

Make Forhan's the daily morning and night health habit. Get a tube from your druggist, today... 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D.D.S.

Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's for the gums

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS

Injured Wrestler Throws Away Truss



Eleven years ago Mr. T. M. Cannon was ruptured very badly. He tried one type of truss after another—all with disappointing results. Finally he heard about the New Science system that does away with steel springs, leg straps and hard cushions. He learned about Magic Dot—the tiny device weighing less than a feather—that held rupture without pressure. He examined a free sample of Airtex—the astonishing flesh-soft pad that yields with every movement of the body. TODAY—he works 14 hours a day as a barber... and teaches boxing and wrestling on the side!

Will you accept the same opportunity that has ended the pain and discomfort for thousands like Mr. Cannon? Simply send your name and address for full details and free sample of Airtex. No obligation whatsoever. Mail to

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3849 Clay Street Steubenville, Ohio

WITHIN THE SHRINE

(SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 68])

quet at the Masonic Temple, followed by concerts and patrol drills and the Ceremonial in the evening.

The following have already accepted invitations: Tigris Temple of Syracuse with Band, Patrol and Chanters; Cairo Temple of Rutland, Vt., with Band and Patrol, and Cyprus Temple with Band and Patrol.

(OSMAN, ST. PAUL, MINN.)

Osman's Ceremonial of May 22nd drew a big crowd from various points in Minnesota and the Dakotas.

The April program included boosters luncheons on the 13th and 27th in the St. Paul Hotel and business meeting the 30th.

(PALESTINE, PROVIDENCE, R. I.)

A unique feature of the Army and Navy Ceremonial of March 26th that now can be told was the initiation of Major Norman S. Case, Governor of Rhode Island, Past Master of Corinthian Lodge of Providence. Just what test to impose upon His Excellency and still preserve the dignity of his high office had the directors puzzled until Chief Director Robert L. Durfee met the situation.

Having been obligated in chambers, the Governor was escorted to the auditorium. After a couple of Novices had begun their rough pilgrimage the Governor was called to the lobby, where the Legion was drawn up in two companies. Under the guidance of Senior Past Potentate Joseph P. Burlingame, the Governor, a veteran of the A. E. F., took his place between the two companies and they all marched in to the air of "Hail to the Chief" played by the excellent Shrine Band.

While the Governor was responding the Patrol took station in front of the Potentate, Colonel Winfield S. Solomon, and gave Noble Case a unique Governor's salute in the bursting of 19 balloons. The Potentate also served in the A. E. F.

More than 200 former service men attended the Ceremonial, the guests including Admiral Robert E. Coontz, Major General Amos A. Fries, Major General John A. Lejeune, Major General Merritt W. Ireland, Major General Morris B. Payne.

(RAJAH, READING, PA.)

More than 4,000 members of Rajah crowded into the Temple's spacious auditorium on March 28th to witness the initiation of 122 candidates and to enjoy the entertainment, featured by the Band and Patrol. Twenty-six towns other than Reading were represented in the crowd, 100 alone coming from Bethlehem.

Noble Whitney Sanders of Bethlehem was in charge of the Patrol. Two platoons of 32 men each maneuvered to perfection on the big stage. In addition to the formal banquet to distinguished visitors a substantial Dutch lunch was served in the basement.

A purse of \$300 was made up in a few minutes for the relief of a Reading family that had been burned out a few days before. Rajah does something of this sort at each Ceremonial.

(SAHARA, PINE BLUFF, ARK.)

Late in April the new Sahara Temple, costing \$350,000 was dedicated. There were large delegations present from Little Rock, Hot Springs, Helena, Jonesboro, Stuttgart and other Arkansas cities. Potentate Sam M. Levine, Recorder C. H. Bolinger and other officials had arranged a most excellent program, which was carried out.

There was a Ceremonial, the biggest ever held by Sahara since it was organized in 1889. The novices numbered more than 300.

Covering a space of 109 feet by 204 feet, the new Temple is of reinforced concrete and steel, four stories in height with an exterior finish of buff colored stucco. The auditorium will seat 2500 and the banquet hall 1000. An important innovation on the third floor is the radio room, including arrangements for public addresses.

(SALAAM, NEWARK, N. J.)

Salaam is arranging for a monstrous Ceremonial in Jersey City the latter part of June. It will probably be the biggest affair ever staged by Salaam and an effort will be made to have a class of 700 Novices. This will be the opening gun of the Temple's 25th anniversary, followed by other affairs throughout the year.

(SUDAN, NEW BERN, N. C.)

Preparations for the Spring Ceremonial on June 7th in Raleigh are about completed. All the committees have been appointed and other arrangements are well under way. The entertainment features will be elaborate. The class bids fair to be large and the attendance will tax every accommodation. Potentate Storr will have a record Ceremonial.

Recorder Caleb D. Bradham reports that every past potentate of Sudan Temple is living, including the present Grand Master of North Carolina, three past grand masters, four 33° Masons, six past Eminent Grand Commanders, K. T., and Past Grand Master Poteat, who is now serving as Assistant Rabb.

(SYRIA, PITTSBURGH, PA.)

The Syria Players presented "The Merchant of Venice" on April 19th and 20th, in the Mosque theater. They were correctly costumed (no experiments and no "modern dress"). The mounting was excellent and the musical setting had been especially arranged, and was interpreted by an augmented orchestra. Each Noble was permitted to go once and take one lady. Noble Walter M. Schnabel was chairman of the committee.

(TANGIER, OMAHA, NEB.)

Tangier Temple's own march, composed by Harry Brader, went on the air recently to inaugurate Tangier Band's series of radio concerts in Omaha over WOW. The director is Dr. Fred B. Phelps. The Tangier Chanters, under the direction of Luverne Sigmond, participated in the radio concert and the program included numbers on the Scottish Rite pipe organ.

Members of the Masonic fraternity, their ladies and their children filled the Scottish Rite Cathedral to a capacity for each of the four showings of the picture "An Equal Chance," the afternoon and evening of March 23rd. Too much praise cannot be given Noble Allen Ratterree for the wide vision and the big heart which made this picture possible and brought it to the Temples that know of the great work of our hospitals only in the abstract.

More than 600 members of Tangier and their ladies attended the Japanese ball and bridge party given at the Mosque in the Masonic Temple on the evening of March 31st.

Friday April 13th, the date chosen for Tangier's Spring Ceremonial and traditional banquet, lived up to its reputation with one of the most severe blizzards of the year. However, a large class of Novices braved the weather outside to take the journey over

[Shrine News Continued on page 72]

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE [Continued from page 42]

reserve officers stood stiffly at attention.

The Imperial Potentate was the principal speaker at the reception held in his honor that evening in the Scottish Rite Cathedral, with an attendance of 400 persons. He received as the gift of Osiris a very beautiful deep gold etched glass service, manufactured locally by the Central Glass Company. The presentation was made by Dr. O. W. Burdats.

Speaking to the Wheeling newspapers of the Shrine hospital work, Noble Dunbar said:

"The scope of this movement can only be realized when it is considered that out of the 450,000 crippled children in our jurisdiction, which covers all of North America, we must care for approximately half of this number. The work of Shriners in this endeavor has just started. But it must be done and we are willing to do it."

In Harrisburg, Pa., Noble Dunbar was welcomed on the night of March 27th, in the Chestnut Street Auditorium, by 2,500 persons, Nobles and their families. There was a Patrol drill led by Francis H. Hoy, special drills by various temple units, vaudeville acts and dancing. The allied World War flags which had belonged to the late Noble Fred Smith, Recorder of Zombo, were presented to the Temple at a ceremony in charge of General Frank D. Deary, adjutant general of the Pennsylvania Department of Military Affairs.

The next day the distinguished visitor was the guest of Rajah Temple, Reading, Pa. In the afternoon he went to Elizabethtown to inspect the Masonic Homes there. Luncheon was served on the Muhlenberg estate of Potentate Eisenbrown.

In the evening, in Rajah Temple, Noble Dunbar witnessed an imposing ceremonial and delivered an address on the national hospital program. He spoke to an enthusiastic audience of 4000 Shriners.

On March 29th the Imperial Sir was entertained by Kismet Temple in Brooklyn, beginning with dinner at the Bossart Hotel.

At the Ceremonial in Kismet Temple 84 Novices crossed the hot sands, and there were drills by the Patrol and Legion of Honor. The Imperial Potentate spoke, after which he received a pair of field glasses, presented by Noble Dykeman.

March 30th was spent at Cyprus Temple, Albany, N. Y. The Imperial Potentate was escorted into the city by Past Potentate James R. Watt, Secretary of the Shrine hospitals Trustee Board. He was welcomed and entertained by Potentate Nordin J. Shambrook. Miss Margaret Dunbar was entertained by several ladies of the Divan.

Noble Dunbar attended the Spring Ceremonial and delivered an inspiring address on the ideals of the Mystic Shrine, not forgetting to describe the hospital work and plans. He was given a beautiful imported Persian rug.

The next day Noble Dunbar went to see Tigris Nobility in Syracuse. He was escorted there from Albany by Potentate Roy P. Chamberlin, Past Potentate Charles F. Northup, and Nobles E. J. Page, Harry H. Elmer, Charles E. Miller, George L. Clift, Ernest L. Pickard, Merwin W. Lay. Potentate Shambrook of Cyprus and Impresario Fred E. Pierce of the Jesters also were in the party.

There was a formal dinner in the Onondaga Hotel, with music by Noble Walter E. Peet's Onondagans and the Chanters. Noble Dunbar played on the cornet. A set of Onondaga pottery was given to him.

A novel way to herald the presence of the Imperial Potentate was employed in Syracuse. A big electric sign, bidding welcome to him, and bearing his picture, together with that [Continued on page 73]

Are you prepared for the worst? —get NOW "the Protection that is Vital"

SPARE tire, kit of tools, extra spark plugs. "Let trouble come," you say. "I'm prepared for the worst!" For the worst? Are you prepared for the worst? Are you prepared to meet an emergency a thousand times more serious than a faulty engine or a flat tire? Are you equipped to render prompt and effective first aid in an accident involving personal injury—to self, to friends or to fellow travellers on the road?



containing all necessary equipment for first aid treatment in case of accident. Stout metal container 8 1/2" x 5 1/2" x 1 1/2" contains bandages, gauze, tape, dressings, antiseptics, restoratives, everything needed for quick first aid treatment in case of accident.

Fate plays no favorites. Sends no advance warnings. A sudden turn in the road may bring you face to face with an accident demanding prompt and effective first aid treatment. And when that time comes there's satisfaction in knowing that you are prepared to meet it squarely.

The Safe-Gard First Aid Kit was designed to meet the needs of motorists, campers, hunters—all out-door folks for a compact kit

The price of the Safe-Gard Aid Kit is \$3.00—a small amount to give you peace of mind when you travel—to give you a feeling of confidence that comes from knowing you are prepared for any emergency. The Safe-Gard First Aid Kit gives you the protection that is vital. Just send the coupon with \$3.00—check, money order or currency, and a Safe-Gard First Aid Kit will be sent you, all charges paid.

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Keep a kit handy in your garage and in your home medicine cabinet.



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Do you need extra money? Charles Hickey earned a new Chevrolet, fountain pen, Gladstone bag, Elgin Watch, Crosley Radio—and \$4,930.00 showing car owners an amazing new kind of protection against blinding headlights! Test a sample at my risk.

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When You Look Through a Face-a-Lite**

LET the headlights blaze in your eyes on the darkest, narrowest road. With a Face-a-Lite shading your vision, you drive right on without slackening speed, without the slightest bit of danger. Glaring headlights cause thousands of accidents each year. A Face-a-Lite on your car is better than paying insurance and costs only a fraction of the premium.

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WITHIN THE SHRINE

SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 70]

the torrid sands within. The banquet which preceded the Ceremonial brought out the largest crowd in years.

CTIGRIS, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

On May 26th this Temple engineered another Ceremonial, under the direction of Potentate Chamberlin. It was comparable in many ways to the big get-together on March 31st, when the Imperial Potentate stopped over in his swing around the circle.

The uniformed bodies and Band keep busy with practise work or public appearances.

WAHABI, JACKSON, MISS.

There was a Ceremonial here on May 24th, after the pilgrims returned from the big doings in Miami. The uniformed bodies and various social units in the temple are very lively at this time of the year.

Noble A. G. Villee, secretary-treasurer of the Wahabi Mortuary Benefit Association, reports that the organization has distributed more than \$50,000 thus far for the benefit of the families of deceased Shriners.

Members of Wahabi have been invited to enjoy the privileges of the game and recreation rooms in the new Masonic Temple, which promises to make club features among the best in the South.

Mrs. Viola E. Lake, widow of the late Noble W. W. Lake, has deeded to the Masonic Temple the lot upon which the new building has been erected and has given the beautiful furnishings for the social hall.

YAARAB, ATLANTA, GA.

A class of 55 "unregenerates" underwent the Moslem Ordeal of Purification at the Spring Ceremonial directed by Potentate Tom C. Law. There was a concert by the "million dollar band" led by Noble C. Edward Buchanan, and the Chanters sang under the direction of Noble Cundell.

YELDUZ, ABERDEEN, S. D.

The regular monthly meeting of Yelduz Temple was held on April 5th, with 80 Nobles present. The meeting was far and away the best attended of any for a long time and the members of the Divan are much encouraged over the interest that is being manifested. Potentate L. E. Truman said the Nobles at Mobridge promise a goodly number of candidates for the next Ceremonial. It will be one of the best for some time.

Noble A. W. Giedt has been appointed chairman of the membership committee.

On March 22nd the local Shrine gave a splendid party under the direction of Noble L. Edward Hed, chairman of the entertainment committee. The program opened with a speech by Potentate H. L. Truman, who talked about the Shrine hospitals. He pointed out that "no member who knows what is being accomplished by the organization through the Shrine hospitals throughout the country has any regret for the two extra dollars that he has to pay each year for the maintenance of the hospitals."

Then followed a musical program, including Noble Roderick Ross at the pipe organ, dancing and dinner in the Japanese gardens at ten P. M. Noble George Erickson was in charge of the dinner which was served by daughters of Nobles, attractively attired in Japanese costumes.

ZA-GA-ZIG, DES MOINES, IA.

The annual evening bridge party for the benefit of the Twin Cities Hospital for Crippled Children was held in the Temple on April 11th. Mrs. A. L. Cook and Mrs.

George Hamilton are chairman and vice-chairman of the unit. The committee in charge of the benefit included Mrs. Herman Motzer, chairman, and Mesdames Alfred Yorg, E. H. Davis, Lester Green, A. E. Barker and Will Freeman.

ZAMORA, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

Splendor abounded and merriment reigned in the larger auditorium of the Masonic Temple on the night of April 23rd, when Potentate Henry C. Ozley's staff pointedly taught a few great truths of life in the desert to many wanderers.

ZENOBIA, TOLEDO, OHIO

Oriental mysteries were unfolded to 58 fidels of the "great unwashed" who were ushered before Potentate Fred N. Goosman, Zenobia Temple at the Spring Ceremonial on April 20th. The festivities started with a monster street parade from the Shrine Club to the Keith Theater, headed by the Uniformed Units.

The Zenobia Chanters, under the direction of Noble Fred Nugent, headed the matinee bill with an old-time minstrel show. The regular Keith show followed the minstrels. After the matinee came the traditional banquet in the Masonic Temple.

The Ceremonial was held at the Coliseum under the direction of Potentate Goosman.

ZIYARA, UTICA, N. Y.

A big Ceremonial was held on April 23rd, all the Nobility cooperating to make it one of the best affairs in the history of the Temple. The various bodies participated nobly, not overlooking Ziyara's Frolicquers. Potentate Geer lived up to his reputation in the Temple's alphabetical rhymes, which says:

"G is for Geer,
"James B., if you please,
"The man at the helm
"Presiding with ease."

ZORAH, TERRE HAUTE, IND.

At the Ceremonial on April 20th the new stunts brought back from the Directors' Association meeting in Peoria were applied ("applied" is good) to the Novices. Zorah's Luncheon Club now meets at noon every Friday in the Elks Club.

ZUHRAH, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Noble Melvin M. Turnbull, managing editor of the Minneapolis Daily Star, reports that the cash receipts from the mammoth Zuhrah Shrine circus were \$45,000 with a very good net profit. The money was used to send uniformed bodies to Miami and for other temple activities. The performances ran every night for a week, with a total attendance of more than 100,000.

ENTERED THE UNSEEN TEMPLE

Noble Ellsworth M. Statler, whose biography appeared in the May issue, died on April 16th in New York City, in one of his hotels, the Pennsylvania. The cause was double pneumonia.

Noble Statler's career of 64 years was one of work, progress and deserved success. From the age of 9 to 12 he toiled in a glass factory. Then he became a bell-boy in a Wheeling, W. Va. hotel. His big chance came at the Pan-American Exposition in Buffalo in 1901, when he opened a temporary hostelry of 2,100 rooms for excursionists. From that success he went on to establish "Statler Service" hotels in other cities.

Mrs. Statler and three adopted children survive.

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE [Continued from page 71]

of Potentate Chamberlin, was set up on top of a business building.

In Washington, D. C., on April 2nd, the Imperial Potentate received a reception perhaps as unusual as any hitherto arranged by Shrinedom. At the Almas Ceremonial he found 168 members of the House and the Senate, all Shriners.

Indeed, it was Congressional night, since all the chairs in the Ceremonial were filled by solons, who did the work almost letter perfect.

Part of the fun, following the solemn taking of the Moslem test, was the "panning" some of the Congressmen got "right out in meeting" from Past Potentate Roe Fulkerson, all of which they took in good part.

Imperial Potentate Dunbar contributed a cornet solo to the entertainment features and within five minutes of the time his last note was sounded Potentate George McGinty astonished him with a phonograph record of his number, to say nothing of an orthophonic phonograph to play it on, all the gift of Almas.

While in Washington Noble Dunbar was received by President Coolidge, who was photographed on one of the White House terraces with the Imperial Potentate and a group of other distinguished Shriners.

Noble Charles F. Goob, Chief Engineer of Baltimore and Noble William G. Steed led the group of Boumi Temple members who met Noble Dunbar in Washington and escorted him to the queen city of Maryland. At the station he was greeted by Potentate George M. Armor, who conducted him to the City Hall, where he was cordially received by Mayor William F. Broening and heads of municipal departments.

Sightseeing followed, and in the evening a banquet in honor of the Imperial Potentate in the Emerson, attended by about 200 of the Nobility. The principal address was delivered by the distinguished visitor. The next day he went to Philadelphia.

The entry into the City of Brotherly Love was on the morning of April 4th, escorted by Potentate William J. Highfield of LuLu Temple. He was received and surrounded by Oriental pomp and circumstance. He was the guest of the Shrine Luncheon Club and welcomed by President Robert F. Brown and Mayor Harry Mackey, also a Shriner. Potentate Highfield gave a formal banquet in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel.

Then, under escort of the uniformed bodies, and seated in a carriage drawn by four horses, the Imperial Potentate was taken to the opera house, where he witnessed a Ceremonial, put on with all the aplomb for which LuLu is well known.

A banquet in the Stratfield Hotel, Bridgeport, Conn., on April 5th, opened Pyramid Temple's festivities in honor of the Imperial Potentate.

A reception in Pyramid Mosque followed, with the Nobility invited. Dr. H. B. Knox, the Potentate, introduced Noble Dunbar. Chief Rabban Fred Atwater delivered the welcoming address, and the presentation speech was made by Judge Brinkerhoff. The gift was a hand wrought copper Japanese antique vase. The tribute of the ladies of Pyramid to Miss Dunbar was a huge basket of American Beauty roses.

In Hartford, on April sixth Noble Dunbar fraternized with the Nobility of Sphinx Temple. Covers for 70 were laid at the dinner given in his honor by Potentate Norman C. Stevens.

About 200 members of Sphinx and their ladies attended the reception in the temple.

In Rochester on April 7th Noble Dunbar took a prominent part in the corner stone laying of the new [Continued on page 75]



FREE To Men Past 40

A WELL-KNOWN scientist's new book about old age reveals facts, which, to many men, will be amazing. Did you know that two-thirds of all men past middle age are said to have a certain seldom mentioned disorder? Do you know the frequent cause of this decline in vitality?

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Medical men know this condition as hypertrophy of the prostate gland. Science now reveals that this swollen gland—painless in itself—not only often cheats men of vitality, but also bears on the bladder and is often directly responsible for sciatica, backache, pains in the legs and feet, frequent nightly risings, and dizziness denoting high blood pressure. When allowed to run on it is frequently the cause of the dreaded disease cystitis, a very severe bladder inflammation.

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Another grateful effect is usually the immediate disappearance of chronic constipation. Usually the entire body is toned up, as much of your youthful vigor is restored. These results are guaranteed. Either you feel ten years younger in six days or the treatment costs nothing.

Send for FREE Book

If you have this gland trouble or if you have any of the symptoms mentioned above, you should not lose a day in waiting for the scientist's free Book, "Why Many Men Are Old At 40". It will enable you to ask yourself certain frank questions that reveal your true condition. Every man past 40 should make this test, as insidious prostate disorder often leads to surgery. This book is absolutely free, but mail coupon immediately, as the edition is limited. Address

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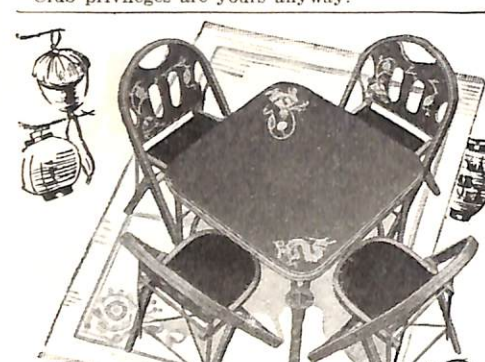
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FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

SWAPPING horses in mid-stream has always been a somewhat precarious procedure. In no other line is it so dangerous as in stocks. It is natural that investors should be attracted to the stock market during periods when extreme activity prevails and sharp advances are being recorded. Yet these are the worst times to put idle money to work in stocks. The very activity and momentum of the market itself tends to give issues a fictitious value which makes them extremely hard to judge accurately.

The movements may not be due to manipulation or to any attempt to "rig" the market. But in times when the trading floors are at their wildest, nearly everybody is playing only with blue chips and the ordinary investor or speculator is in about the same position as a poker player of moderate means sitting in a game with the late John W. Gates who would bet a million on where the next fly would light. Nothing duplicates the sinking feeling the ordinary chance taker experiences when he sees stocks, bought in the excitement of a bull flurry, sink when the furor is over.

It is equally heartbreaking to be on the bear side and see stocks which you know are selling above their worth, shoot skyward. One may have correctly estimated earnings and prospects and be assured that they do not warrant the price quoted but the very momentum of the market itself may nullify those factors temporarily. But there is not much satisfaction for the speculator in being right if he is losing money thereby.

The speedy run up of prices in an active and over-excited market frequently misleads traders into disposing of a sound investment without another in view. Every man likes to justify his acumen and show a profit on his judgment. When prices advance by leaps and bounds, the individual is frequently tempted to sell merely so that he can say he made a profit.

Naturally the soundest securities go up first and fastest and show the larger profits. Yet obviously those are the issues which are the most advantageous to keep.

It should be remembered that when the market for stocks is in a ferment is the time to buy bonds. At such times, men, lured by the prospect of huge and sudden profits, sell their bonds, which have a tendency to move slowly and in a comparatively narrow range, in order to deal in stocks. This tends to depress bond prices and bond bargains may be picked up.

Conversely, when speculators in the stock market have liquidated their holdings and the market is quiet, they frequently buy bonds heavily in order to have their money drawing interest until stocks become active again. This tends to raise bond prices and may mark the time when stocks for investment can be bought most profitably.

It is an American characteristic to look at things, especially the stock market, through rosy glasses. No purchaser should put a single cent into a stock or bond unless he is assured that he can sell the security with the same quickness and facility with which he can buy it. A little skepticism is not a bad thing for any investor although it may not be necessary to carry it so far as Jim Harding of California.

Harding runs a general store in the high Sierras. Some years ago that quartette of cronies, Henry Ford, Thomas A. Edison, Harvey Firestone and John Burroughs, the great naturalist, took a trip through the California mountains in a Ford car. One of the headlight bulbs burned out and the party drew up at Harding's store.

"Have you any lamps for a Ford headlight?" asked Mr. Ford.

Jim silently dug out a box of bulbs and passed one over.

"By the way," continued the manufacturer, "it may interest you to know that Thomas A. Edison, the man who invented the incandescent bulb, is out in my car now. If you put this bulb in the headlight you can see him."

Harding went out and fixed the light, leaving Mr. Ford in the store. When he returned, the manufacturer inquired if he had any tires for a Ford. He was reassured as to the presence of tires of the right size.

"What kind are they?" Henry inquired.

"Firestones," said Harding.

"Here's your money," continued the developer of the flivver, "and if you want to see the man who makes those tires, Harvey Firestone, you just take that casing out and strap it on the running board. He's the man in the front seat."

Harding grunted and walked out. As he fastened the spare tire, John Burroughs, bearded and benevolent looking, leaned over the side of the car.

"Good evening," he said pleasantly.

"Look here, Whiskers," bellowed Harding, his face scarlet with rage, "I'm fed up with you funny fellers. Don't you try to tell me you're Santa Claus."

Many a stock and bond salesman has a Santa Claus make-up.

Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries with SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

WITH THE IMPERIAL POTENTATE

[Continued from page 73]

\$2,500,000 Masonic Temple, in which Damascus will have a great auditorium and other facilities. He also spoke at the banquet at the Powers Hotel.

Noble Esten A. Fletcher, now Imperial Assistant Rabbah, gave a dinner for the Imperial Potentate, to which all the other distinguished Masonic visitors were invited.

Ismailia in Buffalo was the only Temple to be visited twice in the year by the Imperial Potentate, who was escorted there from Rochester on April 8th. Despite the icy and windy weather, 400 Nobles turned out with Potentate George H. Rowe to greet him. He was escorted from the station to McKinley Square by the Temple's Band, Patrol and Chanters. Both musical units had to respond to encores before they were permitted to take their seats at the reception at the Statler Hotel.

Noble Dunbar renewed his friendship with Noble John Bolton, director of the Band, whom he knew in New England more than 23 years ago.

The Imperial Potentate and Judge Rowe delivered addresses at the luncheon.

Fully 3,000 members of Mecca Temple gave a rousing welcome to the Imperial Potentate in the beautiful auditorium on the night of April 11th. It was also the first Ceremonial under the direction of the new Mecca Potentate, Arthur L. Lee, and 59 pilgrims crossed the hot sands under the direction of the "Wrecking Crew," who did their work well—how well the novices can testify.

The attendance of out-of-town Shrine officials was unusually large.

A banquet at the Park Central was given for the Imperial Potentate before the Ceremonial. He was then escorted to the Mosque by the Band and the Patrol.

Following the Imperial Potentate's stirring speech, he received as Mecca's gift a handsome marble plaque with a bronze figure.

Next came Salaam, in Newark, N. J., on April 12th, the Imperial Potentate being escorted from New York by Chief Rabbah

Howard F. Barrett, Recorder Harvey N. Petty and Noble Fred E. Pierce. While en route the party stopped off in Jersey City for a visit to Potentate Alberts, who was recovering from an illness.

In addition to Noble Dunbar the speakers at the banquet in the Robert Treat Hotel included Past Imperial Potentate Dykeman, Potentate Alberts and several of the past potentates. The Temple's gift to the distinguished visitor was an electric radio set.

Several chiefs of Hopi Indian tribes, under the direction of Noble Billingsley, of Phoenix, Arizona, staged a unique demonstration, at which Noble Dunbar was christened "Butterfly-upon-the-Floor." Others to be adopted and receive Indian names were Nobles Dykeman, Alberts, Past Potentate George M. Buttle, F. E. Pierce and Walter S. Sugden. At the dinner incident to the visitation the toastmaster was Past Potentate James W. McCarthy, United States Attorney.

The Imperial Potentate's last formal visitation in his tenure of office was in Springfield, Mass., as the honored guest of Melha Temple, on April 14th. He was officially received by Recorder Ned W. Brown and other members of the Divan, as Potentate Walter S. Pease was ill. The banquet was held in the Kimball Hotel.

In the evening, in the Mosque, an open entertainment was staged, with Past Potentate John A. Webster as chairman for the evening. The leading feature was the display of the magician's art by Past Potentate Fred A. Eldred.

As Melha's gift Noble Dunbar, following his speech, received an unabridged Webster's Dictionary and stand.

On the 14th and also the next day the Imperial Potentate and Noble James R. Watt inspected the Shrine hospital in Springfield, where they were received by Noble George M. Hendee, governor of the local hospital board, and Dr. Hatt, the chief surgeon.

The Imperial Potentate and his daughter then proceeded to their home in Providence.



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It took four salesmen over a year to sift out these surprising facts! Read here how these four men—and hundreds more like them—are cleaning up the steadiest, easiest money of their lives! A 2c stamp brings you all the big money facts, also a FREE SAMPLE of amazing new invention that makes possible these profits.

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This proposition is so unusual and the proved profit opportunities are so big that it is impossible to disclose all the sensational facts in this short message. So let me send you a FREE SAMPLE of this amazing invention that has startled the entire automobile world. Send no money. Pay no C. O. D. All you risk is a 2c stamp. Just mail the coupon today. RIGHT NOW!

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The Coffield Tire Protector Co.,
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MARRIAGE, LIMITED

[Continued from page 12]

her over here. They can have her deported. And their contract has another entire year to run. They can if necessary, hold her for that year and try to ruin her. Her reputation now is a bubble. It can be pricked without any very considerable difficulty. Aragon is threatening to do that unless she signs the contract they offer. They could do sufficient harm so that she would be valueless to Aragon at the end of the year . . . because then she'd be sent back to Sweden. Or else, if she was to be kept by New Art, her present company would have seen to it that she was not worth a tenth of what they now offer to pay.

"There's only one possible way out of the difficulty for Miss Karlson, Larry. She must stall Aragon off. They're shrewd and clever and rather unscrupulous. She must dangle them—making them believe that she will sign a new contract under their terms. And meanwhile she must dig herself in. "The immigration law makes it very easy for a non-quota immigrant woman to become a citizen of the United States. All she has to do is to marry an American citizen and live with him for one year. To reduce it to strictly personal terms, my lad—if Tyra Karlson should marry you immediately and live with you for the year

that her Aragon contract still has to run—she could at the end of that year apply for her citizenship papers.

"Aragon's one bludgeon will become a mere slapstick. If she elects then to deal with Aragon she may. But the field will be open. There'll be no coercion; no forcing her into an unfair contract. It will enable her to make her future according to her ability. Furnhjelm—who is really a very fine man—has advised that she take steps to acquire citizenship which she could not get for many years under the ordinary immigration routine."

"I'm stumped," Larry confessed. "Regarding the thing personally—with myself cast in a rather utilitarian rôle . . ."

"That's for you to decide, my boy. I told Miss Karlson that I wasn't at all sure you'd be willing. That was one of the things she liked about you—even before she met you. The other reason she wished to meet you was to appraise you for herself."

"And her decision—?"
Conrad Aikman's eyes twinkled.
"Well, I wouldn't say she was in love with you, Larry. But I do know that she is less opposed to marrying an American for expediency after meeting you than she was before. She [Continued on page 76]

Saving money is not my idea

THAT is, saving money at the expense of dependability. No doubt, I could buy cheaper flashlight batteries than Eveready, but I'm taking no chances. When I press the switch, I want LIGHT.

I use Eveready Batteries on my radio set and Eveready Batteries in my flashlight. They are made by the same people in the same shops. And how! It's sometimes a matter of light or death. What's a penny or two then?

Get the flashlight habit. A good flashlight is always a convenience—often a life-saver. And the battery is terribly important!

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MARRIAGE, LIMITED [Continued from page 75]

said last night, Larry—that she liked you very much. I mean that previously she had indignantly refused to consider the proposition. But last night she dimpled at me and said she would be willing—provided you were. And then she smiled—ever so little—and she said: "Wouldn't it be funny, Mr. Aikman, if I were to marry that nice young man—and then happen to fall in love with my own husband?"

Silence fell between them. Larry Wycoff was in deep thought.

"Good Lord, Mr. Aikman—what is she going to think of the man who marries her under such conditions?"

Aikman shook his head. "There it lays, Son. Something has got to be done pretty soon. If you say, No—she'll hunt around for some other decent, personable young chap and marry him. That will end any dream you may have. I'd better allow you a little time to do some deep and scientific thinking. What say you?"

"Thanks. I would like to . . . before giving a definite answer."

Larry walked from the office. He descended to the street and struck out toward Wilshire.

He didn't do very much connected thinking. He knew what his decision would be even before he went through the formality of fighting it out with himself. He was too young and too romantic and too full-blooded to resist the lure of a marriage to this glorious, vibrant creature. At three o'clock he returned to the office and presented himself before Conrad Aikman.

"When do I marry?" he asked.

Aikman extended his hand. "Congratulations, my boy. And I give them sincerely."

"Thank you, sir. Now—when?"

"I would suggest," said Aikman, "that we have dinner with Tyra at her home tonight. We can talk things over then: Tyra and Furnhjelm and you and I."

He called the Aragon studio and left his number. Less than fifteen minutes later Tyra was on the telephone. Aikman spoke guardedly.

"He did a lot of thinking, Miss Karlson—but it's all right . . . yes . . . No, I suggested tonight . . . Can Furnhjelm be there? . . . Surely . . . At seven, then . . . Just the four of us . . ." The man's face broke into a smile and his eyes danced. "I will . . . You bet I will . . . Good-by."

"She asked me to thank you, Larry. And she also told me to say that she thinks you are delicious."

"Oh, say—"

"She really did. And now, son—I'm busy. I'll see you tonight at six-thirty."

The house was stately. It stood in the midst of a formal garden, pure white against a background of vivid green.

This was the home which Aragon had furnished for Tyra Karlson. They supplied her also with a cook, a house maid, a personal maid, a butler and a chauffeur. But most important of all was her official mother.

Aragon was very scrupulous about satisfying the proprieties. Therefore they sent to her home Martha Tallington, a woman perhaps fifty years of age. She had been an actress all her life. True, her career had been exceedingly modest. On the screen she had never risen above the very smallest of parts. But she was certainly a competent housekeeper. She catered well and ruled her servants with an iron hand. Between herself and Tyra there was a distinctly reserved cordiality.

Martha was eternally on the defensive; quick to resent fancied slurs and—in truth—somewhat boring with her eternal repetitions of fancied stage successes. Two or three times Tyra tried having her present, when she entertained, but invariably it was

Mrs. Tallington who dominated the conversation, much to the annoyance of certain guests. It was, in fact, Felder himself who took Tyra to task.

"Why do you have that old pest hanging around when you've got company, Tyra? She don't allow nobody to get a word in edgewise."

It was then that Tyra established a new order of things—much to Martha's disgust and resentment. She did not know that the advice had come direct from Felder in a form which was tantamount to an order.

Tonight, however, she had functioned efficiently. The house was ablaze with light. Cut flowers were attractively arranged about the lower floor. Martha made a final survey and turned toward the girl.

"Satisfied, Miss Karlson?"

Tyra was radiant. "Everything is wonderful, Mrs. Tallington. I think you have done mos' marvelous. They should be here any minute."

As though in answer to her remark the doorbell sounded. William, the butler, moved stiffly across the reception hall to answer it. Mrs. Tallington sighed, set her lips firmly, and marched upstairs.

It was Gustav Furnhjelm, and Tyra flew across to greet him, eyes sparkling, both hands outstretched. For a few seconds they smiled into one another's eyes and chatted in Swedish.

Tyra led the way into the living-room. They sat together on the big lounge before the dancing log fire.

Furnhjelm was staring gravely into the flames. He was a tall, spare man with a rather saturnine face. His jaw was long and lean, his eyes gray and cold, his hair sparse and sandy.

The relationship between them was almost one of father and daughter.

It was Furnhjelm who broke the long silence. His voice was deep and vibrant—and very, very soft.

"And so," he said in Swedish, "my little girl is to marry."

The red stained her cheeks. "It is not as one would have dreamed, is it, Gustav?"

"For romance? Love? No-o . . . perhaps not. Yet it is better this way."

"I wonder . . ."

"You should not wonder, Tyra. If you wonder, then it is no time for you to marry. You must be certain."

She threw out her hands in a sudden, passionate gesture—"But how can a girl ever be certain that she is right when she is doing what I am: How can I know that it is right to marry a strange young man whom I do not love—"

"—And whose wife you will not be."

Her head moved slowly. "That is true, Gustav. I seem to forget that at times. I suppose I am very silly to feel so deeply when, after all, it is a mere formality which is for my own good."

Furnhjelm smiled. It was a slow, somewhat sad, very understanding smile. "It is because you can feel things so deeply, Tyra, that you are a great actress. The world is in your eyes—a great understanding, a great compassion and a great yearning. You would have everything perfect and happy. But tell me something more about this young man."

She slipped her hand in Furnhjelm's palm and moved closer to him. "I like him, Gustav. I liked him from the moment I met him, long before I was introduced. He was standing at the door of his little office when I called to see Mr. Aikman and I could read his eyes . . . Oh! I am a very vain girl, Gustav—but I fancy that he liked me very well indeed."

"He would be foolish if he did not."

"And then he [Continued on page 77]

MARRIAGE, LIMITED [Continued from page 76]

took me out to lunch. He was most amusing. He started by telling me that he has loved me ever since he was an extra in 'The Fringe of Romance'. It did not seem to matter to him that I am to be a famous actress. I was just a girl named Tyra Karlson whom he seemed to like."

The eyes of the man crinkled. "He has impressed you very much, hasn't he, Tyra?"

"Yes." She met his eyes squarely. "I like him better than any other man I have ever met."

Furnhjelm stared into the fire. "Just what do you mean by that, my dear?"

"I think Mr. Wycoff and I are very much alike in some things. We can laugh together. We can talk. We can think the same thoughts. I am sure he is a gentleman. It does not seem coldly commercial to marry him. There is always the chance . . ."

"Of what, Tyra?"

She gazed straight ahead, her cheeks strangely white, her body tense.

"I cannot tell you of what, Gustav. It is all very foolish to think this way about a man I do not know. I do not love Mr. Wycoff—and yet, when I looked at him yesterday, and when I thought of him for long hours last night—I kept telling myself that it would be very nice if I could be in love with him. I mean that to marry him will not be cold and impersonal. It will be more like a glorious and dangerous adventure. I will forget the practical reasons for which I have done it—and remember only that romance has come under my roof."

Furnhjelm patted her hand gently.

"Marriage has always meant much to me, Gustav!" she flamed. "I would not enter into it if I didn't think that I might some day learn to love my husband."

Larry Wycoff approached Tyra's home

with mingled feelings of reluctance, embarrassment and eagerness. In a sense, he felt that he was in a rather ridiculous position—and he knew much depended on the way Tyra greeted him.

The big door swung open and the butler was taking their coats and hats. And then, across the reception hall came Tyra—exquisite in a gown of white which clung to her detectable figure. Both hands were outstretched and her eyes were shining. She came to Larry direct.

"I'm awfully glad you've come, Larry Wycoff," she said simply.

Her hands lay softly in his. He stared down at her from his great height and his heart sang. He spoke very softly.

"Thanks, Miss Karlson—"

"Hadden't we better dispense with the formality?" she asked.

He smiled. "Certainly, Tyra."

She gave his hand a pressure, then turned to Conrad Aikman. "And how is my dear old eagle tonight?"

Furnhjelm and Aikman shook hands and smiled briefly. Aikman jerked his head toward the younger folks and winked. Furnhjelm's lips broadened into a smile.

Tyra and Larry walked into the living-room. She held his arm naturally and he was amazed to discover that the last shred of embarrassment had fled. The woman was simply bewildering.

He looked down at her eagerly. He sought an answer to the one question which continued to bother him—would she entertain a contempt for the man who would enter into this sort of a marriage? Or did she look upon it as he did—as an adventure, a potential romance?

[To be continued]

PANELLA CLAPS HER HANDS

[Continued from page 31]

Willard had a small jade elephant fastened to his watch chain. That was as near a toy as he could produce from among his possessions.

Panella called these her "chil'run." Her dear, dear chil'run. She wasn't sure what the rug was, and she was much too kind-hearted to ask him. A bear? But bears were lumbering and awkward. A fox is foxy. So this furry friend she named Zoovie . . . to be on the safe side. The primal source of all animals being, of course, the zoo.

"Zoovie is very knowing," she told Willard. "When the whistles blow he lifts up his little nose and howls. He thinks it's another one like him but bigger, calling. I know how he feels about it. Perhaps it's his mother letting him know she's home." She changed from this quickly. "But of all of my chil'run this little elephant is the rascal. He wunk his eye at me."

"Yep . . . he learned that trick in Africa. Why, when he wanted a cocoanut all he had to do was look up, catch the cocoanut's eye, and wunk. Down fell the cocoanut."

Ripples of laughter from the door. Jerry in a small blue hat and a gray coat . . . not so heavy a coat as it might be . . . entered, and sat on the edge of the couch regarding them with tender amusement. Under a fold of the golden quilt Willard's hand found hers. Their eyes could never meet without saying endearing things to each other. But it went no further than that . . . he had nothing to offer her yet but the love his eyes could not hide.

Panella was not fooled. She knew about the hands. She knew that Willard loved

Jerry. She thought little Filby did too. Panella tried very, very hard herself not to love Jerry better than she loved the others. Jerry-and-Willard. She always thought of them as Jerry-and-Willard. There was Belle for instance, so jolly and side-splittingly funny. Yet often you could not tell if Belle were laughing or crying. And there was Hattie, with her wistful hands; hands that had a mother touch in them.

Getting in home at twelve, they found her lying wide-eyed and alert, listening for steps on the stair.

It was in a desperate attempt to keep her thoughts from the mother whose footsteps would never again echo on the stair, that . . . all but dropping with fatigue as they were . . . they gave one last performance of the day.

Old costumes were fished up from trunk bottoms. A tulle dancing dress for Jerry, resembling spun moonlight. A ragged newsboy's suit for Belle, and an old cap . . . and how perfectly killing Belle was selling papers up and down the room and keeping up a running fire of nonsense. Filby was a twisted Pierrot with clog-dancing shoes. He could also put himself into such a tangle as to take one's breath.

Old Tarlow put on a pair of blue overalls and a broken straw hat and a false whisker, which made his fiddle sound gayer somehow.

But when Willard came in, dashing and handsome and dark in a green velvet fool's suit with little brass bells, Panella cried out in joy. She knew him.

"Robin Hood in the Lincoln green!"

The others fell into place about him . . . Marian whom [Continued on page 79]

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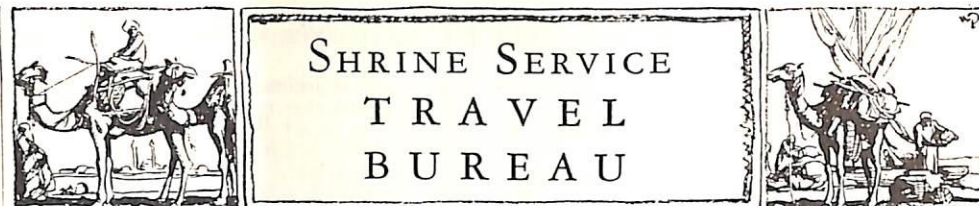
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SHRINE SERVICE TRAVEL BUREAU

When Is a Vacation a Real Vacation?

By Anne C. Granbeck

WHEN the sun begins to have the lure of outdoors in it, we all begin to wonder where we will spend our vacations, how to get the most good out of the time allotted to us and how to come back feeling we have had a *genuine vacation*. Just what does this mean? Does it mean just a change of environment? A change of scene? It has been said that for a vacation most people need a *change of interest* quite as much as a change of scene. Merely "going somewhere" won't provide a real vacation, automatically. A vacation must be fitted to the individual.

A "real" vacation means refreshment of the mind, spirit and body, a premise which necessarily calls for different things for different people.

Never before has there been such a rich variety of real vacations available for all kinds of people. The country offers an abundance of ideas for any vacationist, however situated, who has anywhere from one to four weeks vacation time, regardless of where one lives. The stereotyped months of July and August need not necessarily be taken, for more and more vacations during other months are becoming appreciated, and during such seasons resorts offer less expensive and better accommodations.

America's vacation variety includes cool, fascinating lake trips, cruises, "dude ranches," snow-capped mountains; hills, forests, sandy beaches, rock-bound coasts galore for city folks who crave a change from the clattering noises of cars and subways.

Those who live in the quieter cities and smaller towns find great stimulus, change and benefit in city vacations in cosmopolitan New York and Chicago, historic Washington, Southern-French New Orleans, Spanish San Antonio, semi-tropical and movie-famous Los Angeles, colorful San Francisco; in Canada's capital, Ottawa, or in picturesque Quebec. These cities, between them, offer a choice of alluring entertainment.

On the other hand, city folks tend to seek the beauties of nature—for instance, a lovely cruise on the Great Lakes, which has restfulness and beauty in an exceptional measure. There is always a western gateway the great lake boats from Buffalo on to Cleveland, Detroit, with a short stop, if desired, at Mackinac Island—a romantic Emerald Isle, devoid of honking autos. Then one may go on to St. Ignace or to Chicago. Some boats go as far as Duluth, Minnesota, and these boats pass through the "Soo" locks from Lake Huron to Lake Superior. The experience of going through is most interesting. On entering the lock, the imprisoned waters rush fiercely down the steep descent and eddy wildly below. Slowly the boat rises, twenty feet above the spot where you enter the "Soo," and the wide expanse of Lake Superior is visible.

Other lovely cruises are among the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence. A trip down the St. Lawrence is a dream of beauty. Kingston is a pleasant city with old forts on hills above the bay. At Prescott, you change to the River steamer and go to Montreal. Quebec, with the Chateau Frontenac guarding the city from the heights of Dufferin Terrace, like a medieval chateau, is a succession of French towns. The

Saguenay runs into the St. Lawrence, and the Capes Trinity and Eternity loom high toward the sky.

Then, too, there are cruises to Halifax, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland—the latter a fisherman's dream. Halifax is full of scenic beauty. The Northwest Arm of the harbor, a narrow inlet lined with parks, is one of the finest aquatic playgrounds in the world. Nova Scotia has been called the "long wharf of Canada" because it juts out from the mainland like a "T".

If you live on the Pacific Coast and want an altogether different vacation, fragrant with exotic beauty, Hawaii offers an alluring promise. Verdant shores, lei-women vending vari-colored flower wreaths, bathing beaches and resorts, give but a bare hint of the charming picture.

As an antidote for a warm climate the Pacific Coast southerner can make trips to the "Land of the Midnight Sun," Alaska. Here is romance in the colorful totem pole relics of a vanishing race. Numberless small islands surround the ship as it noses its way into Alexander Archipelago. The scent of pine envelopes you, even while you are still on shipboard, while mountains, parks, fir trees, and the Taku glacier stir the imagination.

The Easterner, too, may go out on a sea journey for a brief vacation. Bermuda offers a "coral-reef" vacation in jewel-like surroundings and tropical glory.

For those who crave a bit of the "woolly west" with a few of the refinements of civilization, there is the newest of vacation thrills, the "dude ranch." In Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado and Wyoming may be found these ranches, which are simply genuine ranches on which vacationists live and participate in the "life as the cowboy lives it." Here you may be quiet and rest in a private cabin, under a turquoise sky, or ride horseback, rough it energetically in the wilds and plains or deserts, amid snow-capped mountains or green forests or hunt quail and rabbit, mountain lion and deer.

The ten thousand Lakes of Minnesota—the Land of the Sky Blue Water—northern Michigan, and Wisconsin, are particularly charming vacation spots. These lakes have plenty of game fish, such as pike and muskellunge, and the climate is a veritable tonic.

Wherever you may live, at least one National Park will be near enough for a short vacation.

There has been an enormous increase in motor-bus travel, and consequently there are many luxurious motor sight-seeing buses which make trips to many charming cities and places, with guide service at reasonable rates. Motor tours of New England, eastern Canada, the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia, and all parts of California, are particularly interesting. These tours, with all expenses included, are a boon to the vacationist who has little time, and wishes to see new scenes and historic spots.

For vacation information send stamped envelope to Miss Anne C. Granbeck, Travel Bureau, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

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PANELLA CLAPS HER HANDS

[Continued from page 77]

Robin Hood loved, and Friar Tuck and Little John and Will Scarlet and Oberon.

Winter rattled the bones of houses, and cackled its icy laugh at the thinly clad and the homeless. Passing in through the doors of the Variety Theater went the city's flotsam and jetsam. Thug and ex-convict; gamester and pickpocket; the down-and-outer and the river people... seeking warmth and cheer for an hour at the price of fifteen cents. Sometimes, numb with cold and dreading the hour that must send them into the fearful winds again, they drowsed and slept. No amount of song and dance could get a "hand" out of these.

Jess Matlock took it out on the company... raved and swore and threatened to discharge the last one of them if they couldn't put the show over better. Belle tried old tactics. (Once she could have done anything with Mat.) Came up softly behind him, slipped her fingers over his wrist, and spoke very close to him. "Calm down, old Mr. Saucebox."

Mat shook off her hand impatiently. She saw him moving away in the direction of Jerry.

Willard always waited for Jerry after the show and they had a cup of coffee and a bun and walked home arm in arm. Now Mat managed to get rid of Willard... waited for Jerry himself. His great car purred at the door, warm and soft and luxurious, and Jerry shivering in the little thin coat. Night after night she managed skilful evasions; waited at the coffee and bun place for Willard whom Mat had dispatched on some errand or other. Then, hurrying back one night, Willard saw her step into the car... ride away with Mat...

Panela was singing to herself when Willard dragged himself up the stairs. He paused at her door, went in. For once he could not blot the misery from his eyes.

"What's the matter, Robin?"

He said, "I think it's my heart."

"I have a funny heart myself, Robin. It's trying its wings, I spec."

Strange speech, and Willard was troubled. It had not occurred to them that she might be ill... only helpless.

He got the others together when he could. "I think we must have a doctor up."

Belle was always the first to object to things. Later she would give with reckless generosity. "There you go! Dreaming we can afford the unheard-of luxury of a doctor bill!"

Jerry standing a little apart had been watching a spider spinning and spinning his web in the dark upper reaches of the room. Avoiding Willard's eyes she rose. "Don't worry, any of you. I'll take care of the expense."

And that night. She had grown to expect Mat's knock on her door. She was ready.

"How about supper tonight, girlie?"

Jerry was humming a gay tune, and she sent him a glance under the brim of the small blue hat. "Fine, Mat."

He hadn't expected this and was reduced to a state of imbecile happiness. When he handed her into the car he let his fingers linger on her sleeve... touching the thin woolen stuff. His voice purred.

"It's bitter weather and I hate to see you in a coat like this. You ought to be wrapped in the finest fur that can be bought. You must have it... get it tomorrow."

The doctor was a young man but he knew his business. Too well. He left no doubt in their [Continued on page 80]



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PANELLA CLAPS HER HANDS

[Continued from page 79]

minds. There was nothing one could do. Keep her happy.

Jerry was seldom home now. The merry thieves must get along as best they could without her.

But when Jerry did come she made it up. A trained nurse was engaged to stay with Panella during the day. And such exquisite gifts! Little soft fur-topped slippers . . . blue. And a silken quilted robe.

And wonder of wonders, a great chair lined with soft cushions. A single twist of the wheel, and the chair went scurrying over to the door and let you look half down the stair; or swung back to the window and brought the sky and the street into view. People hurrying in the street . . . stars hurrying in the sky. Equal distance from both, she saw them as a single race of beings but each moving in his own firmament. People and stars. Not so greatly different. Passing and passing. It seemed the one immutable law . . . the law of passage. Going . . . Going . . . until one wanted enormously to join them.

Someone else watched the black hours across the frozen sky. Willard walked beneath the stars that held for him no answer, no ease for his suffering. He had no claim on Jerry . . . never had had. He had nothing to offer. Only his love . . . his great, undying love.

Coming off the stage Belle felt a touch on her arm. She had known Mat was in the wings watching her. How many weeks since he had given her act a glance! Now he was watching from the shadows. It put new life into her voice. She laughed and sang and poked fun at an old man in the third row, and brought the house down. She was dancing off, after a second curtain call, quite covered with glory. She had meant to pass him without word or sign. But he had touched her.

"Between now and tomorrow night do what you can to bolster up that act. It's a flop . . . dead. Get me?"

Ten years dropped into place across Belle's face. She straightened defiantly . . . Mat hadn't cared how she took it. He had walked away, unconcerned. Shot his bolt of lightning and left her. He was leaning over Jerry . . .

Red hot devils shot through Belle's veins and tingled dangerously along her arms and into her fingertips, and pounded at the base of her brain. She knew the swift, insane desire to kill. She knew what Mat's words meant. Dismissal. He was done. Her day was over.

Back in her room without knowing how she got there. She groped for a chair and pitched face down upon the table.

Into the swirling blackness that crushed her down there trickled the whisper of old Tarlow's fiddle, its lacy notes filtering down through the leaves of Sherwood forest like motes of sunshine finding their way earthward.

Now the small hands were clapping. Belle could picture the little face . . . a face that had become to all of them a lighted torch. Belle's anguished features slipped into lines of tenderness and love . . . a sort of dry-eyed wracked smile. She moved, kicked off a shoe, began getting into the costume of Oberon. Any night now might be the last night for the kid . . . they mustn't disappoint her. The tattered old hat, the bugle slung over a shoulder, care and misery washed from her face . . . and Belle danced into the ringing forest.

The young doctor had been here twice today, and now he came again. Half up the stair he paused in bewilderment. Stood in the dark of the hall to watch.

Something went into this performance that didn't go into their work on the stage. The youthful ghosts of themselves, dancing back across the bitter years, had returned to each of them his bravest art. Because they loved a little child and must keep her happy. Genius . . . inspiration . . . what was it? At any rate the young doctor saw the thing they meant.

He knew a producer. "I've come on a queer thing. In the shabbiest room possible. A troupe of sort of starving looking people playing their hearts out before a dying child!" He paused to steady his voice, the memory was so stirring. "You won't believe it until you've seen for yourself. I'll slip you up there tonight. I'll say, if I have to explain, that you are a physician. Perhaps you are, Zegler."

Thus a little after midnight, Zegler . . . famous producer . . . was witness to the most compelling performance it had ever been his fortune to see.

The doctor moved to the bed, occupying himself with his patient. Zegler followed the players into the next room. He wasn't sure yet if they were real. He closed the door and leaned against it, regarding them. He moistened his lips. Abruptly every eye was on him with clairvoyant portent.

His statement was brief. "I'm Zegler. I'm going to put this thing on Broadway! Catch that girl . . . she's falling."

Belle, toppling over. Before his eyes they went to pieces. Old Tarlow, sobbing. Little Filby bowed over his twisted body. Hattie's face lifted in the exultation of one whose prayer had been answered. Jerry, after one short gasp, turned . . . not seeing anyone else in the room . . . and walked straight into Willard's arms.

Zegler got out. His own face wet. He had arrived just in time.

Mat was all spruced up, and came tapping on Jerry's door.

"Get on the glad rags, we're going to celebrate tonight," he announced.

Jerry was getting into her coat . . . the old thin one. Mat saw.

"Why . . . where's our new fur coat?"

"I sold it."

"Sold it!" Mat bristled, then he nodded knowingly. "Ah, yes. I see. We'll get another tomorrow."

"I sold it," Jerry went on, "to get a trained nurse and a heart specialist and other necessities . . . for Angie's child."

Mat's hand paused. His fishy eyes bulged. "Angie's child . . . I didn't know she had a child."

"Presumably not. It was because she couldn't get work to support her child . . . after you'd discharged her from here . . . that Angie jumped in the river. Here's the note she left."

He held out unsteady fingers to receive it, a gray pallor was beginning to overspread his face. "And I don't want her to know who her father is, ever," said Angie's note. "It could only mean disaster to her. He's yellow through and through."

He heard the soft swish of her garments going past him . . . heard her speak.

"I meant to tell you. We're walking out on you tonight . . . all of us."

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